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The Saturday Evening
POST
June 7, 1958 – 15¢

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THE BIG FIGHT OVER HEALTH INSURANCE

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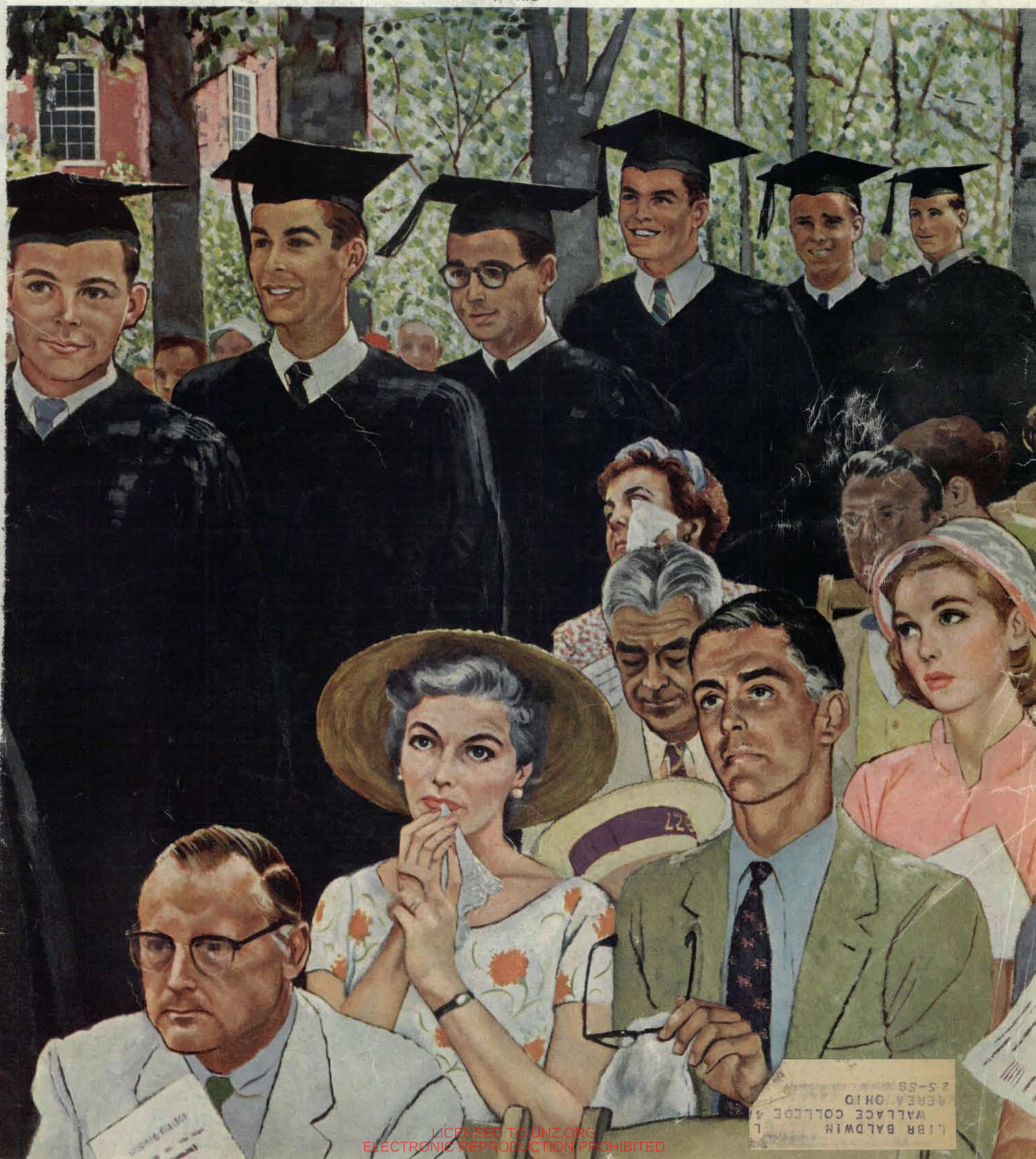
By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN



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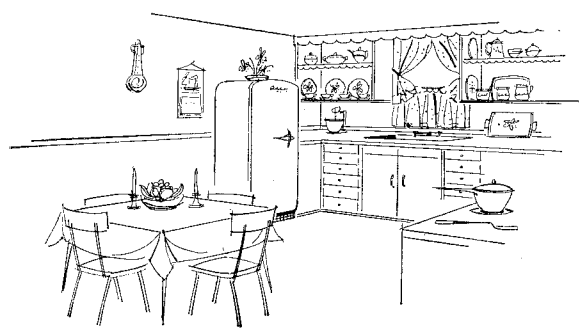
Floor is Armstrong Embossed Inlaid Linoleum, No. 5521.

old-world tile floor?
no, it's modern linoleum!

The striking floor that inspired this remodeled dining-kitchen is an exclusive design in Armstrong Embossed Linoleum. Its warm red-browns and hexagonal tile motif suggest the mellow floor of a friendly old French farm kitchen. French Provincial furniture and wall-paper "windows" with a view over Paris complete the decorative theme. You might be in 18th Century France — except for one thing, the modern practicality of the Armstrong Linoleum floor. Instead of 3000 separate tiles with over a thousand feet of dirt-catching joints, the whole expanse of this Armstrong Linoleum floor has only one seam. Fitted by a skilled craftsman, this single, almost invisible seam is so well joined that not a speck of dust can hide in it. Armstrong Linoleum can be expertly installed by good flooring dealers everywhere. It's delightfully easy to care for, completely greaseproof. Choose from a wide range of exclusive designs in this modern, fashionable Armstrong floor . . . for any room.



SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 pages of ideas in color for every room. Description of this "French Kitchen," with list of furnishings, available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5806 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

Armstrong
THE MODERN FASHION IN
FLOORS

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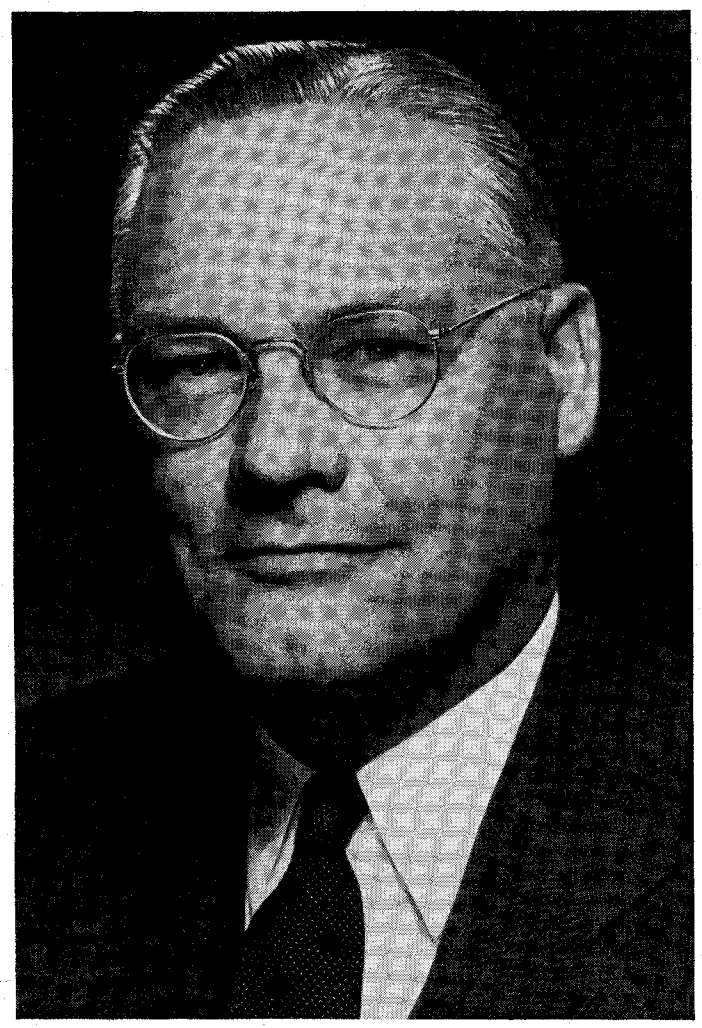

THIS YEAR

THE BELL SYSTEM IS PUTTING MORE THAN TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN NEW FACILITIES

We are doing this because we are confident that growing America will need, buy, and use more telephone service tomorrow than today.

We are doing it to improve our service further and make the telephone even more convenient. This we are sure will stimulate more use.

These 1958 expenditures are higher than the average in the post-war years—and close to the highest in any year.

A stimulus to the economy of the whole country

Our goal, as I have said, is to serve you better than ever. In addition, the way this money flows out to other businesses stimulates the economy of the whole country.

Wherever there are new telephone buildings going up, or jobs of maintenance, there is work for local builders, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters and many others.

Our spending means business too for thousands of other companies and workers in those companies. Last year the Bell System through Western Electric, its manufacturing and purchasing unit, bought from 33,000 firms throughout the country. Nearly nine out of ten of these are small businesses, each with fewer than 500 employees. This year again we expect to buy about a billion dollars worth of goods and services from other industries.

To go ahead with our 1958 construction, we in the Bell System have raised nearly a billion dollars of new capital in the last six months. Obviously, investors will continue to entrust their savings to us only if they can expect reasonable earnings on the money they risk.

Good service at reasonable profit keeps the road to progress open

So telephone progress—and the advantage to all that comes from our pushing ahead—begins with our faith that Americans want good and improving service at prices which allow a fair profit.

This is the way of life which in our country has stimulated invention, nourished enterprise, created jobs, raised living standards, and built our national strength. As long as we live by this principle, the future of the telephone is almost limitless in new possibilities for service to you.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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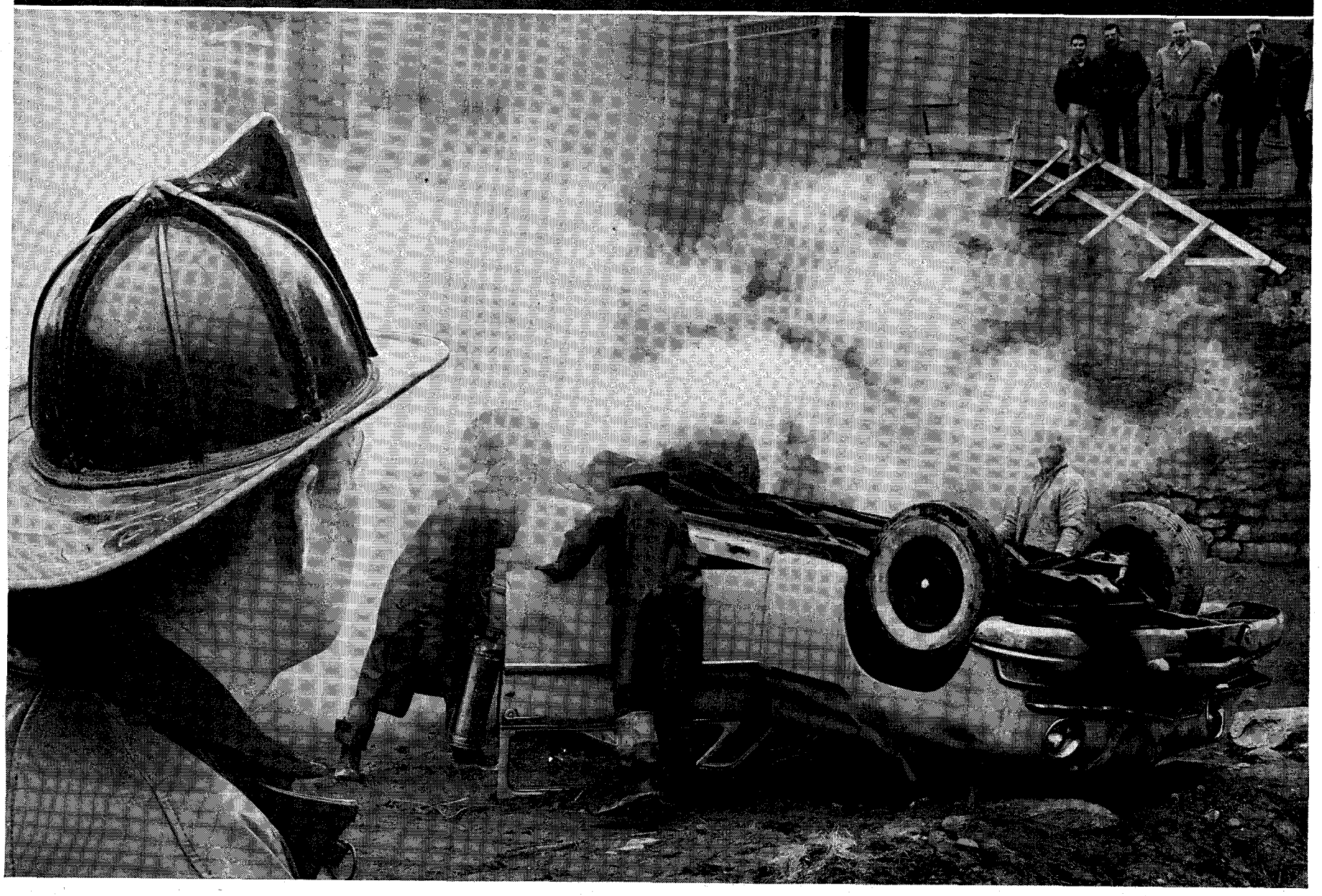
The Company that stands by you®



Car dives into excavation

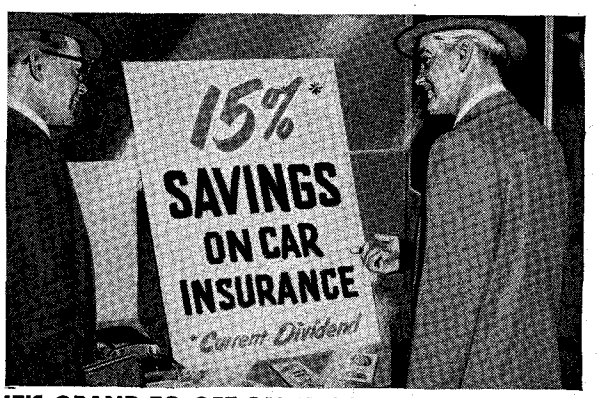
WHO WAS TO BLAME? YOU SAW BAD TROUBLE AHEAD ...LIBERTY'S PROMPT HELP PROTECTED YOU

YOU WERE DRIVING along Elm Street. You turned into the middle lane to pass a "Men Working" sign. Horn screeching, a car banged your fender and rocketed past. It hit a patch of ice and skidded dizzily across the street. Then it jumped the sidewalk, smashed through a guard fence and plunged thirty feet into a building excavation. Several people were hurt.

Would you be blamed? You saw visions of a tough lawsuit and heavy damages. You called Liberty Mutual immediately. The Liberty claimsman got on the job quickly, rounded up facts to defend you. Liberty trained him to handle just such an emergency as yours.

Liberty Mutual's reputation as *the company that stands by you* is based on unhesitating support when trouble strikes. This fine service is actually thrifty. Savings (*through dividends*) are currently 15%.

IT'S EASY TO SWITCH to Liberty Mutual when your old policy expires. Get the famous direct service that gives you such excellent protection. 70% of our policyholders have switched to Liberty from other companies. Just phone the Liberty number (*or write*) and say when we may call. We'll take care of the rest.



IT'S GRAND TO GET SAVINGS! Hundreds of thousands of car owners all over the U.S.A. have enjoyed receiving their Liberty Mutual dividend at the end of the policy year. This saving (*currently 15%**) is real evidence of the way Liberty Mutual's efficient operation has benefited policyholders.

*Except on Assigned Risks and Massachusetts Compulsory Coverage.

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LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Boston

Insurance for: *Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Now the beaming men in cap and gown are just a few steps from their degrees. Symbolic of a host of graduating Americans, they have an air of quiet confidence, suggesting that as they help mold the future of this cantankerous old world they may be able to make it behave a little better than in the past. Meanwhile, there isn't much beaming going on among the sitdowns. But a mother has a right to be a bit swimmy-eyed when her lad formally becomes no longer a lad, and if a father, who isn't supposed to weep, gets a peculiar look on his face, that's all right, for it is compounded of the same love. Artist George Hughes worked on this cover at Williams College, where everybody did everything possible to make his stay agreeable—well, short of giving him a degree.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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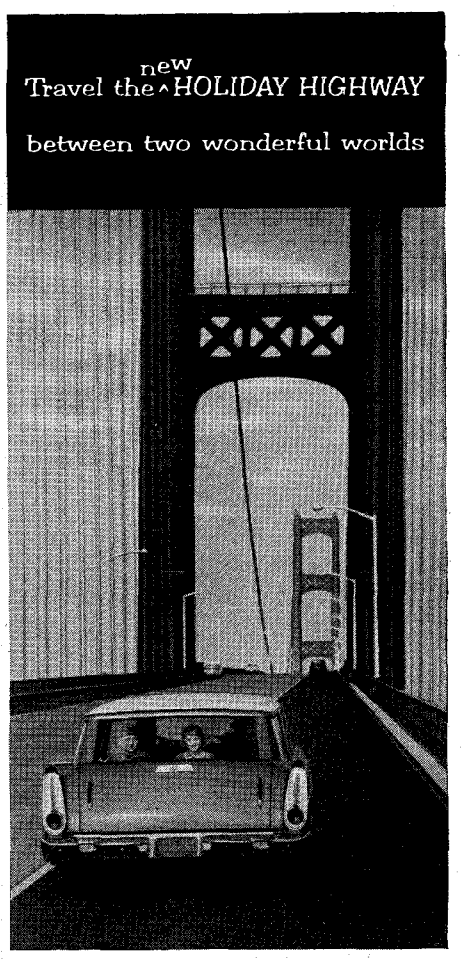

New Mackinac Straits Bridge . . . longest single suspension span in the world . . . linking Michigan's two great peninsulas.

Let yourself go!

Have fun in

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Adventure off to inviting new places, exciting new pleasures —for a thrill-filled vacation in Michigan! Motor-cross the longest suspension bridge in the world . . . and explore *both* of Michigan's playland peninsulas!

Come fish! Swim! Sun yourself beside one of 11,037 beckoning lakes! Discover historic sites. Roam through a scenic wilderness. *Let yourself GO*—to the Water Wonderland state where your family can relax in luxury or "rough it"—in MICHIGAN!

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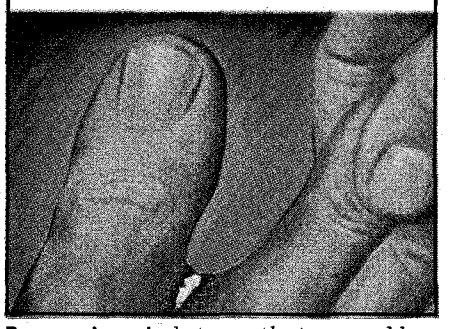
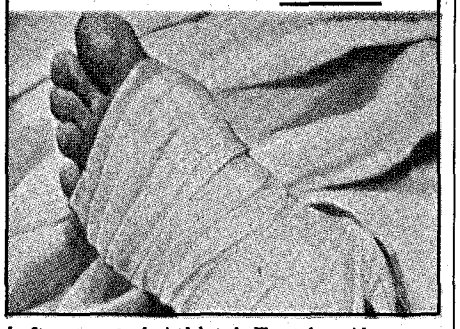
Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

BEFORE THIS—

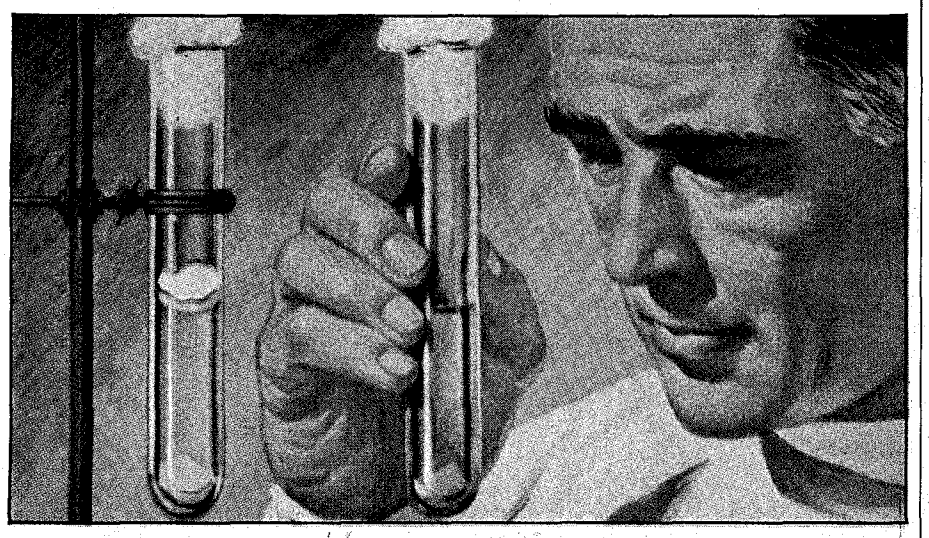


Raw, red cracks between the toes, maddening itch or peeling are the first signs you've got Athlete's Foot

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your doctor



Live Athlete's Foot fungi grow in the mold you see in the test tube, left. These fungi can lie dormant for months on the skin—flare up when it becomes moist and warm

Athlete's Foot fungi killed fast! When Absorbine Jr. was added to identical fungi, it killed *all* the Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes! (See tube on the right.)

Absorbine Jr.

KILLS 100%

of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Famous laboratory grows millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes, and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.

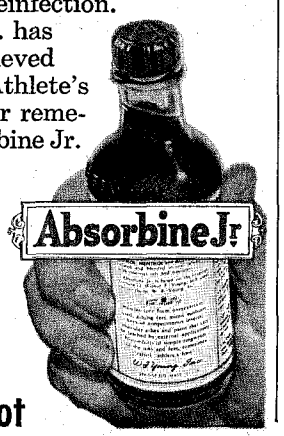
That tingling sensation tells you Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the Athlete's Foot fungi it reaches. And liquid Absorbine Jr. gets into tiny cracks better than powder or salve.

Carefully controlled clinical tests on patients have proved how wonderfully effective Absorbine Jr. is. Doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief *fast* to the great majority of sufferers.

Although deep cracks between toes usually disappear after treatment with Absorbine Jr., use it morning and night for two weeks to protect yourself from reinfection.

Absorbine Jr. has successfully relieved more cases of Athlete's Foot than other remedies. Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



SATISFACTION OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

Letters

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

With Loren Eiseley's AN EVOLUTIONIST LOOKS AT MODERN MAN, *in our April 26 issue, the Post began "a new series of articles exploring the frontiers of contemporary thought." This inaugural article provoked a greater reader response than anything else we have published in a long while.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:
We "average readers" appreciate the confidence you have shown in us by assuming that we are eager and capable of standing on our mental tiptoes to get a glimpse of something better than we have known.

JEANNE STORRS
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:
Bless you for the courage to challenge us to think.

MRS. R. E. SAGE
Dubuque, Iowa

Dear Sirs:
If you can make John Q. Public use his brain, you will have done a better thing than sending a rocket to the moon.

MRS. DONALD J. BUGBEE
Hallstead, Pa.

Dear Sirs:
It's as surprising and delightful as a bit of Mozart suddenly issuing forth from a jukebox.

J. R. JACKSON
Merchantville, N.J.

Dear Sirs:
This is perhaps the most significant step taken by one of the mass magazines in years.

PETER FRENCH
Associate Managing Editor
Business Week
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
I can't resist expressing my admiration to the Post for undertaking the Adventures of the Mind series. It is a bold undertaking which I deeply hope will prove successful.

EDWARD W. BARRETT, *Dean*
Graduate School of Journalism
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:
I hope you will reprint the series in pamphlet form so that it will be available to students throughout the country. My class in freshman biology could use 600!

ALBERT WOLFSON
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

● *Thus far, six publishers have expressed interest in publishing our "adventures" in book form—perhaps before Professor Wolfson's freshmen complete their sophomore year.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:
All success to your effort.

(SIR) NORMAN ANGELL
Surrey, England

Dear Sirs:
Congratulations on this distinguished series.

WALTER F. WANGER
Walter Wanger Pictures, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:
I cast my vote that the series will prove a flop and lay a large, plump egg.
If it is any solace, you may have picked up a new subscriber in the likes of me—a fruit farmer who has occasional time to think while pruning his trees and bushes.

ROBERT LABOUR
Sand Lake, Mich.

Eiseley and Evolution

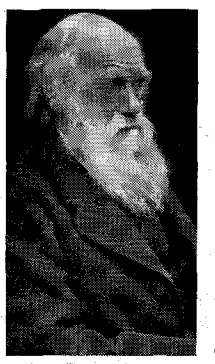
Dear Sirs:
Loren Eiseley insists that prior to the appearance of the first gray matter, "There had been nothing to comprehend the whole." This broom would sweep the heavens clean of any antecedent mind. This is atheism, no matter how his scheme can be stretched to accommodate "religious values." . . .
Evolution has long been a philosophic necessity for the non-Christian mind.

REV. EDWARDS E. ELLIOTT
The Orthodox Presbyterian Church
Garden Grove, Calif.

Dear Sirs:
Although intended as an anthropological essay, it is in reality a very fine sermon.

REV. MONTAGUE COOK
Trinity Baptist Church
Moultrie, Ga.

Dear Sirs:
No proper concept of life, no scale of values, can be formed without the knowledge of organic evolution.
It is appropriate that this article appeared in the centenary year of Darwin's paper to the Linnaean Society (July 1, 1858), out of which grew the publication of The Origin of Species, November 24, 1859.


Darwin

CURTIS R. FRANKART
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sirs:
Mr. Eiseley's paragraph about the "small soundless concussion in the thick-walled cranium of a ground-dwelling ape" being the origin of the human brain was far more fantastic than the story of creation found in Genesis.

PEARL W. CLARK
Anderson, Ind.

Dear Sirs:
So "the educated public has come to accept the verdict of science that man . . . is the product of endless evolutionary divergence and change," has it? I am so happy to learn just where I stand—in the ranks of the *uneducated*. . . .
If Dr. Eiseley chooses to believe that one of *his* ancestors was "a small, un-

(Continued on Page 6)

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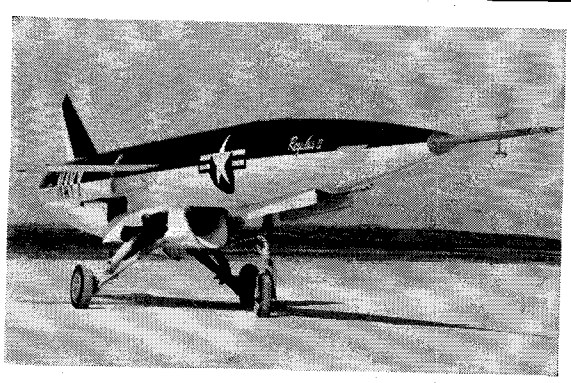
B.F.Goodrich

Smileage!

DRIVING IS FUN ON B.F.GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS!



YOU CAN DEPEND ON B.F.Goodrich tires for happy mileage! Test versions of Navy's Regulus II have landing gear—*with* B.F.Goodrich Tires—so that the guided missiles can be recovered. Landings exceed 250 mph! B.F.Goodrich research produced these tires, invented tubeless tires, and brings you the new Silvertowns.

BUILT TO GIVE YOU SMILEAGE WHEREVER YOU GO! B.F.Goodrich Silvertowns give you a confident, carefree feeling—whether you're driving across the country or just around the corner. Driving was meant to be fun, so get a set of Silvertowns and enjoy traveling on tires you can trust anywhere. That's Smileage!

IT'S EASY TO BUY SMILEAGE! Your neighborhood B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer can solve your tire problems right now. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. He'll help you choose a set of dependable Silvertowns at prices to make your wallet smile—4 tires for only $4 down. *B.F.Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F.Goodrich Company.*

B.F.Goodrich ***Silvertown tires***

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You can't just wash away dandruff...

Theradan medicates away itchy scalp and dandruff

for 1 to 3 months!

This new dandruff medicine works where shampoos fail because it stays on long enough to do a real long-lasting job!

Theradan is not a shampoo. It's not a "tonic." Mere shampoos and tonics only clean up *loose* dandruff. They can't get down where dandruff starts. Theradan can and *does*. It contains penetrating Sarthionate *to stop dandruff 1 to 3 months.*

Just 3 applications and even the worst kind of dandruff goes. Ditto the itchy scalp you get with it.

You put Theradan on for an hour or so . . . or leave it on overnight, if that's needed and convenient.

Gently, it penetrates and lifts off the layer of dead cells that sticks to your scalp and keeps forming new dandruff.

Theradan acts *under* the surface, not just on top . . . so it leaves your hair and scalp really clean—free from dandruff scales and related itching.

For 20 months, specialists tested Theradan on severest cases. Nobody got dandruff again for 1 to 3 months. You won't, either.

Theradan is made by the makers of Bufferin.® Try Theradan today. It really works.

After it clears up dandruff and itchy scalp, many people use Theradan regularly, once a month or so, as a preventive. Why don't you?

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-681, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan T.M. clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

prepossessing animal . . . sat on his haunches . . . clutched a stick and chewed the end of it meditatively," that is his privilege!

My ancestors were created by Almighty God, who breathed into them the breath of life.

DONALD JAMIESON
Colville, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

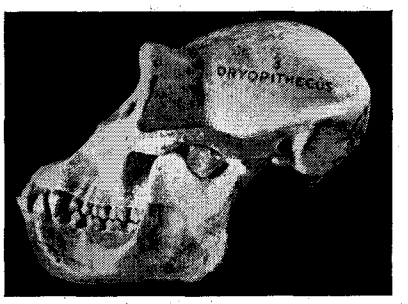
I believe that you have started off on the right foot by alienating the proud possessors of closed minds. I hope that you will print the number of objecting letters you will undoubtedly receive from the Fundamentalists. I'd like to know how many are still around.

FREDERIC D. CLANCY
Holliston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

It is evident the battle between the Christian concept and paganism is not yet over. When man is taught that he is responsible to apes in the family tree rather than to an intelligent Creator, we may expect him to act accordingly.

W. CARL KETCHERSIDE
St. Louis, Mo.



Anthropoid ape: Man's ancestor?

Dear Sirs:

While his subject is scientific, he writes like a poet, and touches the heart as well as the mind.

MRS. GUNHILD E. BODLE
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We cannot thank you enough . . . even our youngsters can understand, "Man has not really survived by toughness in a major sense . . . instead he has survived through tenderness."

MRS. BOB STURM
McLeansboro, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Now for a copy of Mr. Eiseley's books, The Immense Journey and Darwin's Century. See what you did? I am genuinely thankful.

J. LEON OLIVIT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Eiseley and Outer Space

Dear Sirs:

I cannot accept the statement that man's desire to "fly away to Mars" is an "adolescent escape mechanism," any more than it was such a mechanism which prompted Columbus to discover the New World or Amundsen to discover the South Pole.

MARJORIE EDSON
Storm Lake, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

It is a sobering thought that man, out to conquer the Unknown, has failed to conquer himself.

MRS. ALICE OLSEN
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

When Eiseley wrote, in effect, that man wishes to go to Mars in a childish effort "to infest outer planets with his problems rather than master them at home," he expressed a somewhat dismaying truth, stated in a positive vein centuries ago: "He that ruleth his spirit (is better than) he that taketh a city."

MAY REES
Albuquerque, N.M.

Further Adventures

Dear Sirs:

I trust that you will not omit the contribution which Christian theology has to make to the modern mind. . . . I should like to suggest the name of Paul Tillich.

REV. W. L. GAST
The Lutheran Church of Peace
Platteville, Wisc.

● THE LOST DIMENSION IN RELIGION, *by Doctor Tillich, will appear in next week's Post.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I am shocked at The Saturday Evening Post's announcement that shortly you are to bring an article (THE MYSTERY OF MATTER, June 28) by scientist and consorter-with-communists J. Robert Oppenheimer. . . .

Admittedly, the man is brilliant, but mere brilliance shouldn't give him access to the Post. Alger Hiss is brilliant, too. And Benedict Arnold had one of the best military minds of his age. . . .

If there is such a thing as "guilt by association," this man is guilty of being an enemy of the United States of America.

RAYMOND S. RICHMOND
San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Post is fully aware of Doctor Oppenheimer's difficulties in the matter of security clearance. We are convinced that, though he may have been guilty of questionable judgment, he is a loyal American citizen.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Your choice of J. R. Oppenheimer is fine.

RICHARD C. FOX
San Rafael, Calif.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4—Bettmann. • 6—American Museum of Natural History. • 25—Sid Avery. 26—Graphic Institute. • 27—Philadelphia Inquirer, three by Frank Ross; Sid Avery. 28, 29, 30, 31—David Douglas Duncan. • 32, 33—Edwin Georgi. • 34—Jacob Lofman, Paul Schutzer (FPG). • 35—Two by Paul Schutzer (FPG); two by Eric Braun; anonymous. • 36—Amos Sewell. • 37—Harry Saltzman, Wide World, United Press, Wide World. • 38—Ollie Atkins, Wide World, Ollie Atkins. • 39—Two by Ollie Atkins; U.S. Air Force. • 40, 41—Arthur Lidov. • 42—Gus Pasquarella, Swissair, London Daily Mail. • 43—Lynn Buckham. • 44, 45—Gus Pasquarella. • 46, 47—Stevan Dohanos. 48—Nebraska State Historical Society. • 49—Nebraska State Historical Society, Zen Yonkovig, Nebraska State Historical Society. • 53—Eric Gurney. • 55—Robert Meyers. • 152—*Gus Pasquarella, Leo Hershfield, Hans Knopf, Culver Studios.*

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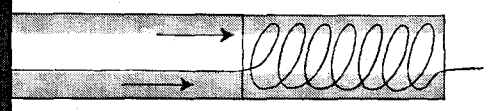
Announcing OLD GOLD'S NEW SPIN FILTER

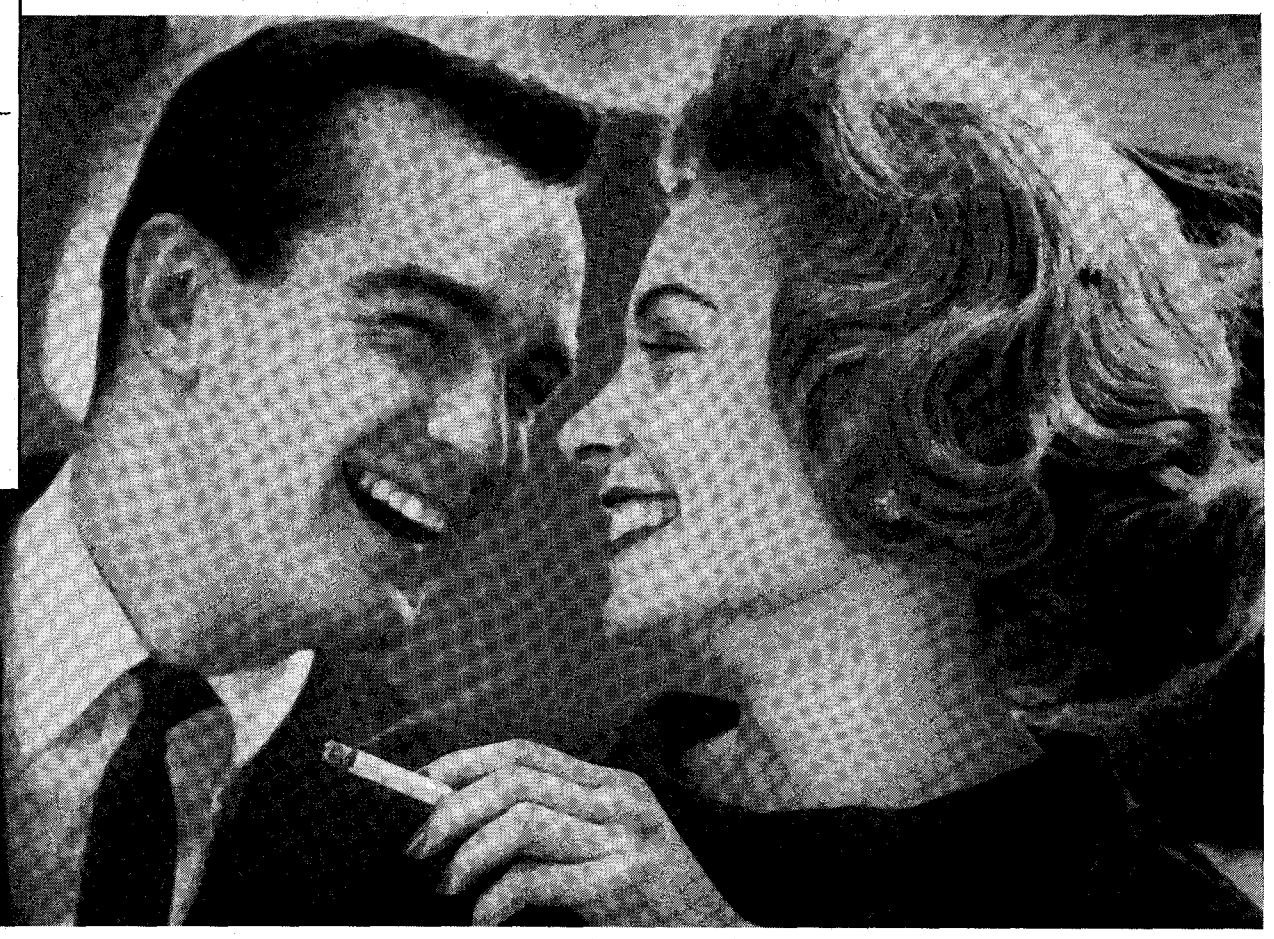
CIRCULATES THE SMOKE... FOR A COOL, MILD, CLEAN TASTE!

NEW SPIN FILTER



It's a known fact . . . the further smoke circulates—the cooler and milder it becomes.

Old Gold's new Spin Filter creates new filtering channels to give increased filter exposure . . . making the smoke taste cool and mild before you inhale. Yet the true tobacco taste comes through!



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THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

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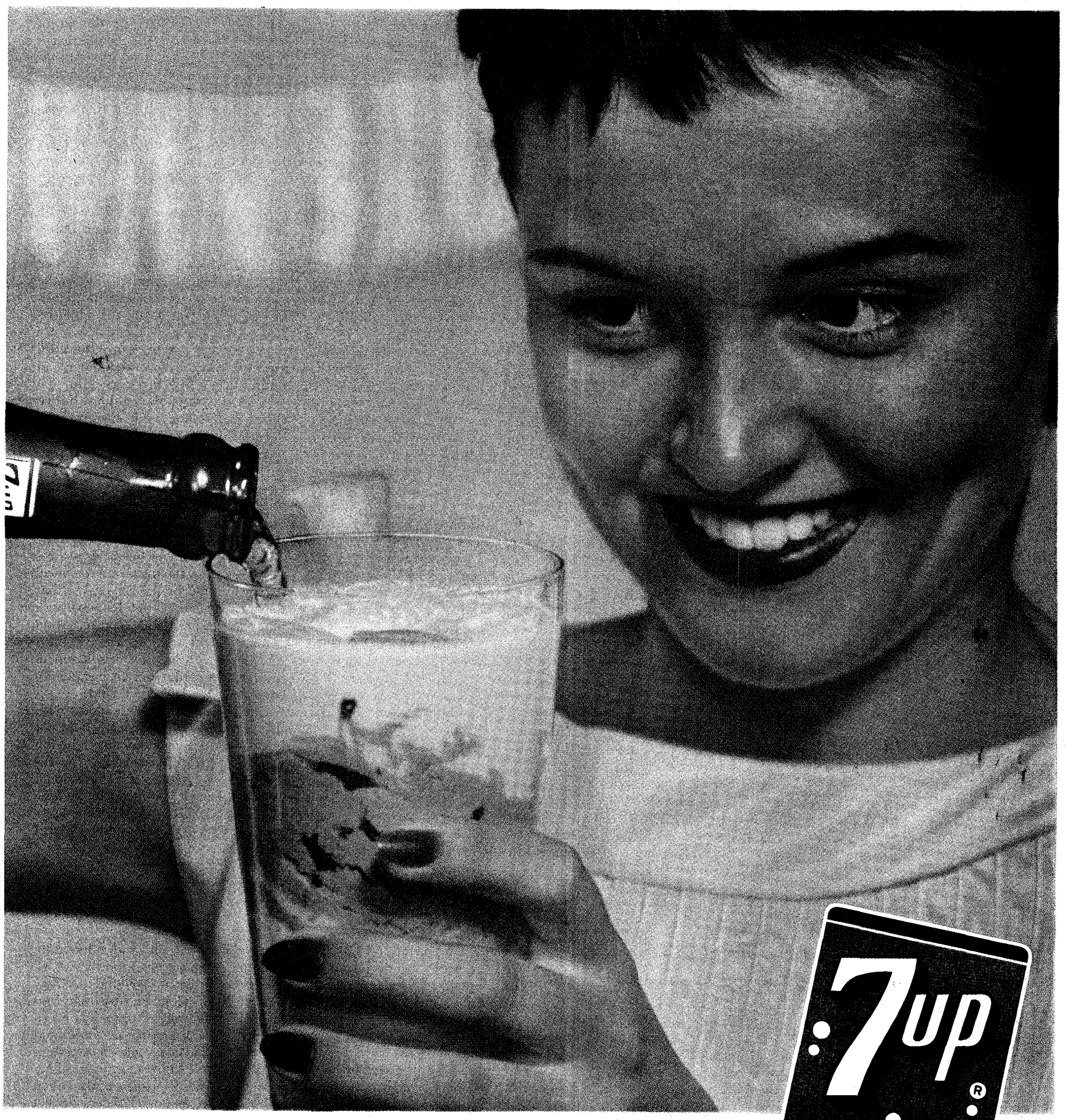

Float"

7-UP and ICE CREAM... get 'em together like this!

1 Drop a scoop of your favorite flavor ice cream into a tall glass. (Or try sherbet instead—it's wonderful, too!)

2 Then tilt the glass, and pour chilled, sparkling 7-Up very gently down the side. It even looks delicious!

3 Sip—and see what the fresh, clean taste of 7-Up does for ice cream! Tip: Have enough 7-Up for "Floats" and your regular thirst-quenching, too.

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Editorials

The Object is to Defend Congress, Not Destroy the Court

Many people who ought to know better regard the Jenner-Butler bill to limit the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court as a gratuitous assault on that body and on the integrity of the Federal system itself. What the bill actually attempts to do is to reassert the authority of Congress over matters which have long been regarded as its indisputable prerogative.

Conservatives who are alarmed over the Supreme Court's invasion of the legislative field are frequently twitted about the supposed inconsistency between their present attitude and their stanch defense of the court twenty years ago, when the late President Roosevelt attempted to pack it. The inconsistency is more apparent than real. During the New Deal era, Congress, under the lash of the New Deal bureaucrats, rushed through legislation some of which delegated to the executive certain powers which Congress had no right to give away. The Supreme Court of that day intervened to defend the rights of the states and of individuals against a depression-happy Congress.

Today Congress and the executive are being pushed around by the Supreme Court. The court dictates the kind of questions which an investigator may ask of a witness; it frees a confessed rapist because the police held him for seven and one half hours before bringing him before a magistrate; it declares that Congress in passing the Smith Act intended to exclude the states from legislating in the security field, although the actual intent of Congress appears to have been just the opposite. In short, the present purpose is not to hamstring the court, but to protect the constitutional status of the other branches of the Government.

If there is any inconsistency in attitudes, some of it belongs to the liberals who are now declaring that any limitation of the court's jurisdiction—even as provided in the Constitution itself—would be a gross assault on the bastion of our liberties. Liberals who are old enough, in 1937 defended every excess of the legislature and the executive against all attempts at judicial restraint.

In the 1930's a congressional committee headed by Sen. Hugo L. Black, of Alabama, investigated public-utility holding companies. One hapless utility executive was asked by the senator: "You are an anti-New Dealer, aren't you?" The witness' reply is buried in the files. However, suppose he had refused to answer, and suppose the "reactionary" Supreme Court of that day had ruled that he need not answer because it was not clear what "legislative purpose" was indicated by the question. The most atrophied imagination can reconstruct the howls that would have gone up from the liberal columnists and politicians. And yet to a man they and their ideological heirs defend the recent Watkins decision, in which the court limited the right of a congressional committee to interrogate an individual who admitted long cooperation with the Communists.

In the good old days when congressional investigators were really rough, Felix Frankfurter wrote in the New Republic that "the question is not whether people's feelings here and there may be hurt, or names 'dragged through the mud,' as it is called. The real issue is whether the danger of actual abuses and the actual harm done are so clear and substantial that the grave risks of fettering free congressional inquiry are to be incurred by artificial and technical limitations upon inquiry." As an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, however, Felix Frankfurter, after a little squirming with his past views, went along with the majority in the Watkins case.

So also did Associate Justice Hugo Black, who, in the days when utility barons were parlaying thousands into millions, wrote in Harper's magazine: "This power of the probe is one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of the people to restrain the activities of powerful groups who can defy every other power." Now that "powerful groups" threaten not the money of optimistic utility investors, but the very existence of the nation, Justice Black goes along with the Watkins decision which was, in the dissenting words of Justice Clark, "a mischievous curbing of the informing function of the Congress."

Well, there are various remedies. One might be to sit it out and hope that death and a little better judgment in the appointment of new justices might redress the tottering balance. Another would be fervent prayer that the mere threat of the Jenner-Butler bill may cause a little consternation among the present justices. A third remedy is to limit the jurisdiction of the court in areas where it has plainly edged into the legislative field.

If Congress should go along with this third remedy, the court would not have been damaged in any function which legitimately belongs to it. Indeed, on the matter of congressional investigations, it is difficult to see how Congress can fail to legislate if it takes a serious view of its place in the Federal scheme.

It Looks as if the Democrats Had Handed the G.O.P. a Real Live Campaign Issue

Despite the shocking revelations from the McClellan committee's hearings on the corrupt and tyrannical practices of some of the nation's top labor leaders, too many members of Congress would like to avoid trouble by merely passing a statute making it harder for labor goons to steal from their members.

This would be disappointing indeed. The abuse of welfare funds calls for correction by law, since the intimidated rank and file appear unable to correct it themselves. But what is more desperately needed is legislation to end evils which hurt us all, including union members. Among these could be named the use of union dues for political purposes; intimidation and violence in strikes, even to the point of murder, as was brought out in the Kohler hearings; the handcuffing of business through "secondary boycotts," etc. Despite the efforts of Senator Knowland and the White House, these evils were not dealt with.

The best hope is that the voters will take charge and put the heat on senators and representatives who seem more concerned with appeasing the union lobbyists than with the welfare of the country. Democratic senators and their timid Republican allies seemed to recognize this possibility when they accused Senator Knowland and his G.O.P. colleagues of "trying to make a campaign issue." Indeed, it looks as if Senator Knowland and the Republican stalwarts—plus stalwart Democrat Frank Lausche—have been handed an issue free-for-nothing. Many politicians are belatedly remembering that the late Senator Taft won his greatest victory in Ohio by championing labor's rank and file against its so-called leaders.

Even the Democrats, many of whom think they owe the AFL-CIO for the right to live, are beginning to wonder whether the welfare-fund measure will suffice to convince people that slamming the door against any future Dave Becks is enough. Conservative Democrats, who regard bypassing a committee as a cardinal sin, and reluctantly went along, are even more nervous.

The public understands by now that the real news from the McClellan committee did not concern corruption so much as attempted political and economic dictatorship. People have known for years something of the viciousness of the union operations against Kohler, Perfect Circle and other industrial plants. Union domination of the Democratic Party in Michigan—with the help of dues paid by Republican union members—has been revealed. This is real campaign material, and the recent more tolerant attitude of CIO-AFL officials toward possible legislative action suggests that the news is beginning to "trickle down." Smart politicians will get the word!

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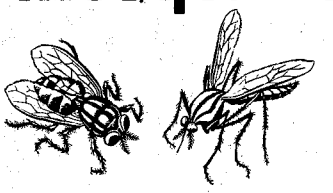
COLGATE GUARANTEES:

No bug is immune to Kan-Kil*

*Bugs build up a resistance to many bug-killers. You spray... nothing happens. But scientific tests prove no flying or crawling bug hit with Colgate's Kan-Kil can resist its fast killing power.

Kills flies and mosquitoes...



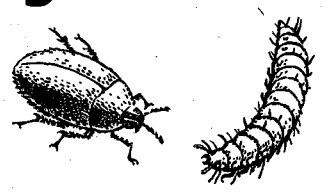
Kill flying insects *fast* with **KAN-KIL FLY AND MOSQUITO KILLER.** Superfine spray lasts for hours ... smells *good,* too!

Kills roaches and ants...

Kill crawling insects *quickly* with **KAN-KIL ROACH AND ANT KILLER.** In handy push-button can.

Also in pint or quart bottle with free spray pump. Kills bugs when it hits them ... leaves an invisible film that keeps on killing for weeks.

Kills house and garden bugs...



Now *one* formula kills insects in the house ... kills garden pests, too. **KAN-KIL BUG KILLER FOR HOUSE AND GARDEN.**

Take this coupon → to your favorite store

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SAVE **25¢** ON ANY KAN-KIL PRODUCT

Special introductory offer

USE THIS COUPON NEXT TIME YOU SHOP!

It is worth 25¢ toward the purchase of *any one* of Colgate's *guaranteed* Kan-Kil Bug Killers.

NOTICE, TO DEALER: Our salesman will redeem this coupon at your store for 25¢ in accordance with the agreement made with you, provided you and the customer have complied with the terms of the offer. Any other application constitutes fraud. We will not honor redemption through outside agencies, brokers, etc. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request. The customer must pay any sales tax. Coupon is void if use is prohibited, restricted, or taxed. Offer expires June 30, 1959. Good only in Continental U.S.A., Alaska and Hawaii. Cash value 1/20 of 1 cent. Colgate-Palmolive Company, P.O. Box 1799, Louisville 1, Kentucky

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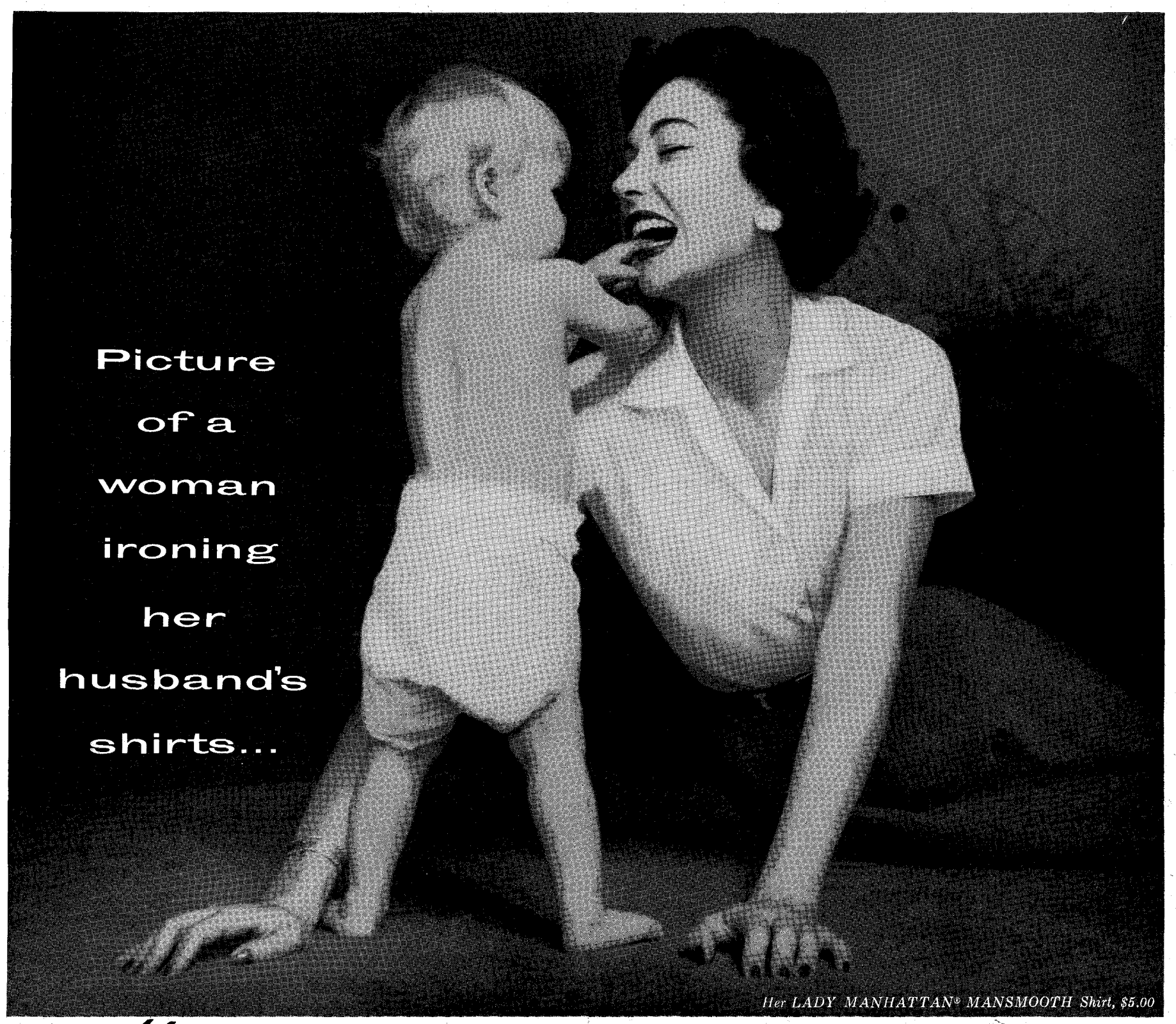


Her LADY MANHATTAN® MANSMOOTH Shirt, $5.00

Manhattan® TROPICAL MANSMOOTH®

100% cotton shirts that NEED NO IRONING!

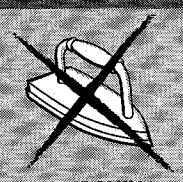
SHE: No pressing problems for me . . . I've turned the ironing hour into the children's hour. After washing, MANSMOOTH shirts drip-dry quickly, smoothly . . . fresh and ready to wear.

HE: My wife may have her reasons, but I welcome MANSMOOTH shirts because I enjoy the comfort, coolness and convenience all the time and in every clime.

YOU:* MANSMOOTH solves Father's Day gift problems perfectly! TROPICAL MANSMOOTH, in lightweight open weave, $5.00. MANSMOOTH in broadcloth, colored chambray and oxford, $5.95.

ANYONE: If you prefer sending shirts to the laundry, MANSMOOTH is the first cotton wash 'n wear shirt that has earned the American Institute of Laundering seal.

*GIVE DAD THE ONE SHIRT THAT'S 6 GIFTS IN ONE!



NO IRONING
Drips dry smoothly, quickly . . . ready to wear.

DRESS 'N PLAY® COLLAR
Wear with a tie or open . . . the collar is always neat, handsome, comfortable.

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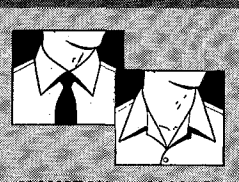
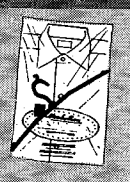
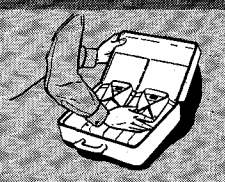
First to earn the American Institute of Laundering Seal of Approval.



MANSTAY™ COLLAR
Permanently sewn-in collar stays.



PLASTIC TRAVEL HANGER
Ideal for drip-drying.



WRINKLE RESISTANT
. . . Thanks to the famous Rate of Recovery process.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

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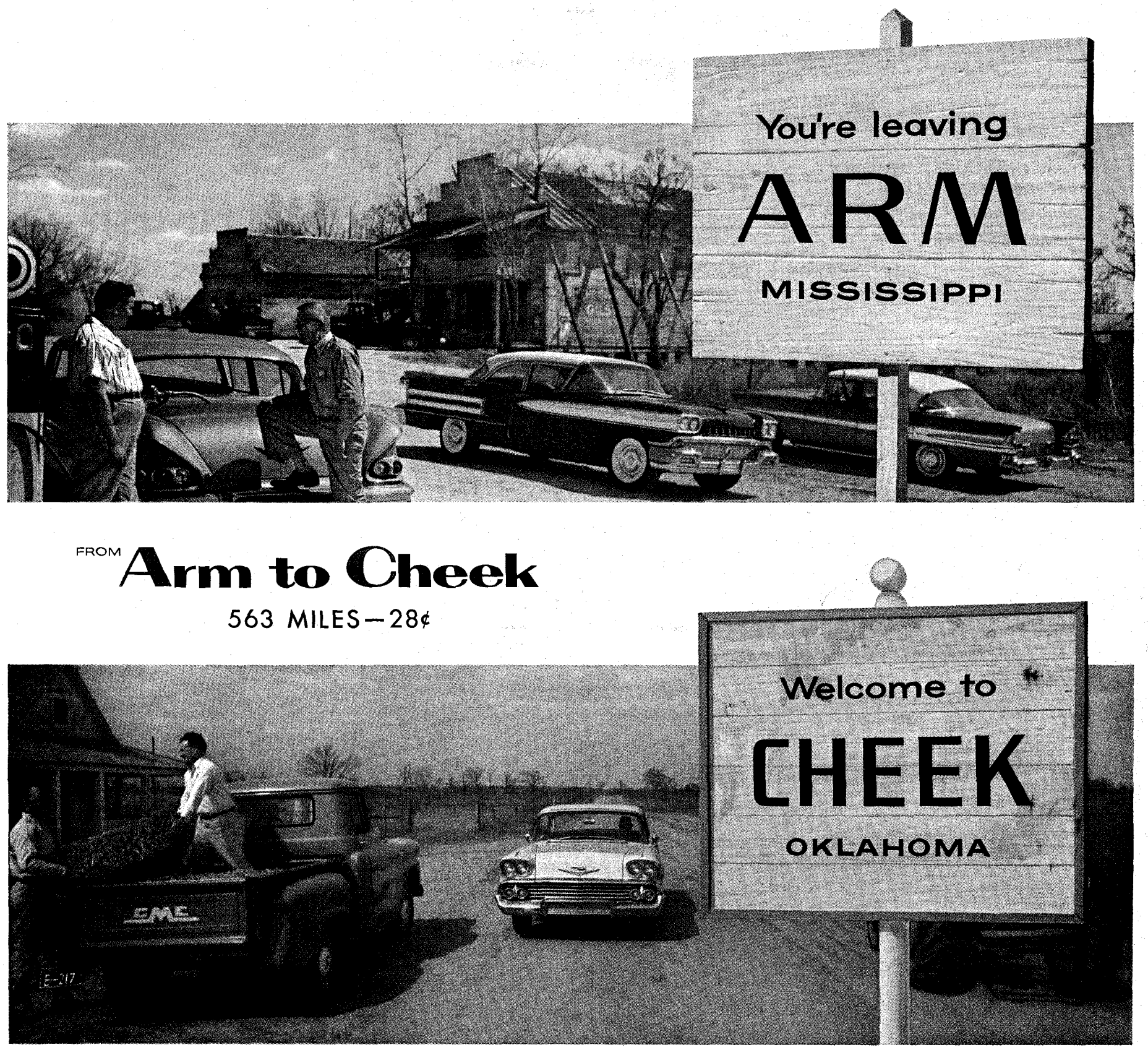

FROM **Arm to Cheek**

563 MILES—28¢

CHANGE *OIL* AND *FILTER*, TOO!

For less than 1/20th of a cent a mile, a new AC Oil Filter keeps oil clean, protects your engine!

Your car will travel almost 18 times the distance from Arm to Cheek . . . a total of 10,000 miles . . . during the next year if you're an average driver. Its engine must endure every type of driving condition from town traffic to country cruising in heat and cold. Any or all of these can affect its performance, efficiency and service life.

The parts of your engine are as precisely machined as a fine watch! That's why it's so important to give them the added protection of a new AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles . . . it costs so little in time and money. An AC Oil Filter cleans all of the oil in the engine every 30 seconds at normal speeds—protects the precision parts from possible damage by dirt, dust, grit and bits of metal as small as 1/100,000th of an inch.

So, the next time you change the oil in your engine—change to a new AC Oil Filter, too! Your nearby AC Dealer will tell you how little it costs, how much it does for your engine.

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO every week on ABC-TV

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A timely report on an
economical way to get a dream kitchen

Milkman Tells All

Excitement in Elgin, Ill.

EXCITEMENT and plenty of it descended recently on the usually quiet, midwestern town of Elgin, Illinois. The cause of it all was one Frank Shelley, a milkman for the Modern Dairy Company. Mr. Shelley, who visits many of Elgin's homes on his route, created something of a sensation when he began talking about things he had seen. But far from being ostracized, Shelley became the village hero.

What was the exciting secret he revealed? Mr. Shelley showed his customers, the James Whitmires, and other townfolks, how he, on a modest budget, was able to provide his family with a dream kitchen featuring the *built-in look*.

How did he do it? Well, the way was provided by a major appliance manufacturer, Admiral Corporation. Admiral makes it possible to give your present kitchen the *built-in look* without expensive remodeling cost.

Admiral appliances for 1958 are "Slimline Styled". The lines are clean, straight. Admiral Refrigerator-Freezers, Ranges, and Dishwashers do not jut out into the kitchen because they fit flush to the wall and are counter-depth.

So, to achieve the *built-in look*, Shelley merely slid the Admiral appliances under and next to cabinets. There was no need for expensive remodeling. He saved hundreds of dollars.

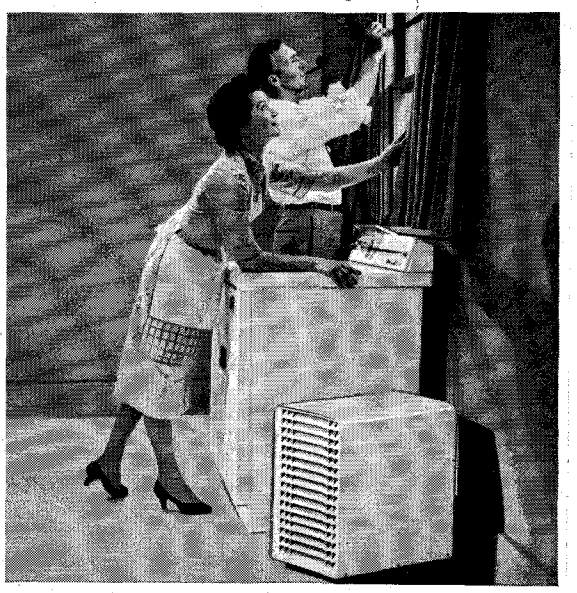
Your dealer has colorful, informative folders and specifications on the new 1958 Admiral Slimline Appliances. They show how to give your kitchen the smart new *built-in look* economically. Get this valuable literature *free* at your Admiral dealer.

The Admiral Corporation

Milkman gets his reward. Frank Shelley of the Modern Dairy Co., Elgin, Illinois, gets loving kiss from his wife. He made her dreams of perfect kitchen come true, furnished it with Admiral appliances.

The Battling Whitmires. New bride on Shelley's route wanted a kitchen with "Built-ins". Hubby said they couldn't afford it. Shelley showed them what he had done on a milkman's income.

Custom-Built. Builders say that Admiral Built-Ins help *them sell their houses.* This kitchen has a Built-In Range, Oven, and TV. Compare this custom-built kitchen with the Shelleys' dream kitchen.



A helping hand. Basement gets spruced up. New Dehumidifier removes moisture from air, makes basement more livable. Notice same clean, crisp lines as with other Admiral Slimline appliances.

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Dream kitchen. The Whitmires were pleased to learn they could afford a dream kitchen like the Shelleys'. Though all the Admiral appliances look built-in, they are standard models available at your dealer. Shelley had *no extra remodeling expenses. Spent nothing extra above the cost of the appliances.*

Ice Cream! Thanks, Mom! While yesterday's freezers sat in basements, today's modern Admiral enhances kitchen beauty. Chest freezers with built-in look also available.

Hot neighbor. Heat bothers lady next door. But thanks to window air conditioner, Mrs. Shelley is comfortable. Note Admiral's compactness. Lets in more light. Fits flush with standard window sash.

Proud possession. Foods don't dry out with Admiral Dual-Temp Refrigerator. Magic Ray feature prevents foods from trading flavors. Another blessing for busy homemakers...no defrosting ever! Refrigerator fits flush to the wall.

Bowling night. Admiral Dishwasher gives more time for fun. Washes, rinses, and dries dishes automatically. Dishwasher has the *built-in look* that hugs the wall.

What's Cooking? The children are always looking for food. Giant picture window lets you see into oven without opening door. Completely automatic Admiral Electric Range looks great, cooks great, is fun to operate.

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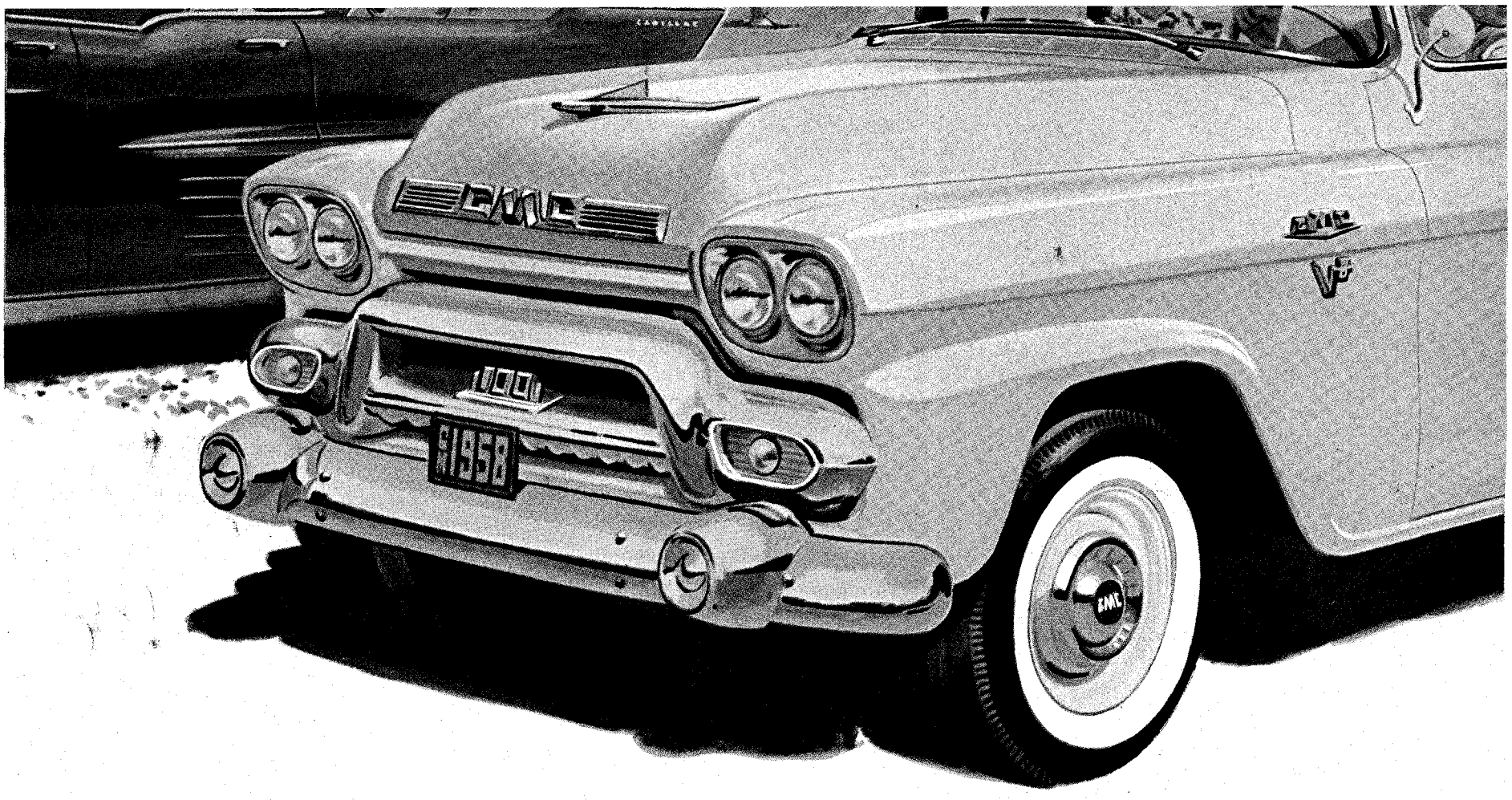
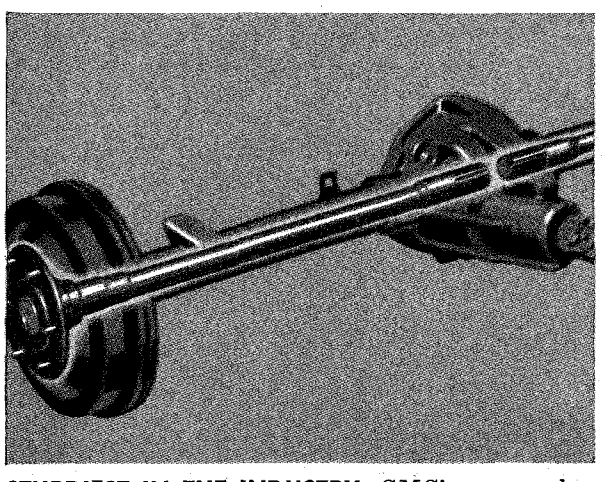
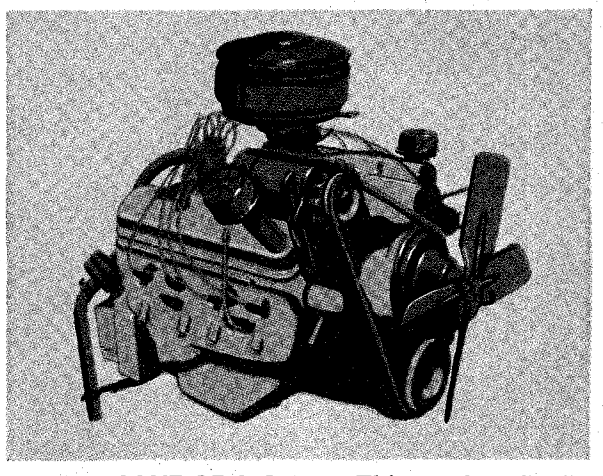


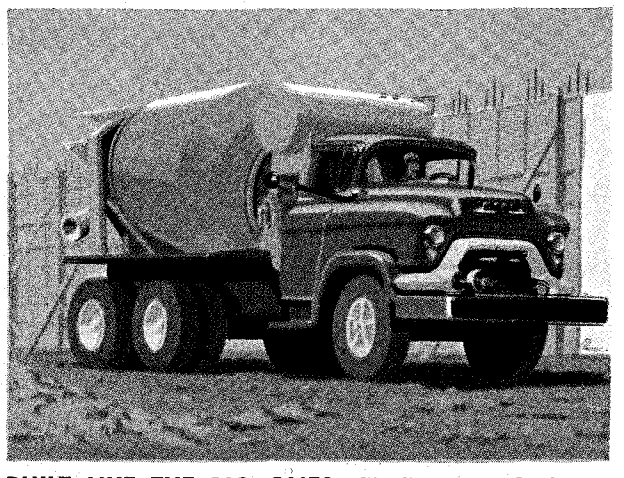
The country gentleman



STURDIEST IN THE INDUSTRY. GMC's rear axle, conservatively rated at 3,300 pounds capacity, has a greater diameter than any other light-duty truck's.



POWER PLANT OF A GIANT. This 200-h.p. GMC-built *truck* V8 engine also powers GMC models for heavy-duty use on and off the highway.



BUILT LIKE THE BIG ONES. GMC's light-duties benefit from the same methods and materials used in the giant haulers for which GMC is famous.

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NEW WIDE-SIDE BODY with 50% more cargo space! Now an extra-cost option in 6½′ length with 20 extra cubic feet; in 8′ length with 25 extra feet—THE LARGEST BODIES OF THEM ALL!

with field-hand muscles

IT'S THE NEW "DOUBLE-LIFE" GMC

YOUR own eyes will do the telling about its looks. And the sweet "feel" of it as you drive will hint of the fun it holds.

But this truck is also tough to the core.

For instance, its front frame cross-member is the same as on a 3½-tonner. Its radiator is mounted on a bulkhead that becomes a part of the frame.

Its spring hangers are half again as heavy as those you'll find on most other trucks. Same for its door hinges.

Its rear springs have the highest deflection rate of *all* light-duties. Body sheet metal is heavy gauge steel. And take a look at its massive bumpers—braced, besides, like no others.

Axles have extra capacity. They're *truck-built* for real truck work. So is the transmission. And its new 200-h.p. V8 *truck* engine makes child's play out of any job, any load.

So here's the point: This GMC is muscled throughout to do more, do it better, do it longer, than any comparable truck. *Therefore a GMC will cost you less to own*—regardless of what a competitive price tag says.

Check this with your GMC dealer.

GMC TRUCK & COACH—*A General Motors Division*

GMC-America's Ablest Trucks

GMC Money-Makers available in models from ½ to 45 tons

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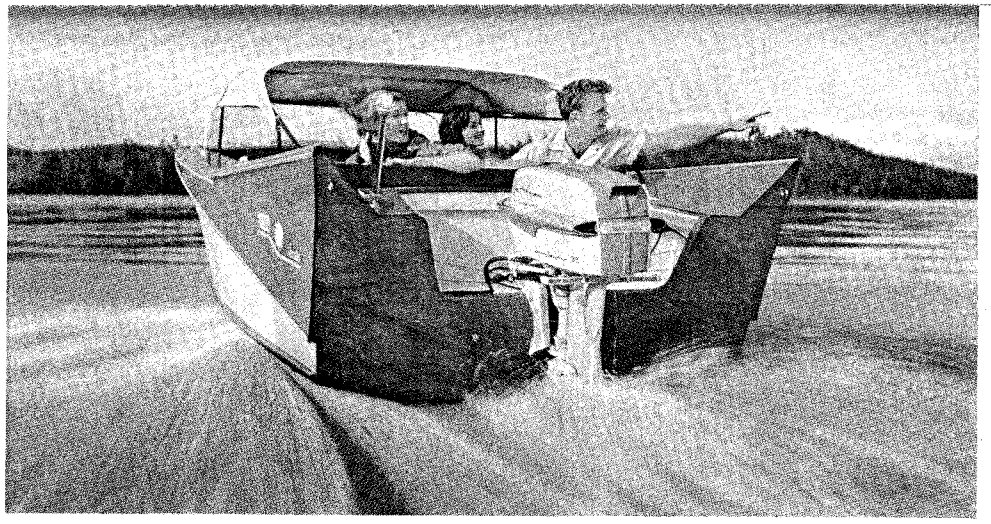
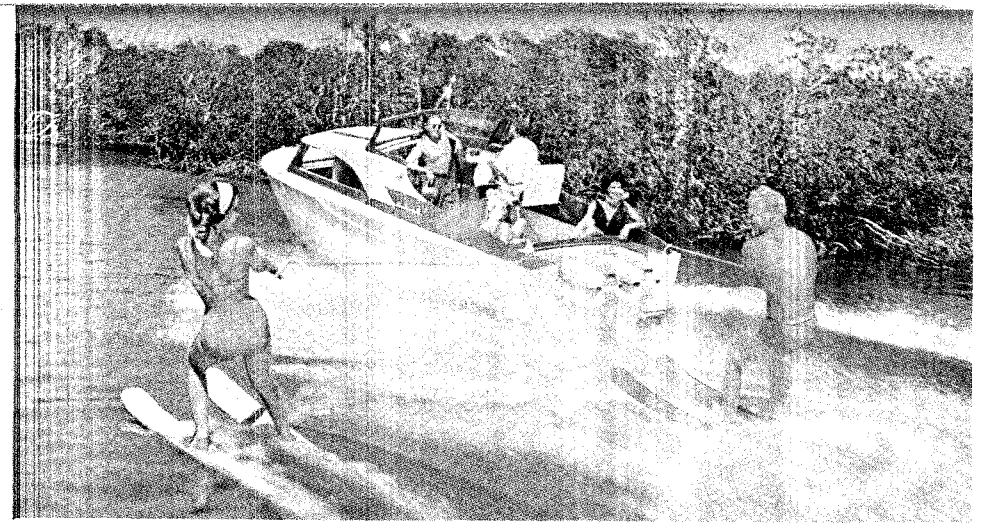


Driving force for fun! New Super Sea-Horse 35 powers anything from runabouts to cruisers. The turn of a key starts it . . . and stops it.



Ideal for skiing! The Super Sea-Horse 35 is very strong alone, and tremendous when teamed with another. Other 35 hp Johnsons at $585 and $495.

New Super Sea-Horse 35. 12-volt electric starting. 35 hp. $625.

New Super Sea-Horse 35 - so nice to come home with!

Like sundown itself, you can count on a Johnson. It's built to run—to finish what it starts. Take the new Super Sea-Horse 35. It has the same wonderful quiet system as the big V-50. The same vibrationless suspension. And the same recirculating water cooling system. It's a truly fine piece of machinery. And yet it's a tough baby!

Even under wicked load, it's got the displacement to hunker down and deliver. You can troll it in the coldest waters. And its slip-clutch propeller ends drive pin worries.

It's no wonder every Sea-Horse is worth more from take-out to trade-in. From 3 to 50 hp, all eleven new models are more rugged than ever. And now there's 12-volt electric starting in the 18, 35 and 50 hp classes.

Your Johnson dealer's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. See him soon. Remember, nearly two million dependable Sea-Horses prove *Johnson knows best.* Prices from $160 to $840, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

FREE 1958 Sea-Horse catalog! *Write: Johnson Motors, 326 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. (Division of Outboard Marine Corporation. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.)*

Johnson

New Super Sea-Horse V-50! World's first V-engine outboard. 4 cylinders, 50 hp. Brings fine car V-engine smoothness, silence and response to outboarding.

First in dependability. . . pioneers of the "V" age engine

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When you care enough to send the very best

Hallmark Cards

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new Toni

first permanent with a new result

hidden body!

RUN YOUR FINGERS THRU IT!

You have to *feel* Toni's HIDDEN BODY! There's new softness. No snarls, no tangles—no dry fly-away hair! The secret? New conditioning liquids never before used in permanent waving. That's why the result is something new...HIDDEN BODY!

SMOOTH IT DOWN...IT NEVER DROOPS!

This new Toni is a must for sleek, smooth hair styles. Toni's HIDDEN BODY makes smooth hair look alive, never limp. Prevents drooping!

FLUFF IT UP...IT STAYS UP!

No curl "letdown"—even in dampest weather! Shampooing can't weaken it, either! Toni's HIDDEN BODY wave really stays for months and months!

NEVER BEFORE A PERMANENT SO HIGHLY STYLABLE

Toni's HIDDEN BODY makes your hair so manageable, easy to style—you can even change curly hairdos into smooth...and back again.

New!
FLIP-UP END PAPERS

Can't slip or stick together! So convenient ...they flip-up one at a time! Only TONI has them.

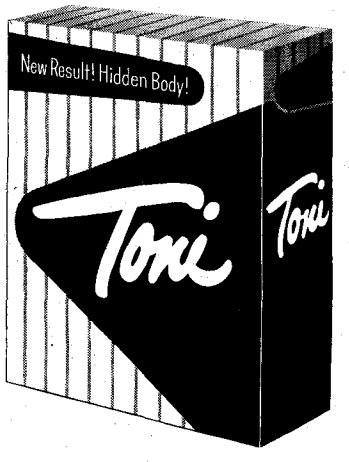

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Photo by Jon Abbot

Cyanamid Chemistry helps paper find scores of new uses

What's new in this picture? Just look at the ways in which paper is being used. In addition to the paper apron, chef's hat and table covering, you see a paper ice bucket, paper trays for hot and cold foods, a paper ice cream bag, paper bowls for dressings and relishes . . . even special freezer paper for meats and vegetables!

Cyanamid chemical research developed MELOSTRENGTH® resins which give paper *wet strength*—the ability to stay stronger even when soaking wet. Now many new kinds of paper products are being made available—paper diapers and crib sheets, paper linen for hospital beds, paper dish towels and washcloths, new types of paper containers, coveralls and shop coats. And Cyanamid has recently perfected an improved process for giving such products still greater wet strength at lower cost.

Here is another example of how Cyanamid chemistry, working with an industry, helps make your living more convenient and economical.

CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

When in New York, visit the Cyanamid Exhibit. Open daily 11 A.M.–9 P.M. Main Floor, RCA Building.

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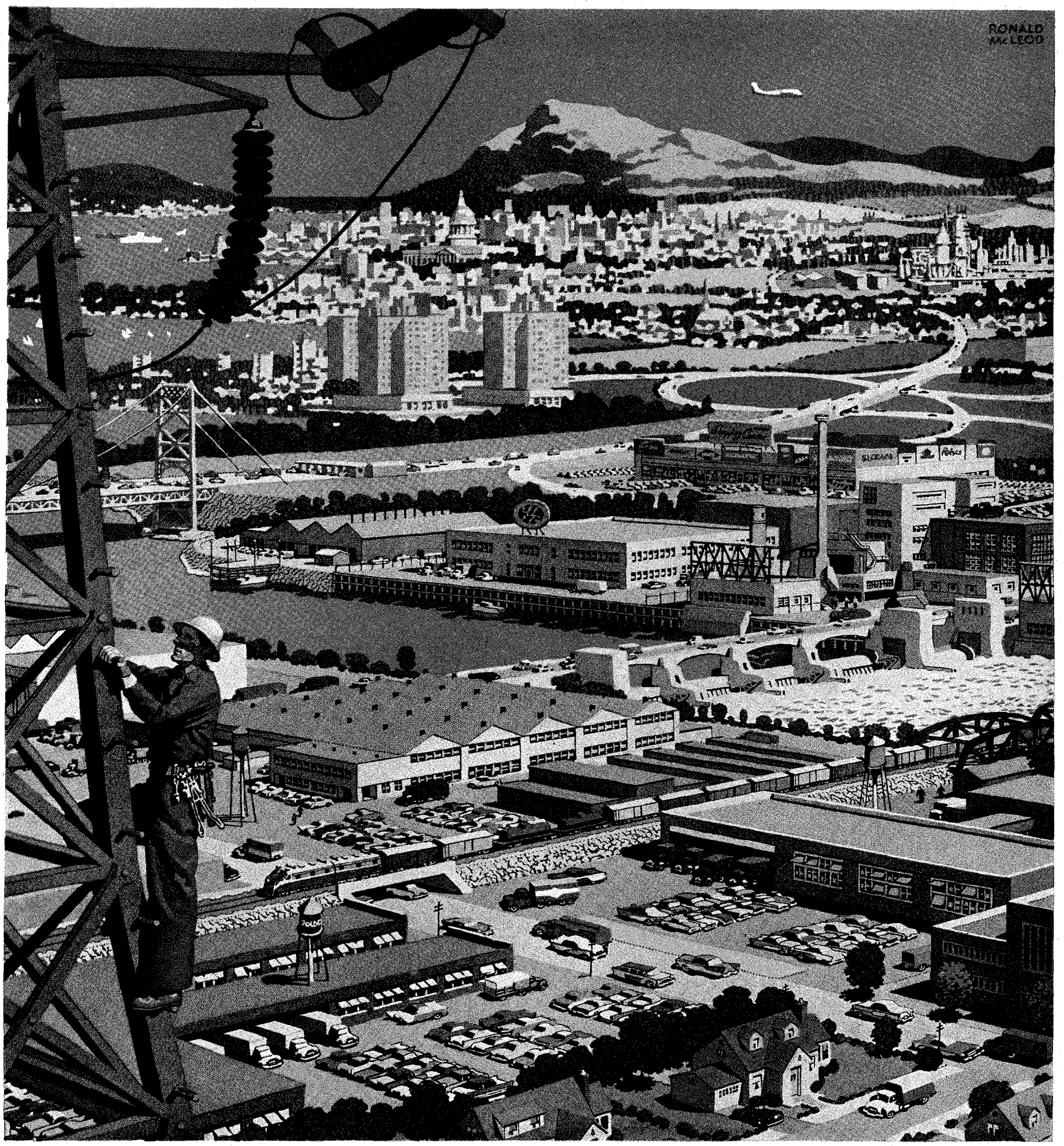

Your life insurance premium dollars are making jobs

throughout America in all these types of enterprises and many more. By financing long-range modernization and expansion programs, they are helping to strengthen the national economy, and to produce **a better life for you.**

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** *Insurance Company*
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA • 1835

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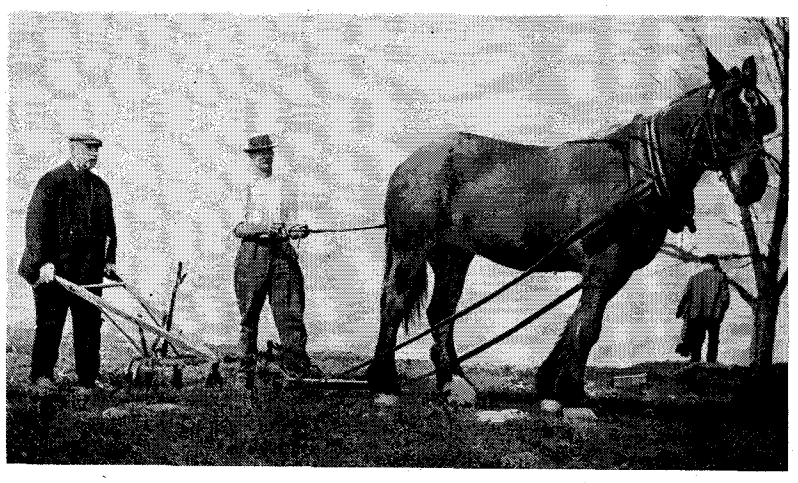
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

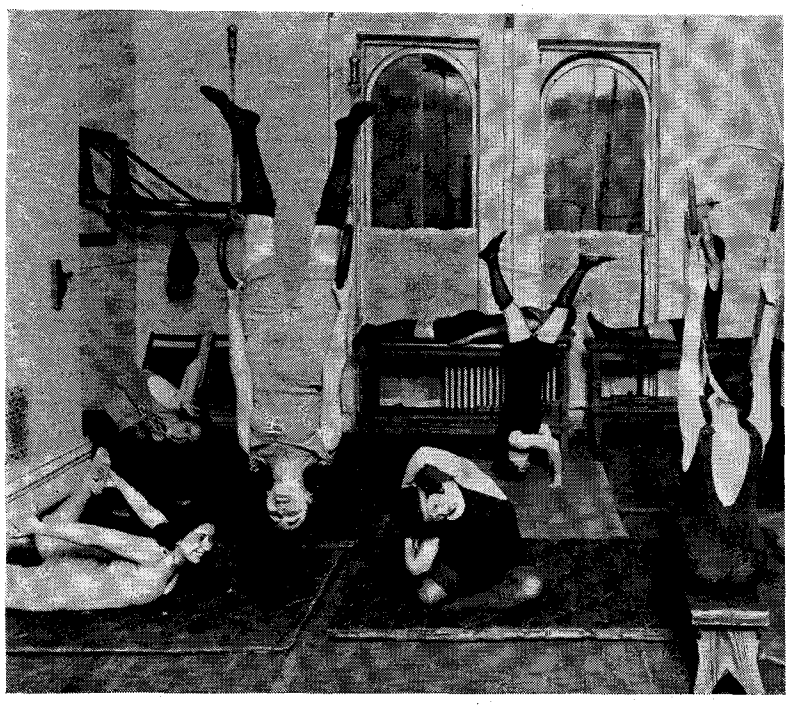


REMEMBER the old boast "Shake the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan"? Here the mighty John turns his hand to spring plowing—briefly, for publicity—on his farm near Abington, Mass., in 1914. Asked how he felt, he snapped a brick in half. Son of a Boston hod carrier, he slugged his way to fame with but three draws, one loss, in nearly 400 bouts. He held the U. S. heavyweight title in 1882–1892, made and ran through more than a million dollars. Admirers gave him a gold belt set with 375 diamonds.

MELVIN C. HERMAN

REMEMBER when America relied for warnings on Indian scouts instead of long-range radar? Here a Kiowa, one of the last scouts, meets Speaker F. H. Gillett in Washington in 1924. He served 50 years and held a lifetime sergeancy. At 76, he was honeymooning with a squaw of 73 and still scouting—for Government oil royalties on his Oklahoma land. He got them.

H. MILLER



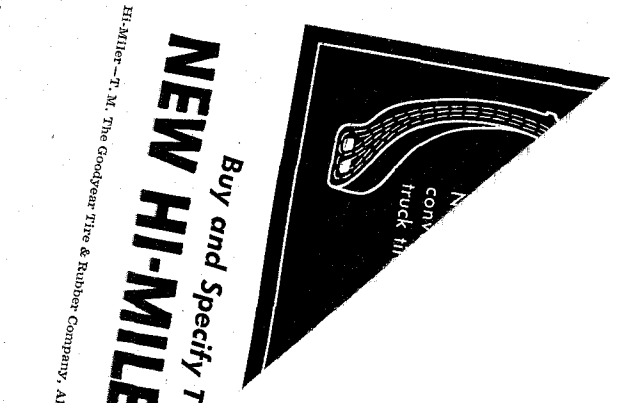
WHEN American women first attacked the problem of weight, their activity knew no bounds except excessive gym suits. This 1910 New York gymnasium "for ladies only" really didn't need its sign: Men who peeked in the door were too startled to enter. In standing on your head, long hair (center) was a real asset.

B. E. LOUX

Elephants remember in June as December!

Give Dad Dutch M… …Cigar-On June 15!

Gift-wrap…



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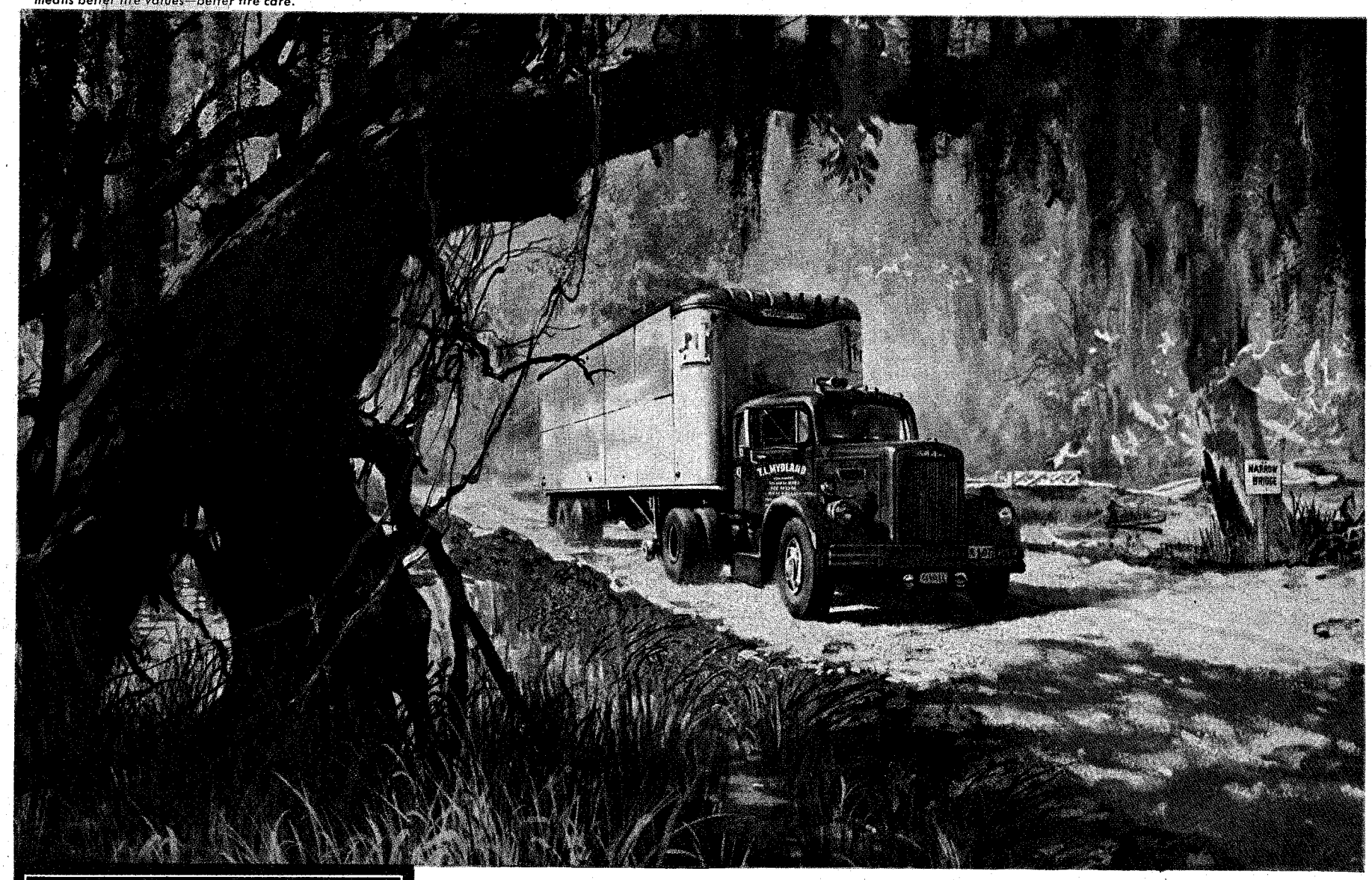
GOODYEAR TIRES

This nearby Goodyear dealer sign means better tire values—better tire care.

"We run hot and heavy— yet cut tire costs *in half!*



And haven't had a sideslip since we switched to HI-MILER CROSS-RIB!"

How T. L. Mydland Transportation Co., New Orleans, La., doubled tread-mileage and ended down-time problems.

"When you have to rush maximum loads, regardless of roads or weather, that's tough on tires.

"And when deliveries must be made within 15 minutes of schedule time," continues Fleet Owner T. L. Mydland, "those tires must stand up.

"AND—when you're stuck with those two factors on runs over all kinds of roads in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Florida—man—you've got PROBLEMS!

"We had them for sure. Our 35 tractors and 40 reefers haul perishable produce and groceries into areas that would turn tire-maintenance men gray.

"In fact, in bad weather, we've had as many as 5 rigs in the ditch!

"But all this was *before* we switched to the Hi-Miler Cross-Rib.

"That ended sideslip on our operation—and we've said goodby to blowout and bruise-break problems. *In fact, we haven't had any down time yet due to Cross-Rib tires.*

"Mileage? We used to get 50- to 70-thousand original mileage on previous tires—*but Cross-Rib gives up to 125 and 150 thousand BEFORE RECAPS!*

"What with longer original mileage—more recaps—and new lows in down time—*we've cut tire costs MORE THAN HALF!*"

Many other important truckers are saving plenty with Hi-Miler Cross-Rib. Get the facts from your Goodyear dealer—or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH
3-T NYLON CORD

TEMPERED LIKE STEEL! Like steel, tire cord must be tempered to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-tempers cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—to give you longest tire life, lowest cost-per-mile!

eless or Tube-Type

CROSS-RIB by GOODYEAR

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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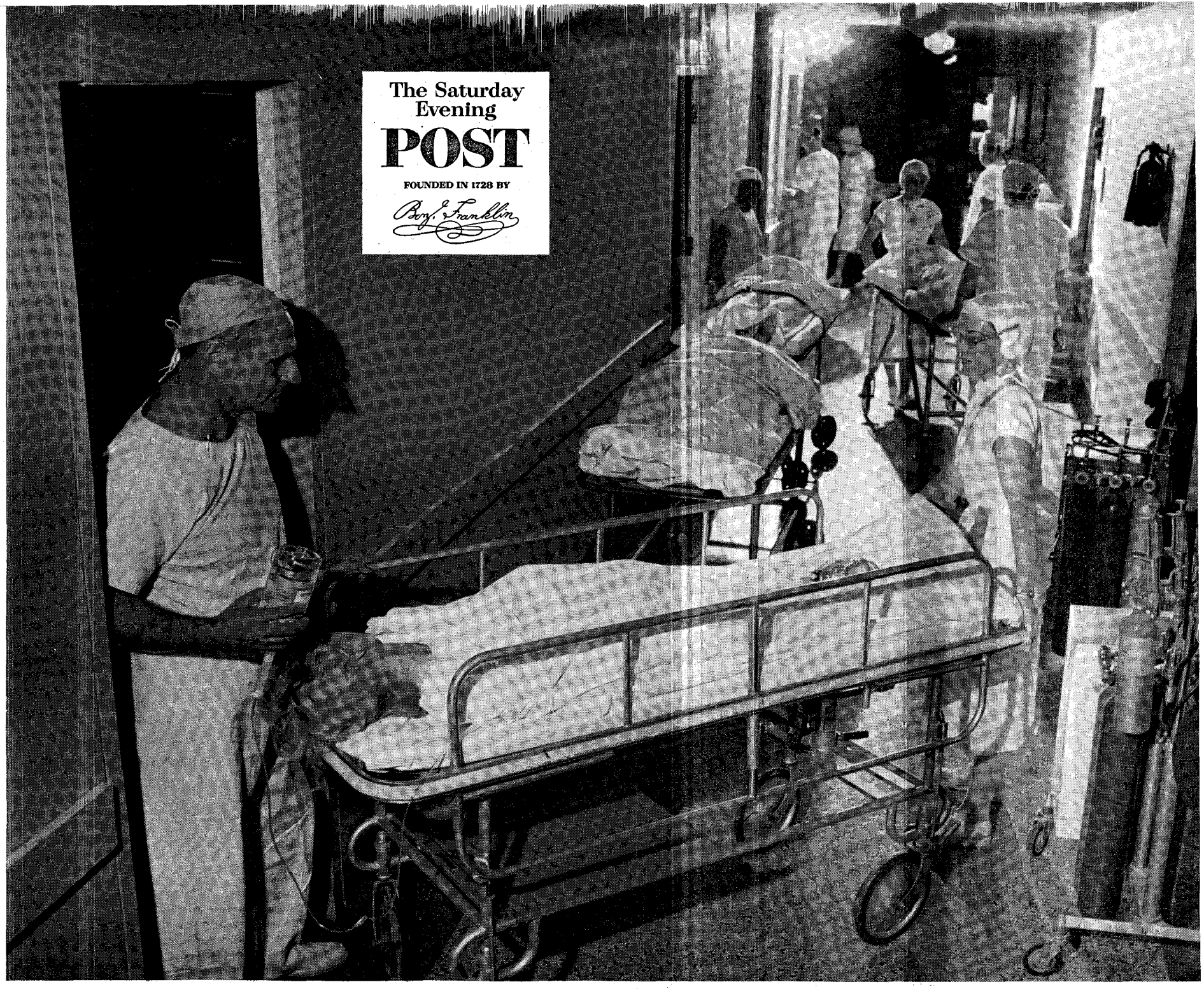
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin



Queen of Angels Hospital, Los Angeles. Three out of every four patients in this big (502-bed), busy institution are covered by health insurance of some kind.

The Post Reports on Health Insurance

Hospitals overcharge insured patients; doctors pad fees; patients demand unnecessary treatment. These are the whispered accusations. Here are the facts.

By MILTON SILVERMAN

First of Three Parts

In insurance circles, particular honor has long been accorded a group of statisticians known as the crystal-ball boys. With startling accuracy, these experts can predict almost everything from how many appendicitis victims will perish next August to how many children will be born with blue eyes or cleft palates.

"We can usually present such predictions with great confidence," says one of these men. "But occasionally we have made mistakes, and some of these have been lulus."

Perhaps the most embarrassing of all these erroneous predictions in recent years was one which involved the insurance business itself. This was the general failure to foresee the future of health insurance. Originally, health insurance was aimed at protecting the public against the financial shock of sudden severe illness. Also, and by no means incidentally, it was intended to halt state medicine. It was of barely modest size in the 1930's and early 1940's, and most experts predicted it would remain that way or grow only slowly. This turned out to be about as unsound as predicting that Jayne Mansfield would always be flat-chested.

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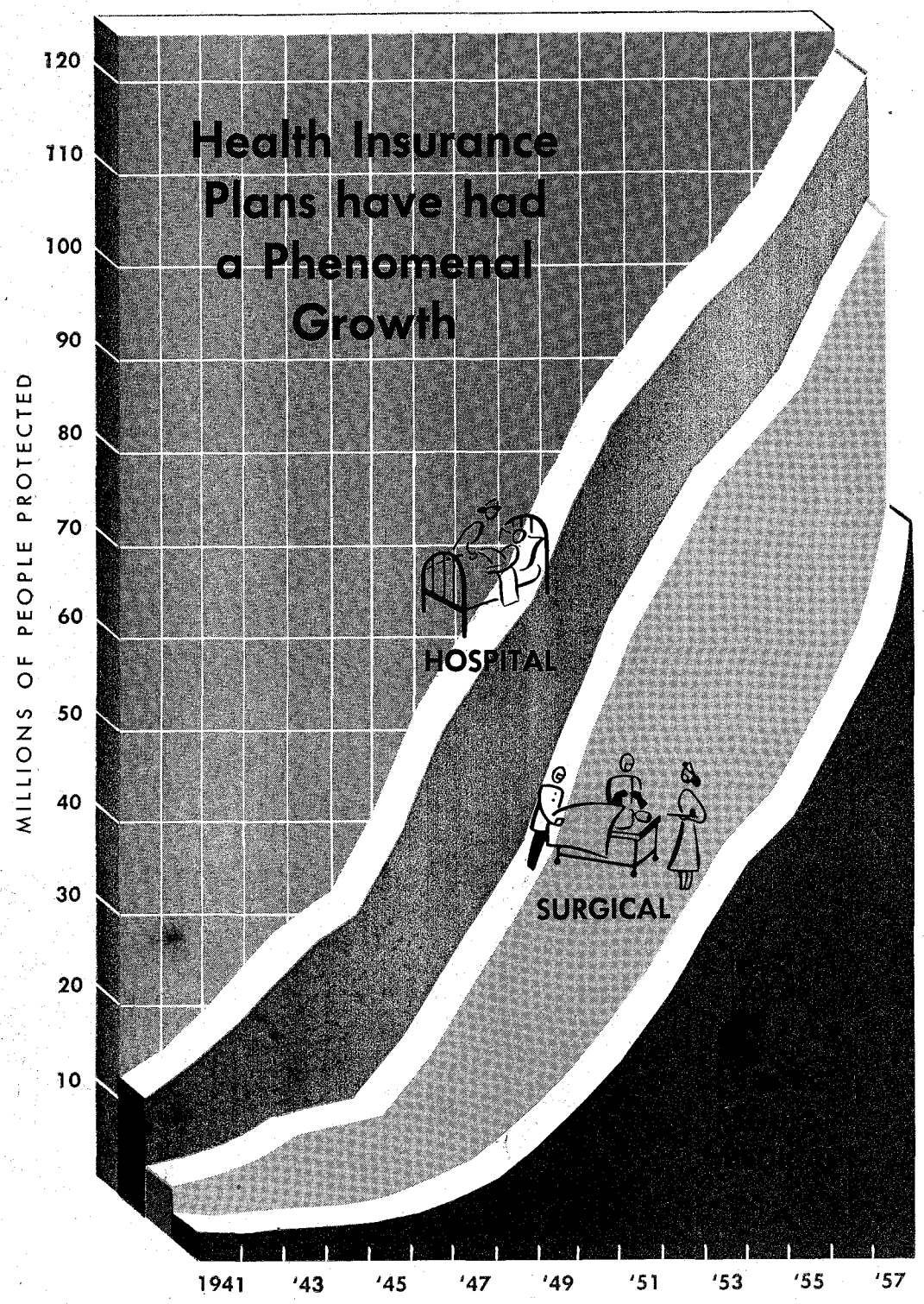
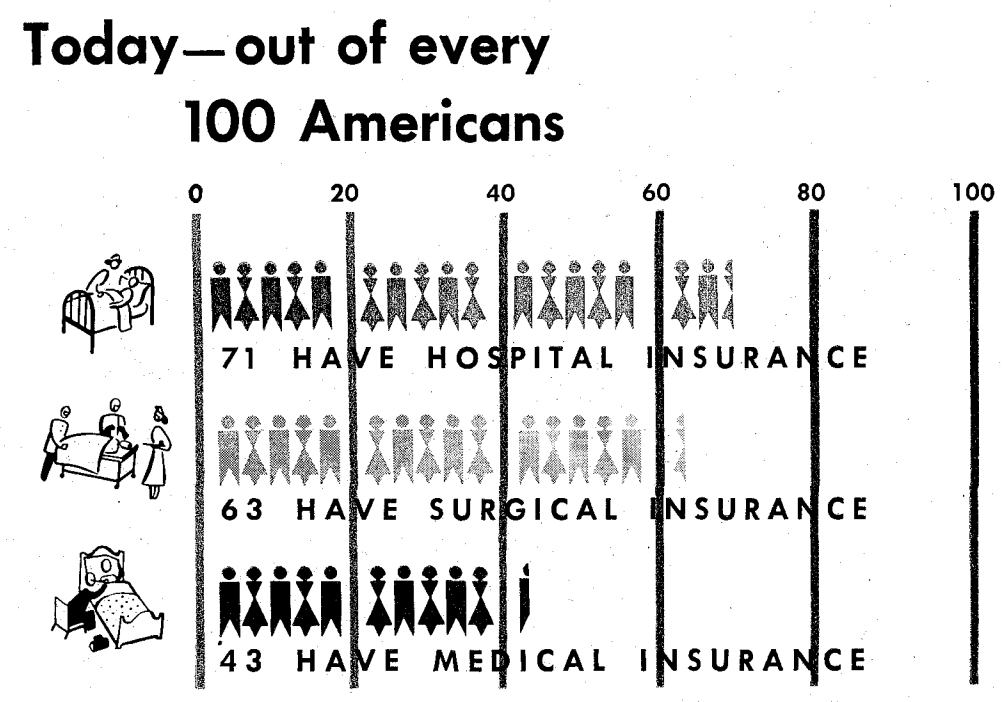
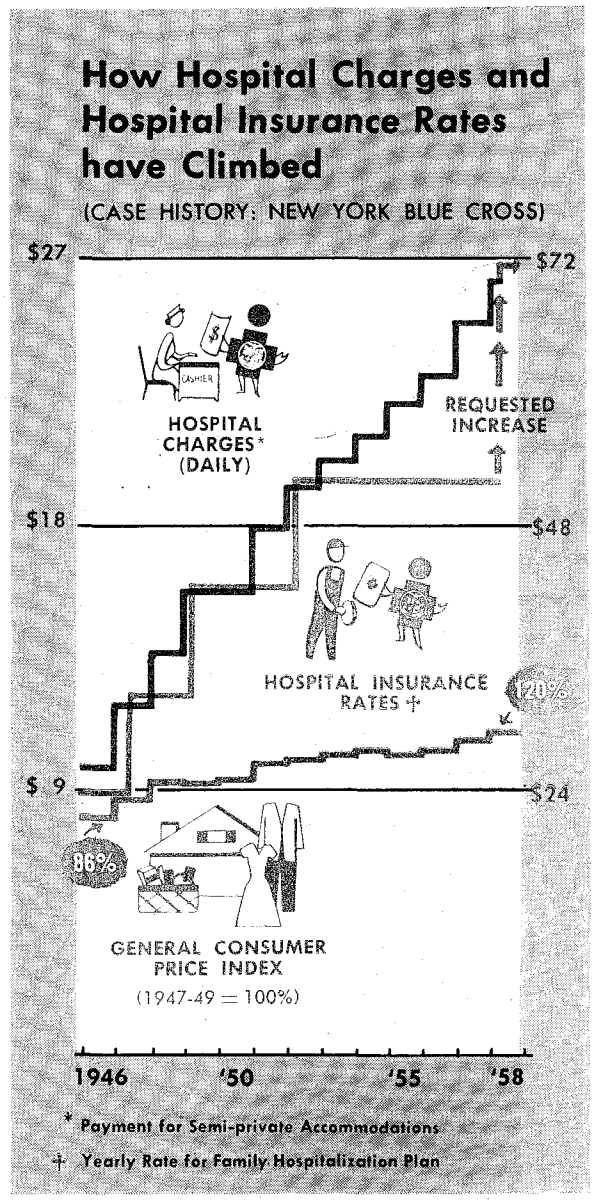




During the last ten years, health insurance not merely grew but practically exploded into a multi-billion-dollar giant ranking with the major businesses of the country. This year, according to the best available estimates, health insurance may finally surpass life insurance in the number of people covered. By the start of 1958, there were roughly 123,000,000 Americans—more than 70 per cent of the population—with some form of hospital insurance; 109,000,000 with some form of surgical insurance; and 74,000,000 with some form of nonsurgical medical insurance. Last year, health insurance covered a whopping $4,200,000,000, or about one fourth of our personal-sickness bill for the year.

With the exception of television, or of bootlegging during prohibition days, probably no other peacetime industry has grown so big so fast. On this there is wide agreement among authorities of Blue Cross, Blue Shield, commercial health-insurance companies, medical societies, hospital associations, labor unions and employer groups.

Among these same authorities, however, there is no complete agreement on what the public wants and is willing to pay for, nor on



Above: The outlook for hospital insurance rates reflects the upward soaring pattern of hospital charges since 1946.

At left: the rise in coverage since the beginning of World War II. This year the number of people with health insurance may surpass the number who have life insurance.

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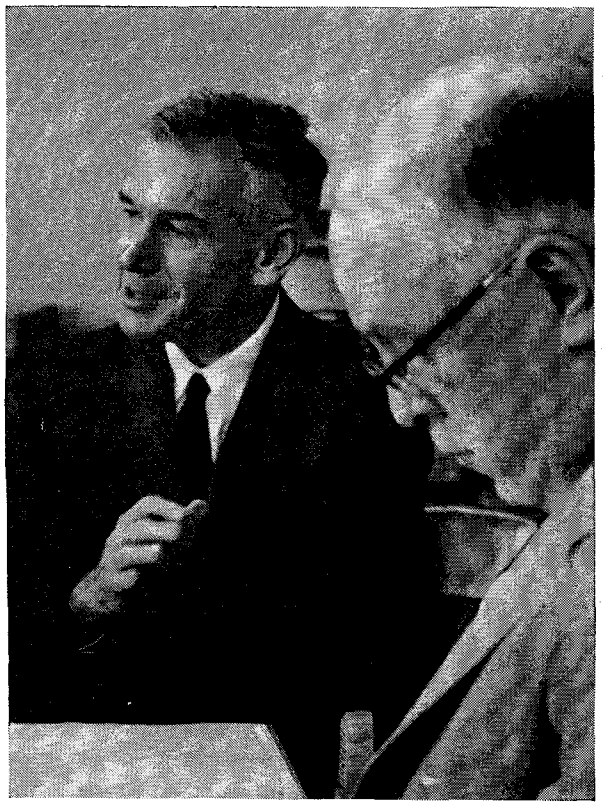
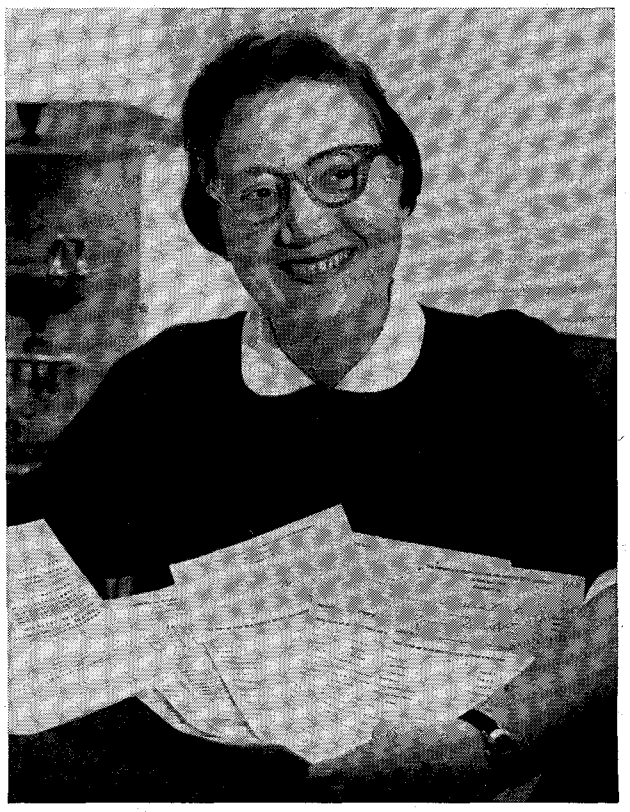
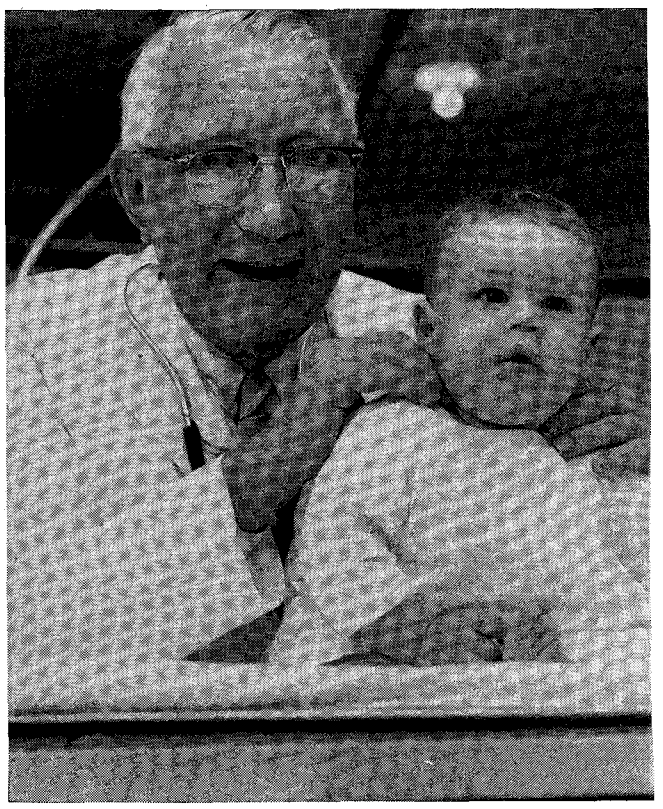


Blue Cross originator E. A. van Steenwyk defends a big rate hike for Philadelphia. Dr. S. B. Hadden (right) fears the plan will price itself out of the market.



Mrs. Amelia Kerlin was hospitalized for 70 days for a heart ailment requiring 1½ billion units of penicillin. Blue Cross paid her a record sum—$10,356.



Dr. H. F. Becker, former director of the Michigan Blue Cross, estimates that needless hospitalization costs the U.S. $100,000,000 a year.

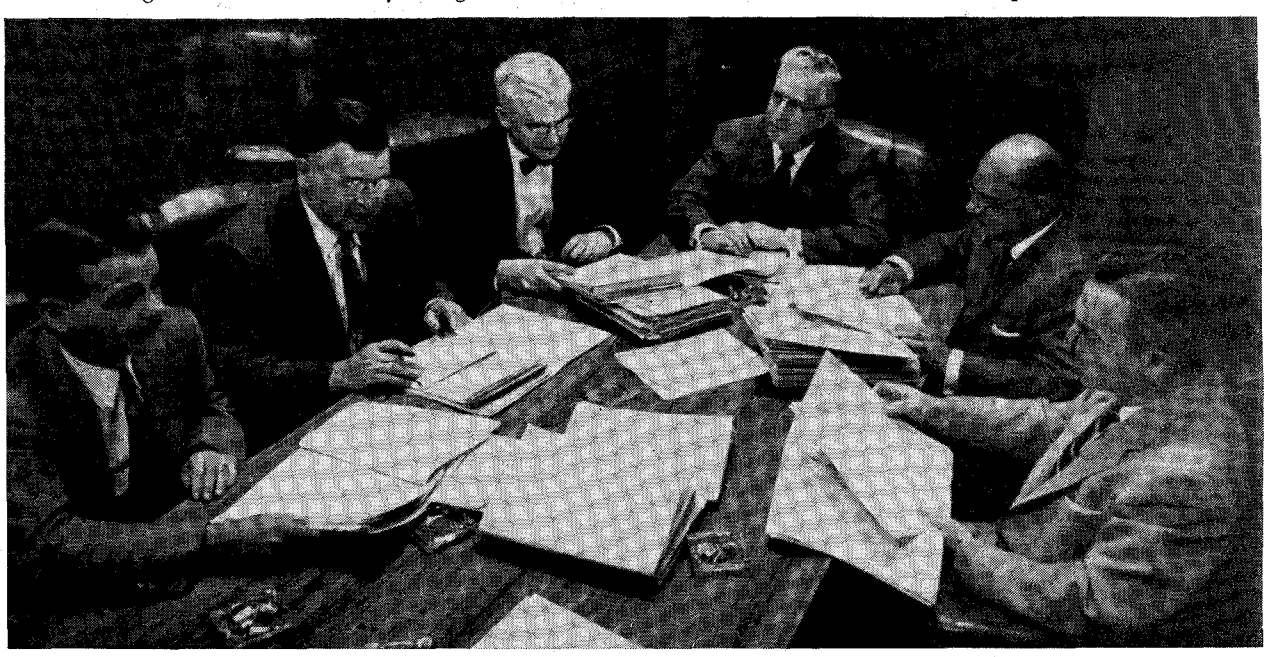
even such basic points as how many people may practically be covered, what kind of policies they should have, how their health-insurance protection should be delivered, and who should pay how much to whom for what.

Equally important, serious and dangerous internal disputes which were mainly kept hidden from the public have recently broken out in a nationwide rash of noisy attacks, disclosures and denunciations. During the past few months, for instance, patients in some areas were being accused of putting pressure on doctors with demands for luxury treatments, needless diagnostic surveys or "dragnets," or a few extra days in the hospital, merely on the ground that they could be covered by their insurance policies.

"We simply can't turn these people down," one physician confessed at a Chicago meeting. "Sure, I know this is boosting the cost of medical care. But if I don't give them what they want, even though I know it's not justified, they'll just go to another doctor and he'll collect the fee."

At the same time, a few doctors themselves were being attacked by patients, by insurance organizations and even by their brother doctors for soaking insured patients with big bills, primarily because these patients had insurance. Medical societies, headed by the American Medical Association, were being berated by labor and Government officials for steadfastly opposing what these officials termed "any improvements" in existing health-insurance plans. Insurance companies were being charged with refusing to pay legitimate bills, capriciously canceling individual policies without adequate cause, and terminating protection on most patients when they became old or ill and desperately needed protection. Some of these companies were assailed by the Federal Trade Commission for misrepresentation in their advertising, (Continued on Page 127)

Dr. Karl Miller (at head of table) heads a Detroit medical audit committee which was one of the first in the state of Michigan. It was formed five years ago to search medical records for evidence of unethical practices.



Maternity ward, Kaiser Foundation hospital, Los Angeles. For group members of this plan all expenses are paid.

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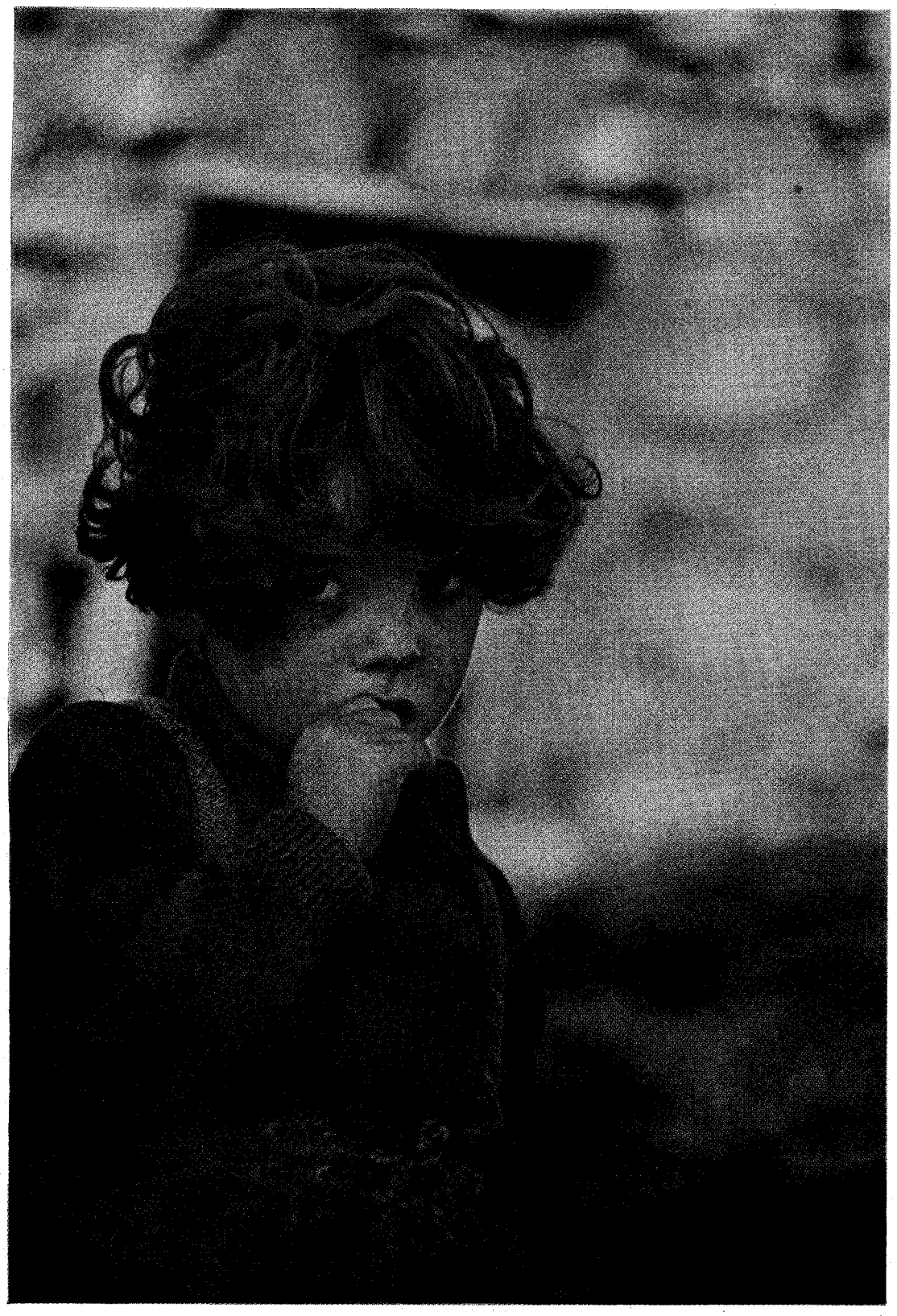
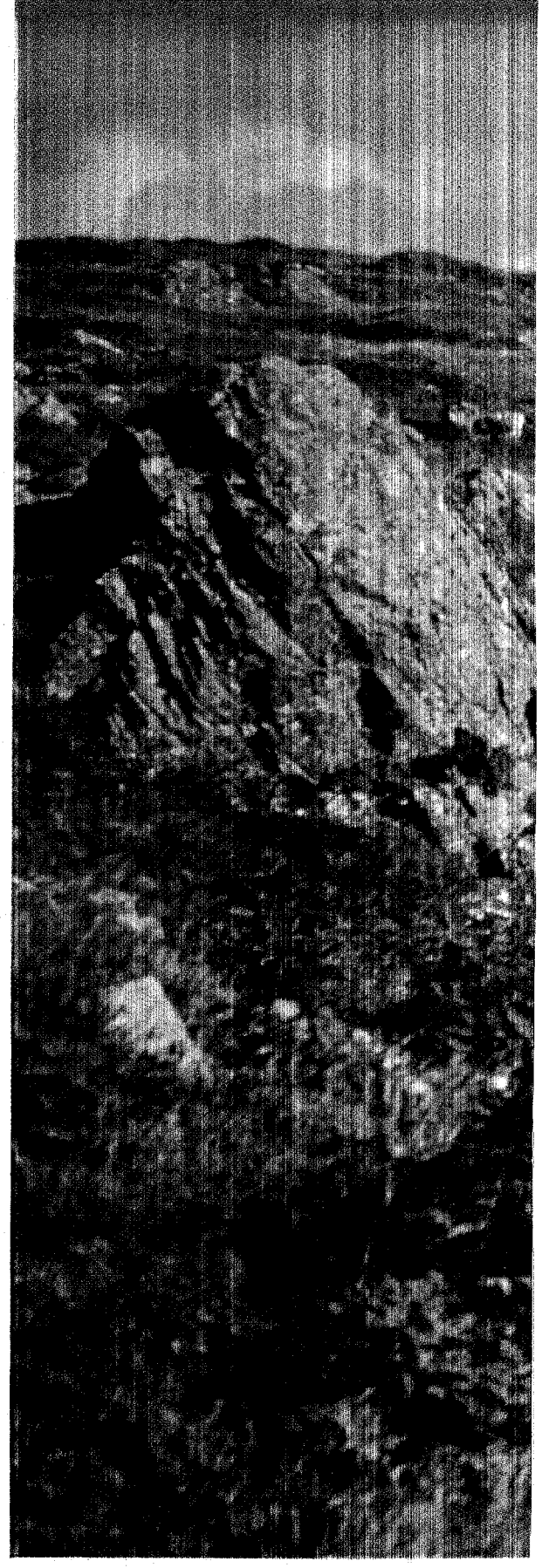


Tousle-headed Oona shyly displays the curiosity of the young everywhere.



Plain hard work, like digging potatoes, is the accepted lot of most of the children.

CONNEMARA

This is the rugged coastal country of western Ireland . . . harsh, barren, yet subtly lovely.

A famous photographer's portrait in words and pictures of the ancestral home of many Americans.

By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

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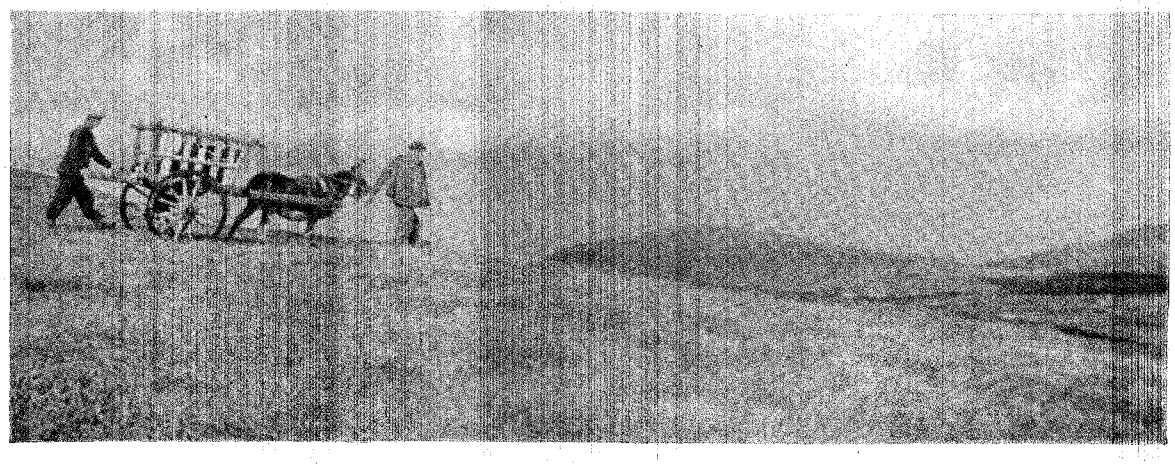
A shaggy ivory stallion, which might have been carved by hilltop winds, seems the only creature who truly belongs upon Connemara's rock-strewn hills.

Then, on rare sunny days, the sky explodes with magnificent clouds over the turf which is man's means of survival. Here two weary toilers head for home with a cartload of sod for fuel.



As they cling precariously to the granite shoulders of their island, many Connemaramen speak of America, clear across the Atlantic Ocean, almost as if it were another Ireland. Unnumbered relatives of these deeply religious, temperamental people have migrated from this place, which is as humble as it is picturesque. It is said that 20,000,000 Americans are of Irish origin, many of them from this Connemara country, which has thus become a part of our national heritage.

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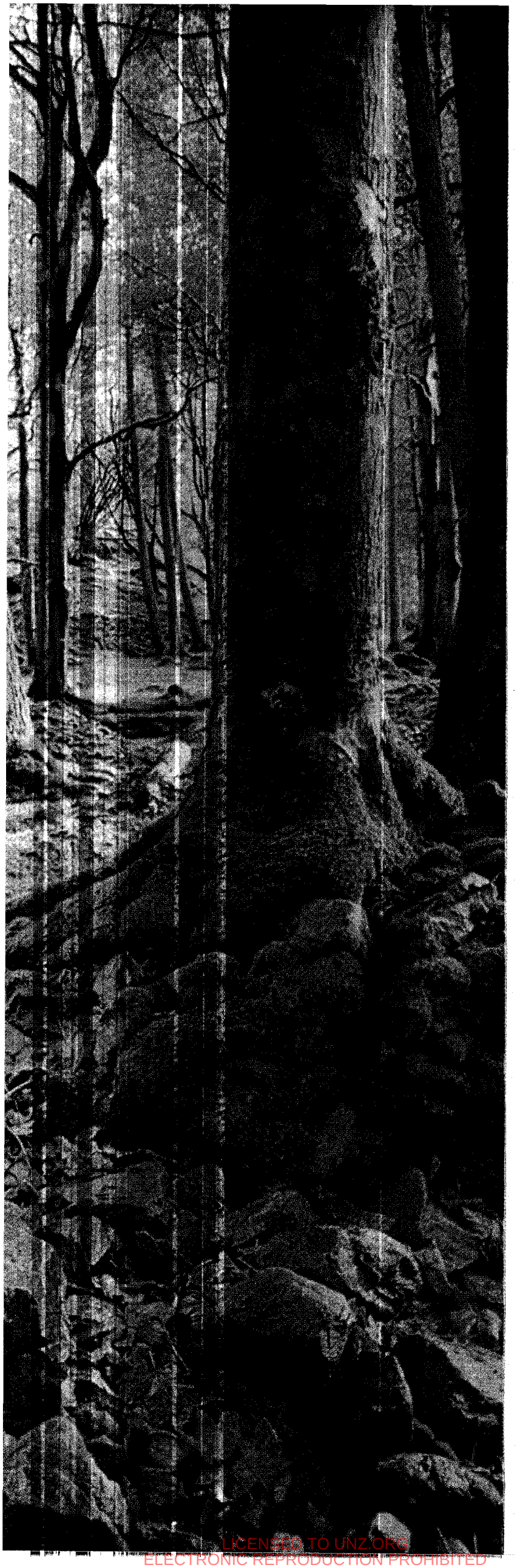

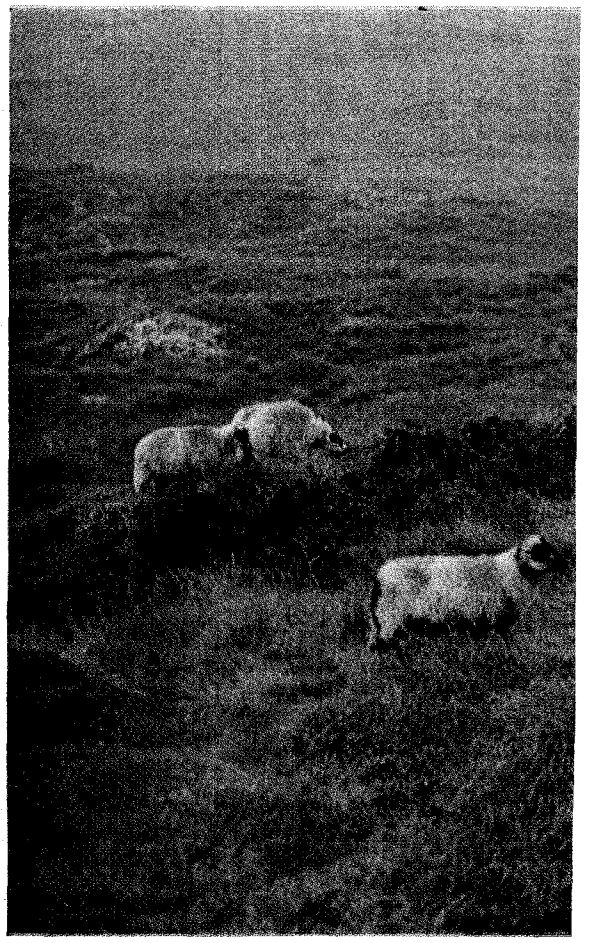

Exotic anemones, floating upon an endless sea, drift ever nearer—then suddenly become clusters of wandering sheep. Shepherds paint their flocks in vivid hues, which makes them easy to spot among the wool-gray rocks as they graze.

It's a muted land where shimmering fogs arise and frequent rain sifts down, all seemingly spawned high in lonely valleys of the hills themselves. Many Irish-Americans, those men and women who moved away years ago, will try to come back again sometime in their lives. For, as children of Connemara, they carry with them, everywhere, a profound love for that actual handful of earth over which they were born.

Many men of Connemara firmly believe that their glens of moss-encrusted beech trees, with trunks and branches twisted into goblin shapes, are peopled by "wee ones" called leprechauns.

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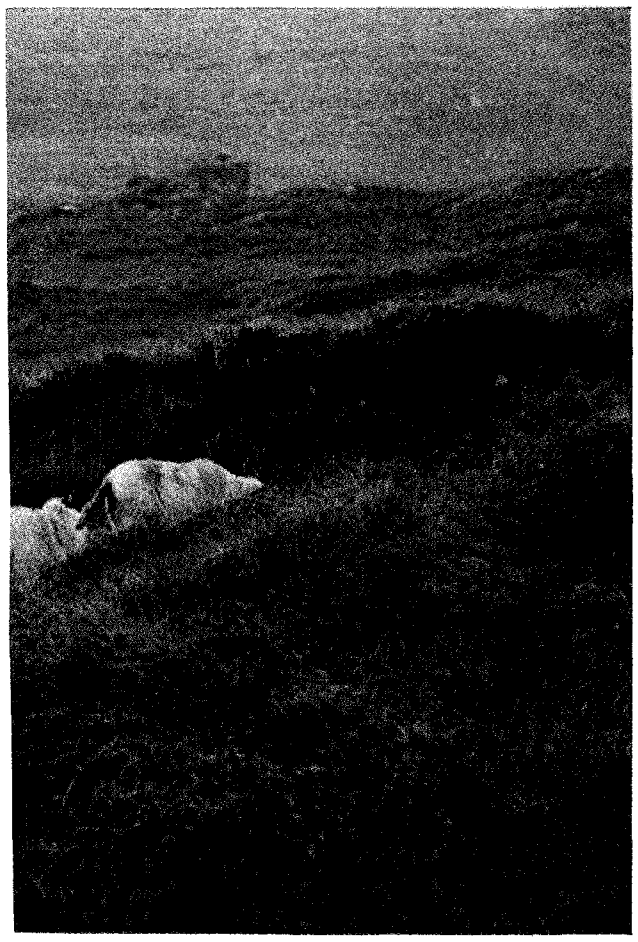
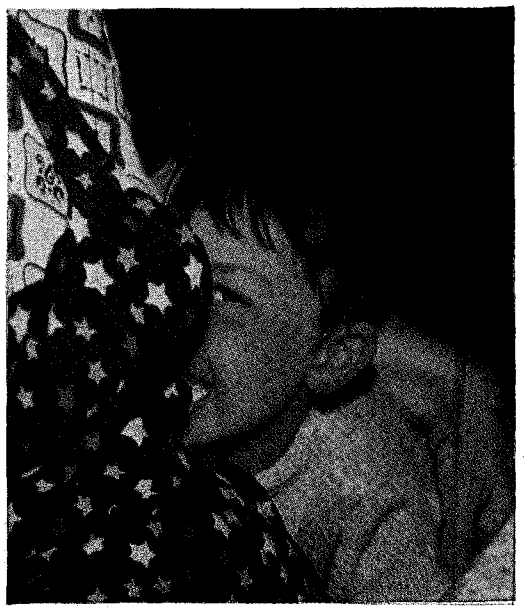
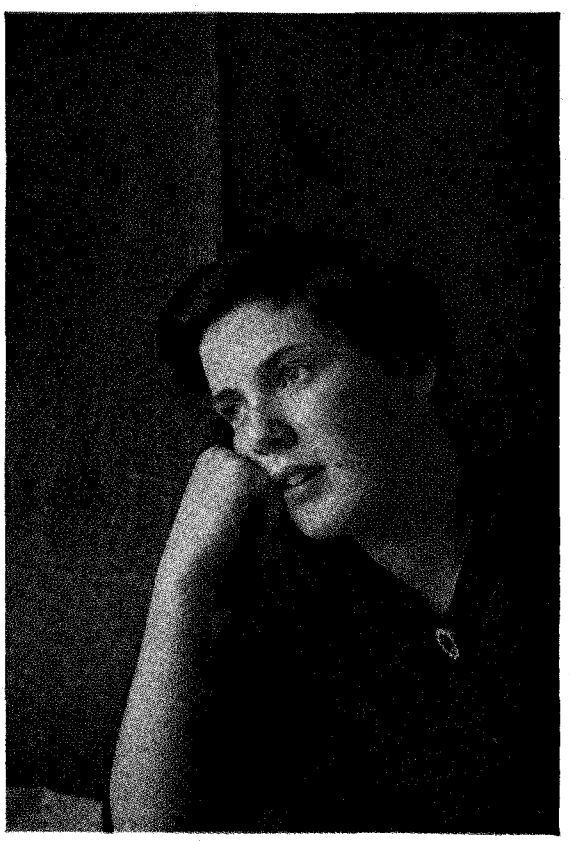


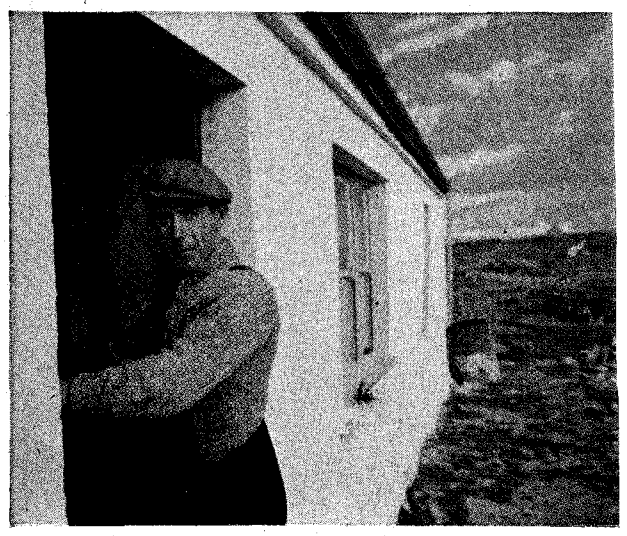
Families of Connemara,
such as Michael Ward's, come big.
Five of his nine children still live
at home, a home in which "there is
little time for temper or laziness,
but plenty for work and love,
and sometimes, even for laughter."

Alphonsus, 4, still snuggles close to
Mamma Ward, "except when
he's hunting blackberries,
or watching seagulls, or wiggling his
toes in the sea at low tide . . .
doing the many little-boy things."





Eileen, 16, is the dreamer of the Ward family. She works in Galway, 40 miles away, but is happiest when home on vacation in Connemara.



Michael Ward, 42, owns his own home, builds boats, and keeps proudly warm in the massive sweater knit by his wife.

THE END

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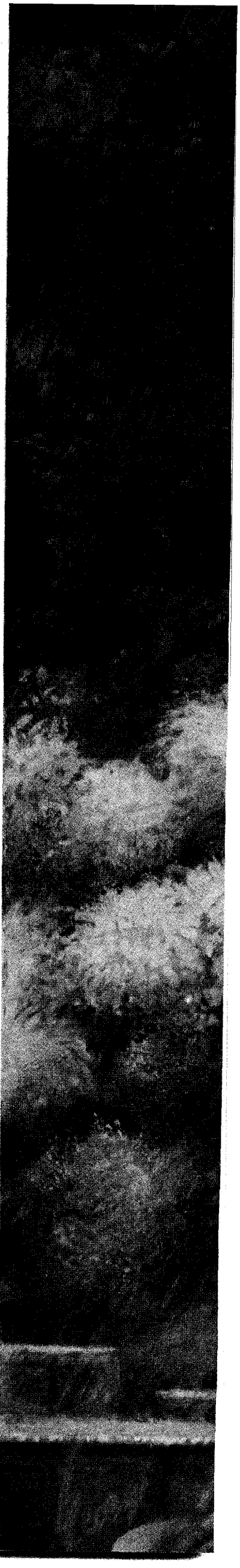
The Flashy Type

By
EDWIN A.
PEEPLES



Is it a stage every girl goes through—the need to be a little bit bad?

They sat beside the river on the bench beneath the willow tree and argued. Evelyn, who was eighteen, wanted dates with Red Calder. Red Calder played trumpet in the college orchestra and the dance band. Evelyn wanted Ernest, who was twenty, to get her dates with Red Calder.

Ernest didn't like the idea. All he knew about Red was that he walked by himself, like Kipling's cat, and all places were alike to him. He seemed much older than anybody else and had the air of someone who is amusing himself temporarily with the children.

"Red isn't your kind, Evelyn," Ernest said.

"You've said that about fifty times," Evelyn told him. "What would you know about who's whose kind? You think Maude Jency's your kind?"

"Maude Jency's very congenial," he said.

Evelyn shook her head impatiently. Her hair, which was curly and fairly long, whisked her cheeks. "I'd be congenial, too, if I were a mousy little type with hair the color of tarnished brass and all wadded up like a wet mop!"

Ernest's face grew hot, but he didn't answer.

"Why don't you date somebody attractive?" Evelyn asked. "Why don't you date Helena Blessing or somebody like that?"

"Fat chance. With all the guys that're running after Helena."

"Your trouble, Ernest, is you're too shy. You're too slow. You always have been. Ever since we were kids."

"Gee. Thanks!"

Now he was sulking. He sulked easily. The least puncture hurt his feelings. And there was no reason for it. He was good-looking in a large, heavy way. He was big and had close-cropped hair. He had reddish skin and a nice jaw line and a sort of stubborn honesty. But he was shy, and he sulked easily. He had started playing football in high school, and football and school had been his life ever since. Now, in his junior year at college, he was right tackle on the first team.

He had a certain amount of glamour, but he never realized it. Many girls wanted to date him. But only Maude Jency, for obvious reasons, was anxious enough to make the whole approach.

Evelyn looked at him and knew all these things about him, but she didn't apologize for hurting his feelings. Instead, she said, "Well, don't blame me if you haven't enough push to date somebody attractive like Helena."

"Who's blaming you? I'm happy."

They didn't sit very close together on the bench. They'd never sat close together, although they'd come here to talk over every problem they'd had since she was seven and he was nine.

Behind them, a long, gentle slope of lawn rose to a ridge. His house and her house, some hundred yards apart, stood on the ridge. His father was a doctor. Her father was an attorney. For all of Ernest's and Evelyn's lives, the two houses and the ridge and the prominence of their two fathers had shielded them and their valley by the river from the problems of the world. (Continued on Page 136)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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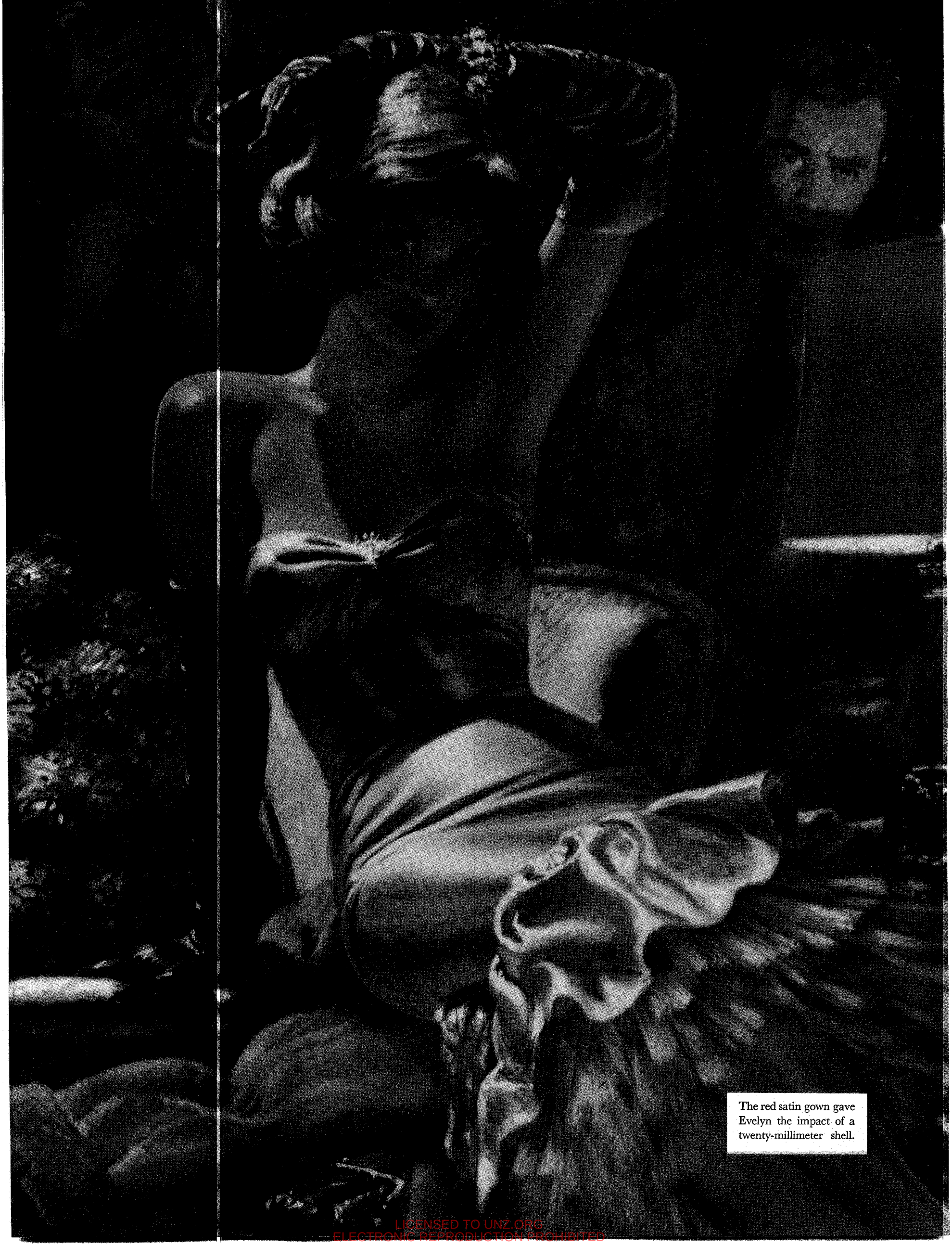

The red satin gown gave Evelyn the impact of a twenty-millimeter shell.

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We Danced 300,000 Miles

The conductor of an American ballet troupe tells about his often hilarious, sometimes dangerous, adventures in delivering our culture abroad.

By JOSEPH LEVINE

NEW YORK: Levine and his wife (on couch) plan a tour. Dancers are Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch.

To the uninitiated, the life of an orchestra conductor may seem relatively peaceful. Take it from me, it isn't. It is not altogether pleasant to conduct a performance while a riot is taking place in the balcony, as happened to me in Guatemala City. Nor is it easy to concentrate on music while your star dancer is accidentally hanging himself onstage, as Jean Babilée did one unforgettable night in Boston. Headlines take on meaning when jet fighters shatter the peace of a performance, as they did in Beirut, Lebanon.

Until I took my present job as conductor for the new French ballet, The Broken Date, now playing in New York City, I spent eight years as musical director of the American Ballet Theater. With that group I provided the "sound track" for a glittering roll call of the stars of the ballet world—Igor Youskevitch, Alicia Alonso, John Kriza, Nora Kaye, Anton Dolin, Alicia Markova and Melissa Hayden, among others.

I traveled more than 300,000 miles with the Ballet Theater, conducting performances for eight transcontinental tours of America and for five overseas good-will tours. These foreign treks were part of the President's Cultural Exchange Program, administered by the

ECUADOR: Between scenes of Swan Lake at Quito (elevation 9343 feet), Sonia Arova and John Kriza (foreground) caught their breath from backstage oxygen tanks.

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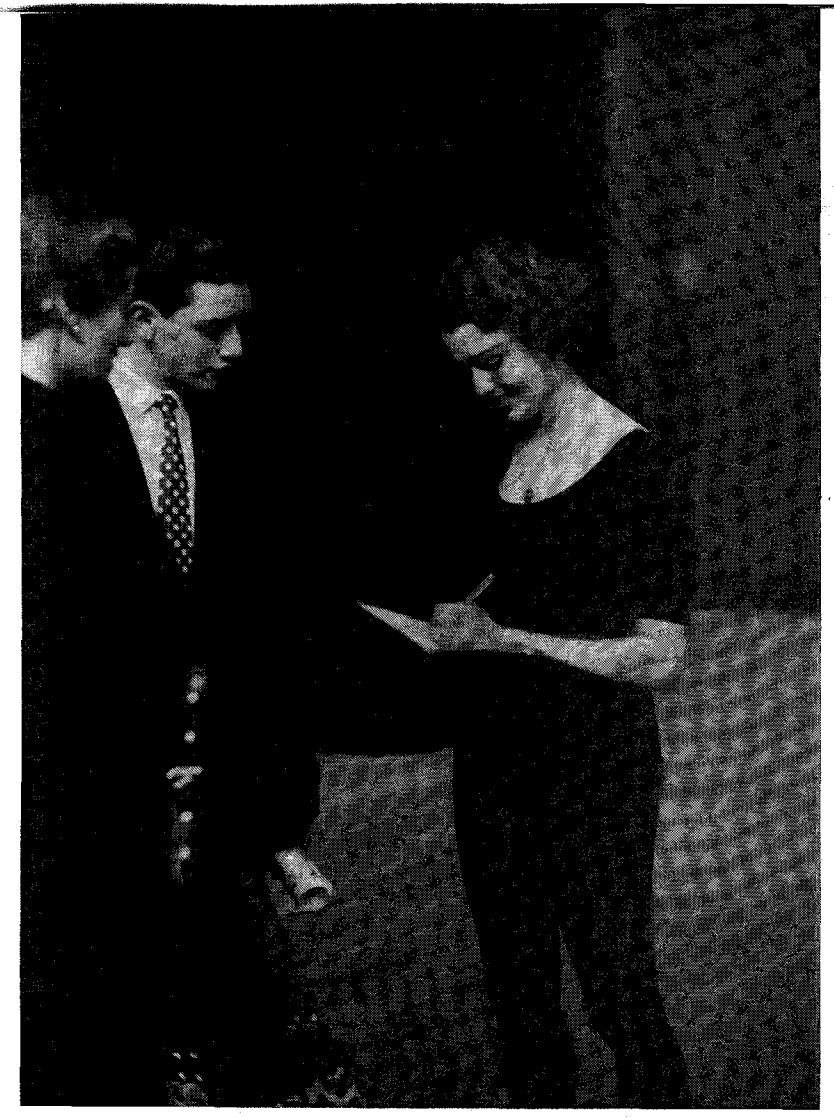
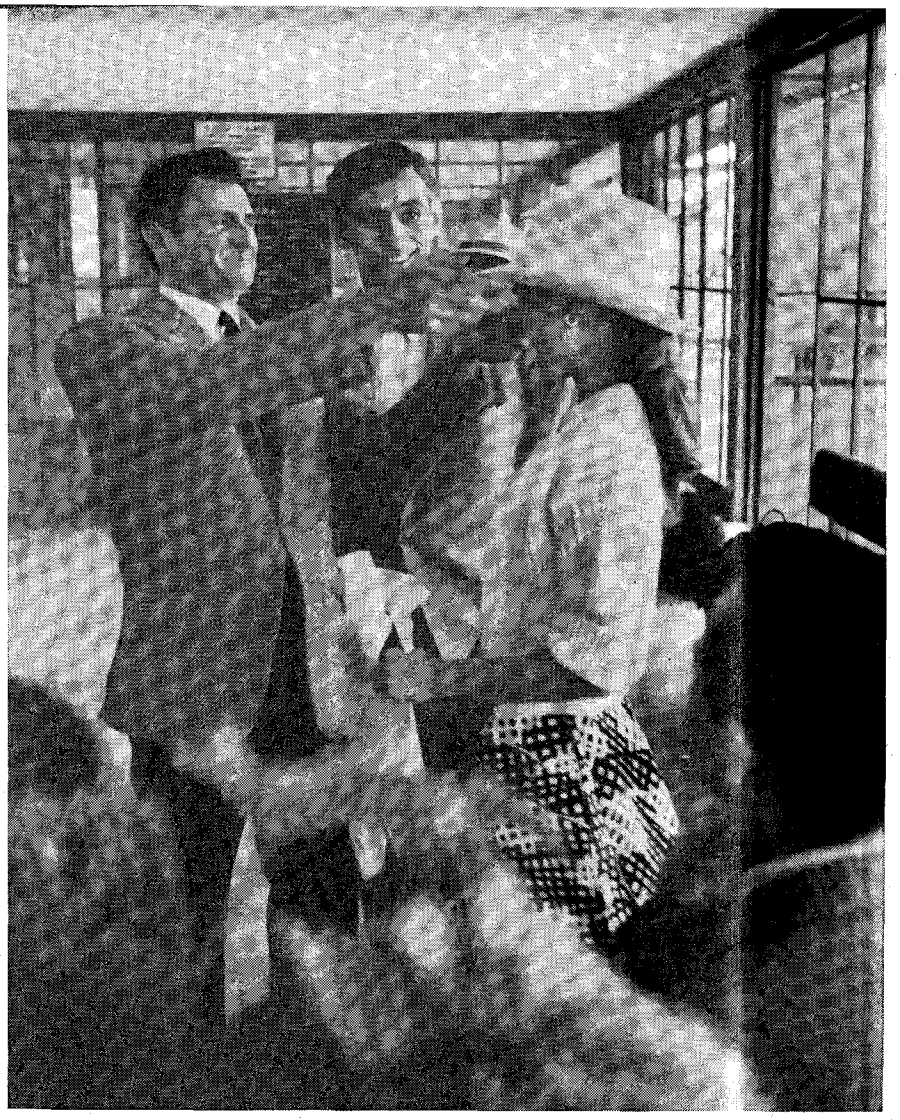


COLOMBIA: South American balletomanes settled for an autograph from Leslie Franzos. Souvenir hunters raided backstage for dancers' slippers, even bobby pins.



PERU: During a wait at the airport in Lima, John Kriza and Igor Youskevitch, who has been called "the world's finest classical dancer," tried a native hat on Joan Eaman.

State Department and the American National Theater and Academy (ANTA). So far, the program has sent more than ninety artists in the fields of music, drama and the dance to eighty-six foreign countries.

The eighteen-year-old American Ballet Theater, which presents ballet classics as well as new works, maintains a round-the-calendar, round-the-world touring schedule. For half the year the company travels in the United States, complete with fifty dancers, a twenty-man orchestra, stage crew and staff. When the troupe heads overseas, the traveling complement consists of the dancers, staff and a skeleton crew, but no orchestra. It is an unwritten law that we must use the musicians of whatever country we visit.

In the fall of 1955 we were in the capital of Argentina, and ballet-goers of Buenos Aires were packing the Teatro Opera for our nightly performances. On the afternoon of September sixteenth, the local orchestra and I were rehearsing the (Continued on Page 104)

SCOTLAND: The troupe clowned on the rocks of Edinburgh Castle for the glum Scots.

GERMANY: The show scheduled for Berlin in 1950 went on with the help of a military plane, special visas. At Frankfurt, conductor Levine kept his spirits up with a hot dog.

GEORGIA: The dancers almost ended their tour without notice when the Birmingham-bound bus ran into the ditch. The bus barely missed turning over.

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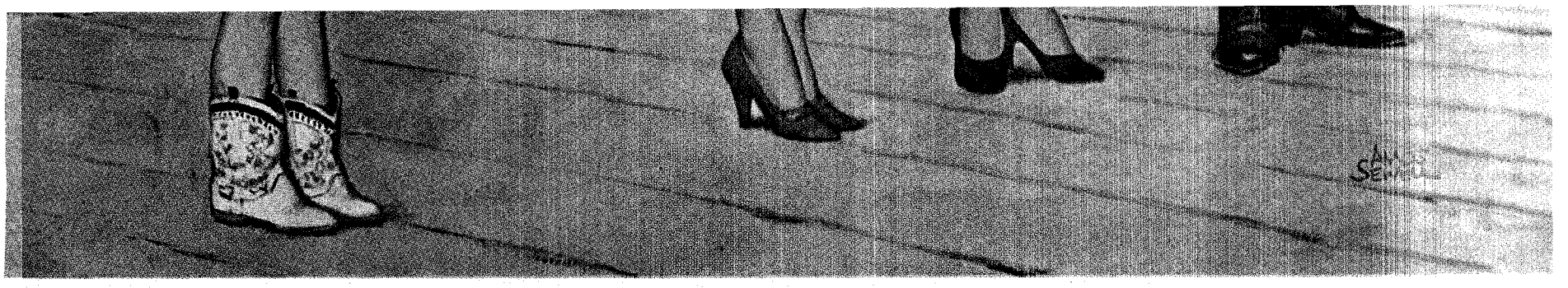

Babe stood there looking shy and frightened, but pretty as a little blond fairy.

BABE'S SURPRISE

By R. ROSS ANNETT

The cowgirl outfit was much too expensive, but the memory of the day Babe wore it would last Joe for years.

Joe was in an unusually happy mood as he approached the Star Store in Sanford. Ordinarily he bore himself soberly, but now he grinned at people he met, even people who were strangers to him. He had just concluded, or practically concluded, a profitable deal with Alf Bailey. All that remained was for Alf to get his brother's approval, the Bailey brothers being partners.

Joe felt that he had handled the negotiations cleverly. He had known that the Baileys wanted the purebred yearling bull which Joe had for sale. And, even more than they wanted the bull, Joe wanted to lease a section of grass from the Baileys' large holdings which bordered his present lease. He had begun by asking a thousand dollars for the bull, but had allowed Alf to dicker him down to eight hundred, which was a fair-enough price, all things considered. Finally, though with a great show of reluctance, he had agreed to the eight-hundred-dollar price, provided that the Baileys would give him a three-year grazing lease on the section of grass he coveted.

"Sometimes I ain't so awful far from bein' smart," Joe chuckled.

The annual Willow Creek rodeo was only a few weeks away, and in the Star Store window Miss Corrie was arranging an appropriate display of boots, saddles, chaps and other cowboy gear. The central feature of this display was a kid-sized cowgirl outfit—a beautiful, all-white ensemble of hat, vest, skirt and boots, all intricately embroidered and trimmed with silver. Joe stopped. He took one long look, then walked into the store. (Continued on Page 81)

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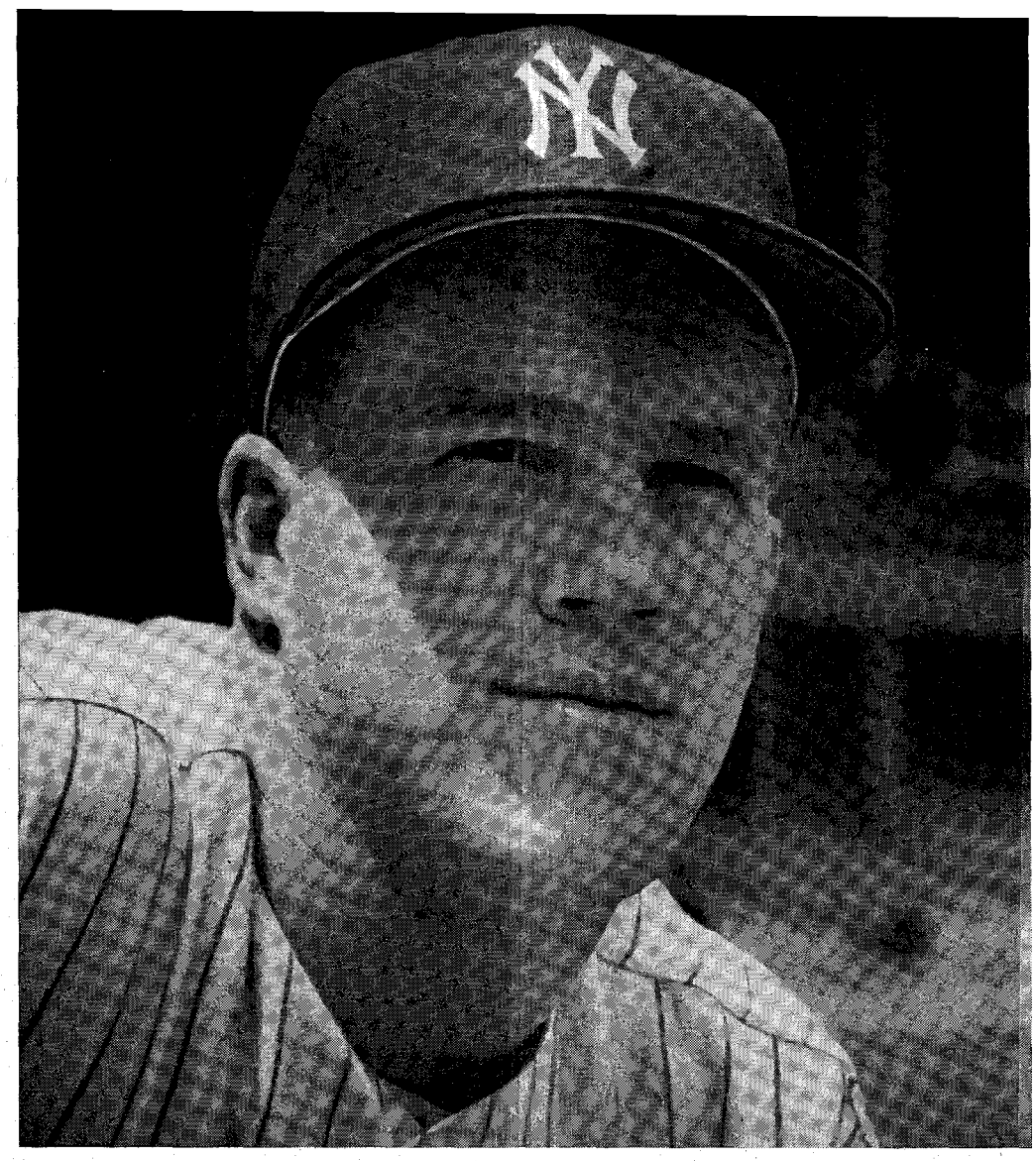
Is He the Next Great Yankee?

Pious young Tony Kubek, New York's versatile new star, plays brilliantly all over the diamond. But if he reaches the Hall of Fame it's his bat that will take him there.

By Edward Linn



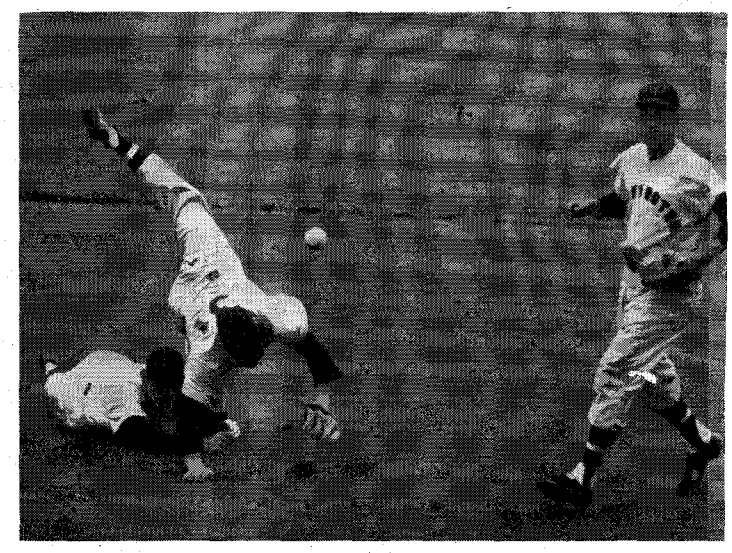
Kubek: "I always ran hard, slid hard and barreled in to break up double plays. If that's what aggressiveness means, I think I have always been an aggressive player."

After youthful Tony Kubek had done all the Yankee hitting in an exhibition game against the Dodgers back in 1957 spring training, Mickey Mantle came bursting through the clubhouse door, shouting, "Why don't they give him a low number? He's gonna be around for a long time!"

Kubek continued to wear a substitute's label—No. 34—throughout the year, but when he reported to camp this spring he was assigned the number Phil Rizzuto had carried through thirteen memorable years—No. 10. By then, of course, Tony was in no great need of such token endorsements. After shuttling expertly among four positions, he had been named American League Rookie of the Year almost by acclaim—one Boston loyalist stuck resolutely by the ineligible sophomore, Frank Malzone. Most important of all, Kubek—pronounced Coo-bek—had established himself as a member of that small, exclusive society of Yankees who played against all kinds of pitching. A left-handed hitter, he completely upset the percentages by hitting .330 against the lefties and .288 against the righties.

Says Mantle, who has always been Kubek's greatest booster, "This is the best young ballplayer I ever saw. We all knew he was going to be great the first time we saw him in Casey's instructional school a couple of years ago. If Ted Williams finally begins to fall off this year, Kubek could be the man to beat for the batting championship."

The thing that impresses Mantle most is that Tony was able to play so many new positions so well. "It (Continued on Page 111)



Kubek takes out shortstop Rocky Bridges to upset a double-play try in a recent game with the Senators.

Kubek (hatless) breaks up another double play with a hard slide. This time his victim was Cleveland's Carrasquel.

In the second game of the 1957 World Series, Kubek (No. 34), here on the receiving end for a change, lets the ball go through him at third base. The Braves' Pafko got up and scored. Milwaukee won, 4–2.

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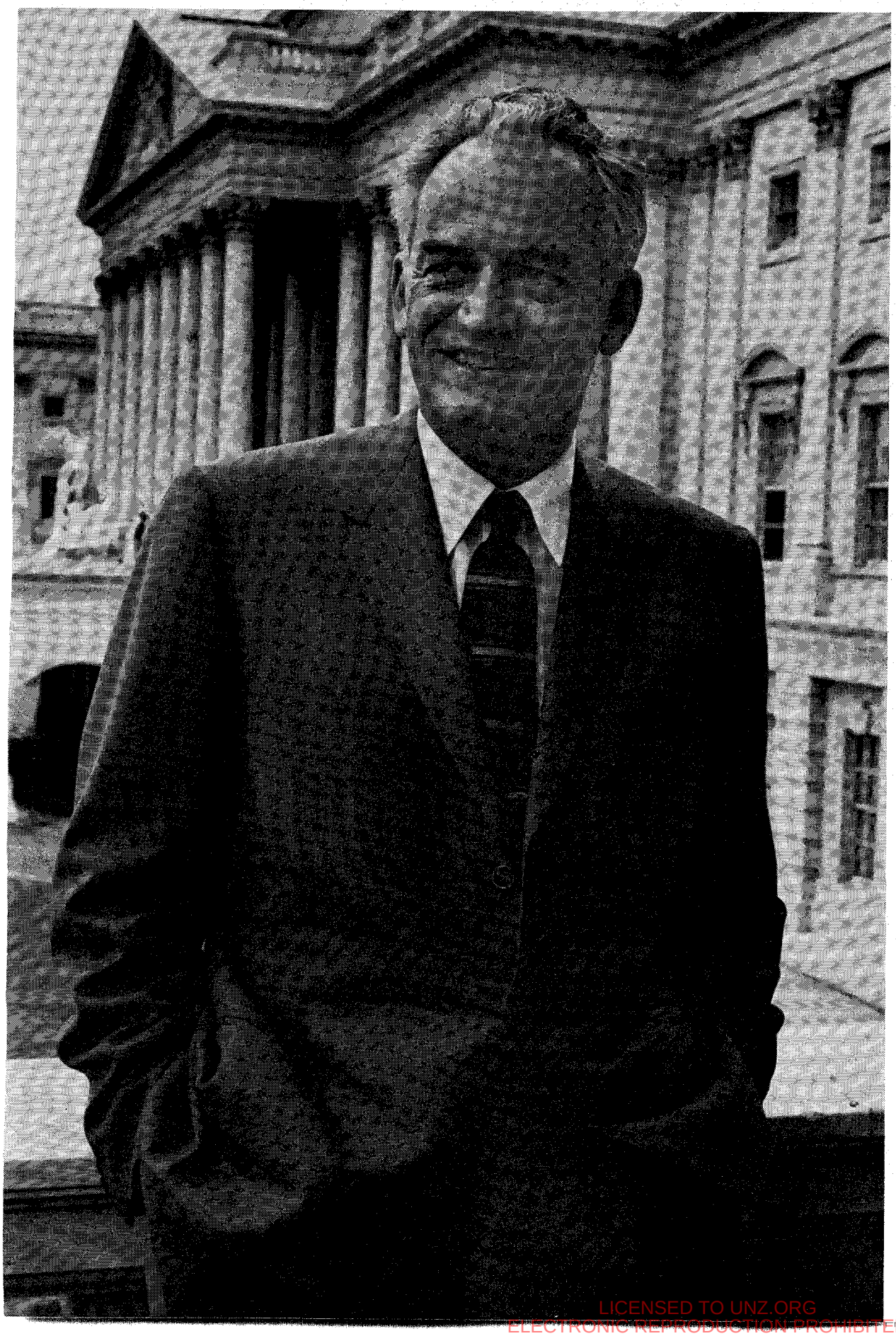
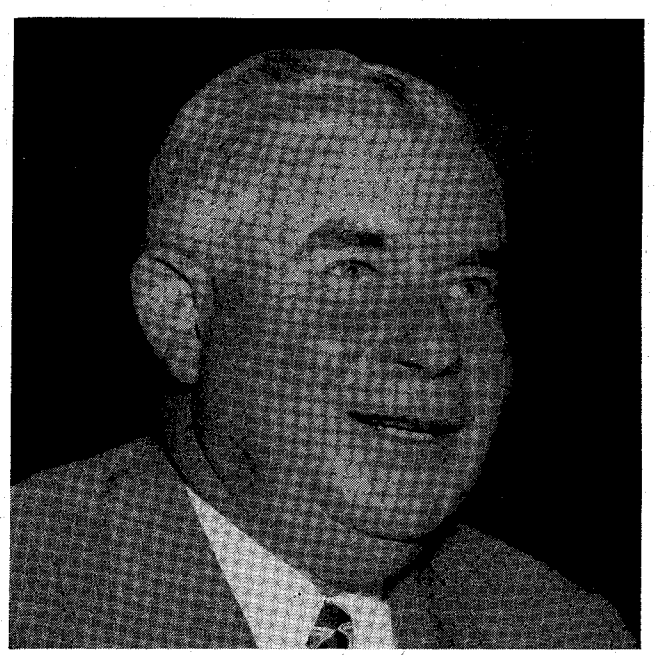
The Glittering Mr. Goldwater

Barry Goldwater, jet pilot, explorer and politician extraordinary, is a free-swinging verbal battler. As a senator he's a conservative's conservative.

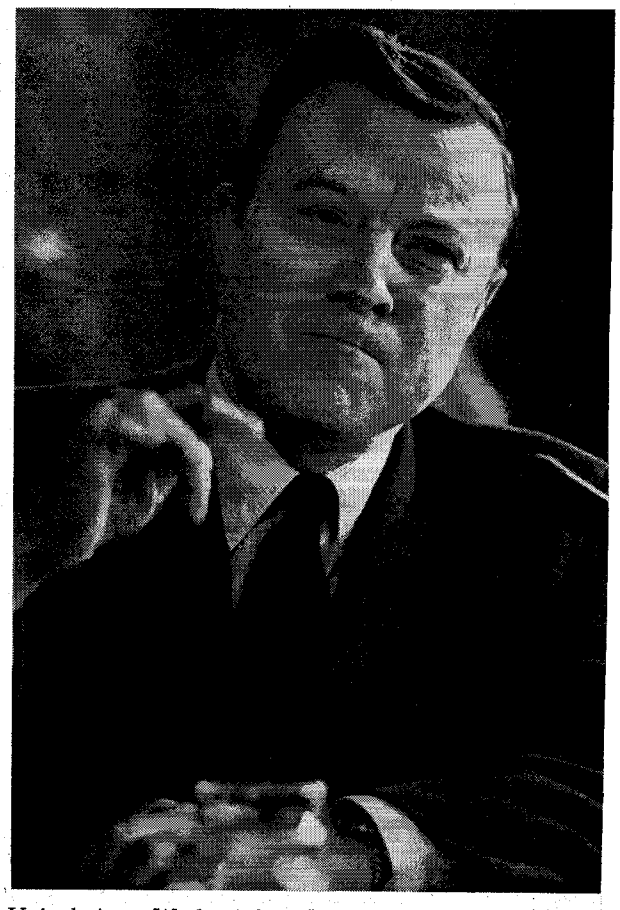
By PAUL F. HEALY

Legislator: "Barry's got all the guts in the world," say party colleagues of the outspoken Goldwater. He's the second Republican senator in Arizona history.





Gov. Ernest McFarland yearns to regain his Senate seat from Goldwater. McFarland preceded Lyndon Johnson, of Texas, as Senate Democratic leader.



United Auto Workers' boss Walter Reuther tagged Goldwater as "this country's No. 1 political fanatic."

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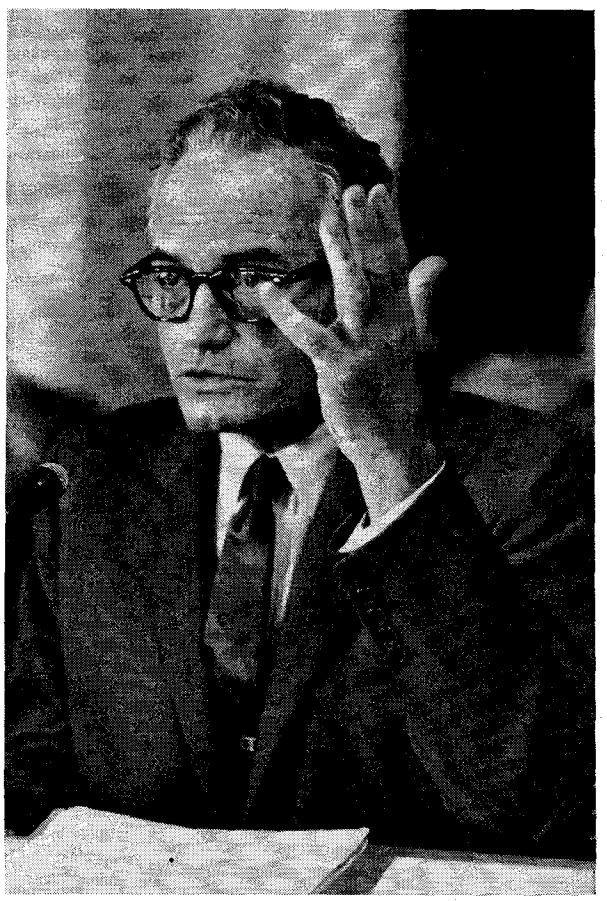
The most aggressive, articulate, colorful and possibly most conservative conservative in the United States Senate is Barry Morris Goldwater, a forty-nine-year-old Republican from Arizona. At a time when conservatives are retiring or subsiding and dullness is settling over the Senate generally, Goldwater stands out like a spitball expert at a caucus of deacons.

Goldwater infuriates the professional liberals and his name has become almost a form of profanity in many labor-union circles. He is the only member of the Senate who is sponsoring and constantly talking up a so-called "right-to-work" bill which would prevent compulsory unionism. This year he is in a rough re-election contest which is attracting national interest, partly because Goldwater gives the impression he is running against Walter Reuther, the United Auto Workers' president, who lives not in Arizona, but Detroit. The senator from Arizona started his word war with Reuther in the best pulp-fiction style—shooting from the hip with both guns.

As a jet flier, photographer, explorer, Indian authority, sportsman and free-swinging politician, Goldwater likes to live dangerously—seeming to be swept along by his own jet stream. He is expensively tailored and wears black-rimmed spectacles, except when piloting a plane. In his flying clothes he could pass for a character in the Steve Canyon comic strip; he is a colonel in the Air Force Reserve and the only member of Congress with a command-pilot rating. As a man's man, he also appeals to women. "Barry's got a message for us girls," says one prominent young Democrat's wife.

To understand how Goldwater got where he is and how he is, some attention must be paid to his heritage, which is a ruggedly far Western, pioneer (Continued on Page 114)

Photographer: In his Washington apartment, Goldwater, with the help of his wife Peggy, makes a camera study of a Kochina doll. The freshman senator also does outstanding portraits of real Indians.



Goldwater, in turn, has baited Reuther as "more dangerous than the Sputniks or anything Russia can do."

Flier: Goldwater is a colonel in the Air Force Reserve and the only member of Congress with a command-pilot rating. He's made take-offs and landings in nine types of jets, from fighters to tankers.

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NIGHT OF HORROR

What hideous thing was crawling in my child's window?

By JOEL TOWNSLEY ROGERS

A plane was going across the big orange hunter's moon ahead when I turned off on Goodhaven Road, no more than a couple of miles from Irene and Danny at home.

One of the Southern Cross Airways' two regular evening ships, I recognized it, heading up for New York from Buenos Aires or Valparaiso at six hundred to seven hundred miles an hour. It was quite high and four or five miles away. They always flew the same course almost exactly to the quarter mile, and on schedule almost to the minute; although it was after ten o'clock now, which made it a little late.

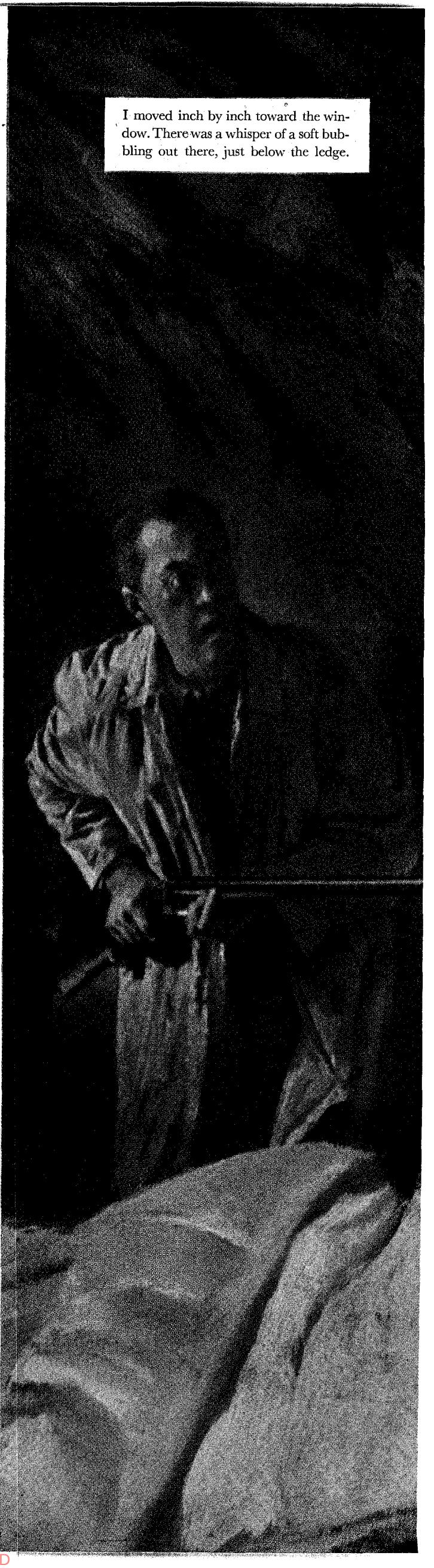
I've never been any farther from the Eastern Shore than Wilmington and Philadelphia myself. But my father had been in the Navy Air, back in World War II. He had been killed in Brazil, in one of the old piston-engine planes of that day, when I was even younger than Danny was now. I could just barely remember him, his last time home, I guess, singing a song to me—something about two ships, the Don and the Magdalena, that sailed to Brazil. It was something that Kipling had written, it seemed. The two giant S.C.A. intercontinentals were named the Don and the Magdalena, after the ships in that old song, though which one this was I didn't know.

A speck of tiny cloud seemed to break off from one of its wings in the moonlight as I watched it through my station-wagon windshield. It drifted on the high night wind in this direction, while the big plane went on. Something like a parachute, though it couldn't have been that, of course. I lost it after a couple of moments in the cobweb threads of the starry October night.

It showed how old-fashioned I was that I thought at times in words like that, I checked myself as I drove along. The long thin streaks that sometimes drift across the stars, like a few tonight, aren't really anything like cobwebs, but just molecules of water vapor loosely strung together, as anybody knows. There aren't any cobwebs in the sky, and never were,

(Continued on Page 117)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov



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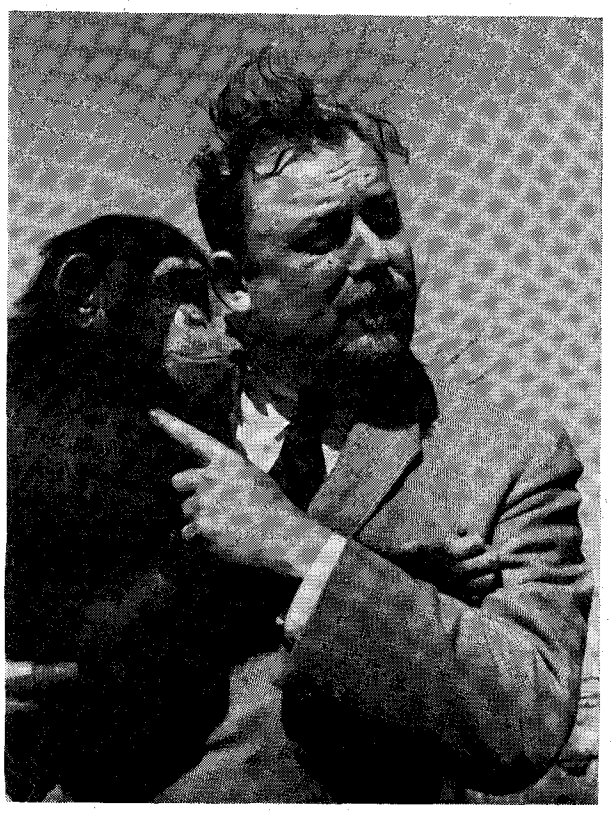
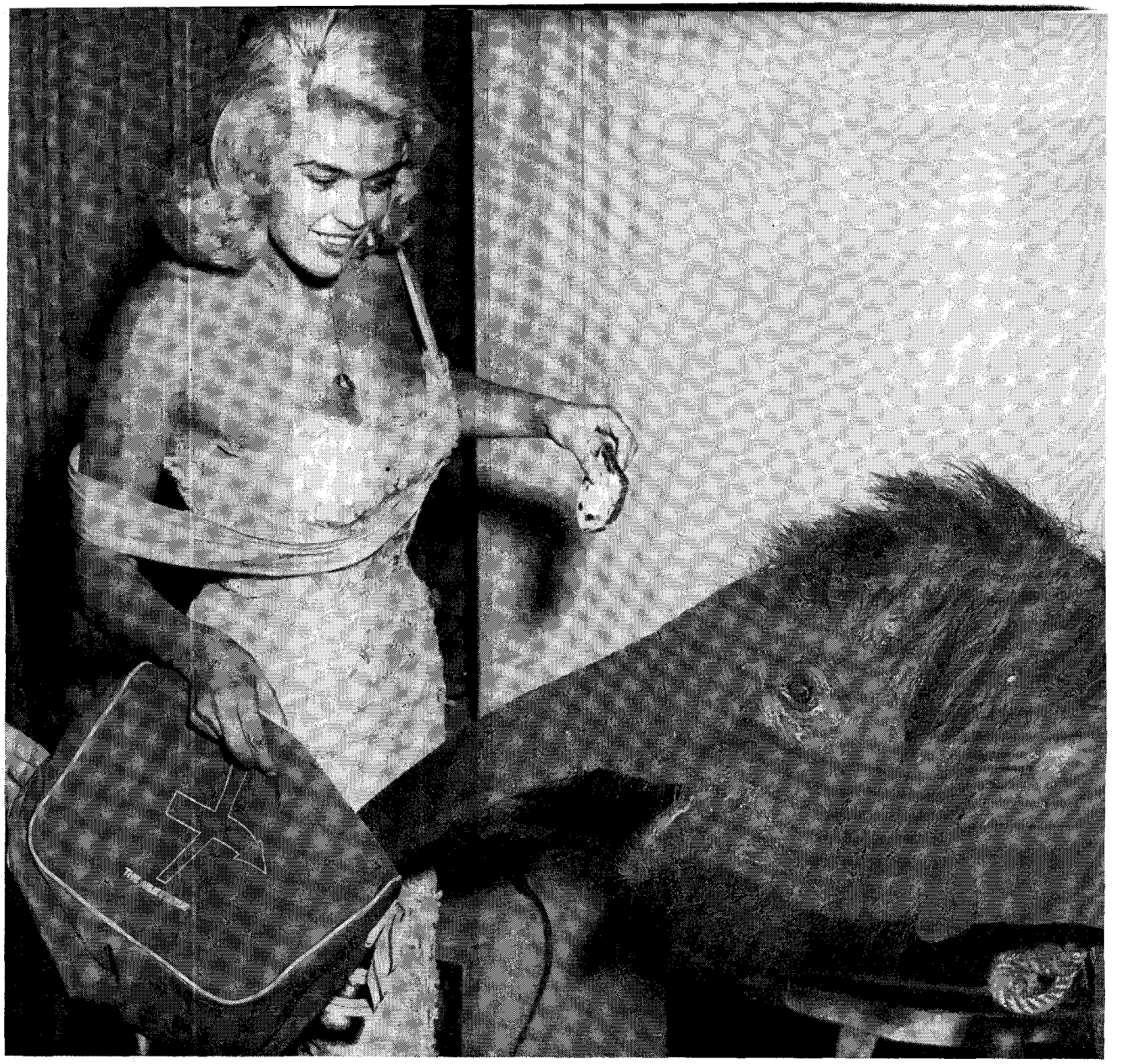


Author Ryhiner (below, with chimp) had to choose between his wife and his love for the jungle. The jungle won.



Right: Jayne Mansfield and Josie, the author's favorite elephant, were introduced for a publicity shot. They didn't get on together—Josie hated Jayne's perfume.

MY BEAUTY and MY BEASTS

The Trouble With Elephants

The author braved a stampede to bag a shipment of Indian elephants. Later one of his ponderous "pets" put on an unscheduled act with Jayne Mansfield.

CONCLUSION

By PETER RYHINER
as told to
Daniel P. Mannix

When Mercia and I left the United States with an order for the largest group of elephants ever to be shipped, I had no idea how to start about the business of trapping them. I did, however, know that the Garo Hills, the scene of Kipling's famous story, Toomai of the Elephants, was the best elephant country in India. So we flew there and I set about learning something of the complicated art of catching these great and wonderful creatures.

I found that there are two types of elephant *shikars* (hunts): the *keddah shikar* and the *mela shikar*. In the *keddah shikar*, groups of wild elephants are driven into a big corral. In the *mela shikar*, young animals are noosed from the backs of *kunkis* (tame pad elephants) in the jungles. There is one big *keddah shikar* held every year in the Garo Hills, but it was not due for several months yet. Therefore I decided to go out on *mela shikars* while waiting.

For this type of hunting, two *kunkis* are used. Two men, the mahout and the *phundi* (catcher), ride on each elephant. The *phundi* has a long, soft hemp lasso. No other tools are needed.

I was warned that no one could say how long the hunt might last, for the tame elephants must follow the herds for days until an opportunity comes for capturing the right calves. Mercia wanted to go with us, for she didn't trust either the catchers or me to get the right calves, but the natives believe that the presence of a woman may put a curse on a hunt, so she had to stay behind and make preparations for the arrival of the calves.

Scouts reported the presence of a herd a few miles from our (Continued on Page 146)

Her husband did not capture this London Zoo zebra, but Mercia (right) charmed him.

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Prowler on the Place

Her father warned her, before he died, not to trust any men. But she remembered his words too late.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

When Tim Mueller died at fifty because of neglected infection from the bite of a toadfish, he left seven desolate North Florida acres, thirty crab traps, a small but neat cabin, an old car, a boat and motor, and eighteen dollars in a mattress. But above all, he left Jeanne, who had loved and respected him far more than the average daughter.

Tim Mueller had big arms, large legs, enormous hands and an even greater heart, and right up to its last, struggling pump he was cheerful. He gazed out the window at Baptist Hospital and he enjoyed his last sunset and he held Jeanne's hand as he said: "Jest remember what I tole you, Jeanne. Shoo off the grubbin' land shysters with the shotgun. Hold the land, till leastwise 1960. Big things is liable to happen around Trash Channel."

"Yes, dad," Jeanne said, squeezing his hand.

"Don't trust no men," Tim Mueller warned her.

"Ma trusted you," said Jeanne.

"She wound up in the swamp with the fever. But you got a better chance." He managed a rasping chuckle. "Couple years, they'll be callin' Trash Channel Cash Channel. Deed's in your ma's hope chest, wrapped in otter hide. I ——"

The nurse came in and Jeanne had to leave. Shortly after that, Tim Mueller left too.

The cabin, originally a tabby house, built of lime and shells, had been handsomely enlarged by Tim, who added a cypress porch, an extra bedroom (Continued on Page 130)

"You're right in th

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The Face of AMERICA

Garden Full of Brides

"Love lives in gardens—
God and lovers know!" once wrote the
American poet Carolyn Giltinan.
No spot in the world is more filled with
young love each June than the
Malcolm W. Gross Memorial Rose Garden
in Allentown, Pa., a two-and-a-half-acre
public park named in honor of
the city's late mayor. In the month
of marriages, when the garden's
10,000 rosebushes bloom as beautifully
and bountifully as the brides, newly
wed couples from all over
Eastern Pennsylvania come each year
to laugh in love and embarrassment, and
to record their delight on film.
Here Mrs. Edward Kametz displays
something borrowed and blue—
the traditional garter—to the joy of her
husband and, to her left and right,
the new Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rupinski
and the new Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hill.
Happiness should be their lot.
"Blest is the bride on whom the sun
doth shine," wrote another poet,
Robert Herrick, in 1648.

● Photograph by Gus Pasquarella

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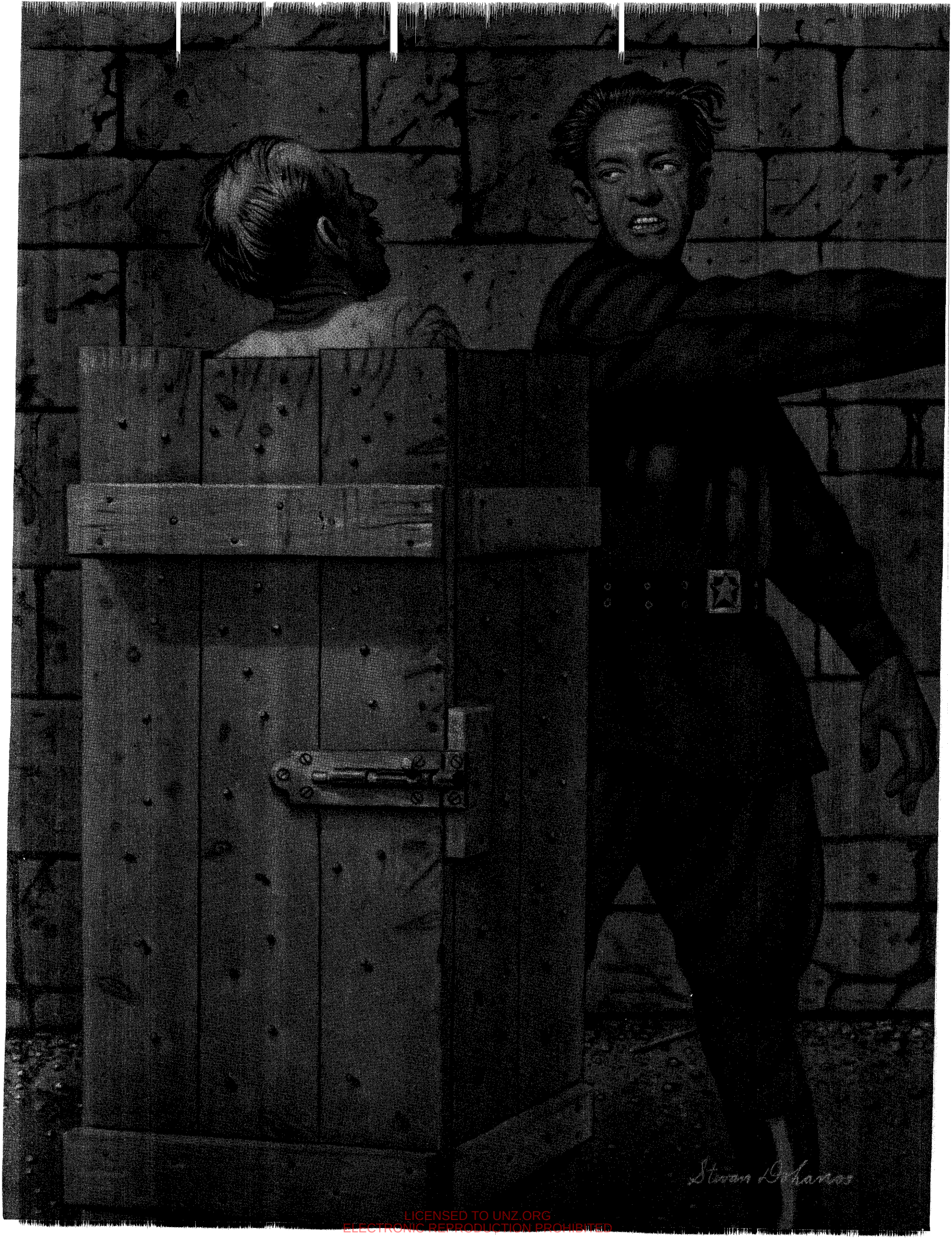
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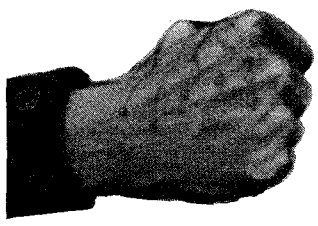
With "Zhorka's box" they could shatter the strongest will...



THE CHAINS OF FEAR

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

Lyubkin, chief of the district NKVD—secret police—carried out his Moscow-directed orders for a purge. He and his deputy, Suprunov, worked around the clock, driving their subordinates to bring in confessions from "enemies of the people." Lyubkin was a ruthless man, even with Elena, his beautiful mistress.

Evlalia Grigorievna, a typist, was one of many powerless Russians who found themselves entangled in the party-dominated society. First her husband, Vadim, had been arrested by the NKVD. Then Semenov, a mysterious official, befriended her. Semenov's protective attitude toward Evlalia convinced her father, Grigory, and her friend, Sophia Dmitrievna, that Semenov loved the little typist. Reluctantly, she accepted Semenov's offer of a chance to augment her salary by typing manuscripts in her free time. Unknown to Evlalia, her unscrupulous father went so far as to offer her to Semenov. And Semenov found himself asking Sophia a question that should not occur to a Communist bureaucrat: "What kind of a thing is this soul?"

III

Sophia Dmitrievna lost no time in telling Evlalia Grigorievna how she had invited Semenov to her room, though she did not say a word about the fact that she had discussed Grigory Mikhailovich and even Evlalia Grigorievna herself. But because Semenov had visited her elderly friend, it seemed to Evlalia Grigorievna that he had now entered deeply into her life, and she was suddenly frightened. Who Semenov was she did not know. To her, the phrase "party man" meant a special kind of creature, totally different from other human beings. Acts which burdened other men with an intolerable sense of guilt, to him seemed merely natural—as natural as turning screws or twisting yarn. For Evlalia Grigorievna such a creature was to be feared. Inside him, it seemed to her, there was nothing human.

And yet—and yet this Semenov, "an important party man," had brought Shurik a pair of skates; he had sent her a typewriter and given her work. Why? Sophia Dmitrievna and Grigory Mikhailovich had alluded to his falling in love, but Evlalia Grigorievna had known love and would have known it again. No, there was no love in Semenov, but there was something in him that reached out to her—not love, but a kind of repressed torment.

Semenov came the day he had promised. Grigory Mikhailovich, knowing that he was coming, left the house at six o'clock. Before going out, he kissed his daughter on the forehead, which he had never done before.

"Now, keep your wits about you; don't be silly," he said softly, but with great stress, gazing deeply into her eyes.

Evlalia Grigorievna looked at him in alarm and uncomprehension. She sensed something extremely untoward in this unexpected kiss and the words that accompanied it.

Semenov came at seven o'clock. He put down his briefcase and sat on a chair heavily and decisively, without looking at Evlalia Grigorievna. When he raised his eyes to her, she saw at once the repressed query in them, but he only asked curtly, "Did you type it up?"

"Yes, I—only I left a little larger margin than necessary, I think, so I didn't come out with four hundred pages, but four hundred and seventeen. But that's my fault and you can count it as just four hundred."

"Nonsense!" said Semenov. "Write a receipt for eight hundred and thirty-four rubles. And a separate accounting for paper and carbons."

"No, no!" protested Evlalia Grigorievna, placing her hand on the typed manuscript as if she were protecting it. "Paper and carbons are my expense."

Semenov looked at her fixedly, sighed and shook his head. "How have you lived as long as this if that's the way you are? With life what it is, one has to show his teeth and never let anything slip by, but you —— Well, that's what you are, for sure—a 'little bluebird.'"

Evlalia Grigorievna had not at all expected him to call her this name, which only Sophia Dmitrievna called her. She flushed and looked pitifully at Semenov, as if begging him not to say it again. Her lips trembled.

"Why do you—Little Bluebird?" she asked inarticulately.

"That's what the old lady calls you. Sophia Dmitrievna. And I like it." He nodded. "That's it for sure—a little bluebird. But that's not the point now, so write out your receipt. Let's see. . . . 'Received for typing ——' What's the title? . . . 'Received eight hundred and thirty-four rubles and—for paper and carbons, sixty-six rubles. Nine hundred in all.'"

"How can it be sixty-six?" Evlalia Grigorievna was startled. "Twenty to thirty rubles, not more."

"Write it down," Semenov ordered with friendly severity.

He took the money from his wallet, counted it and laid it on the table. Then he took another manuscript out of his briefcase and, holding it in his hands, asked, "Could you type this? There's not so much here—only two hundred pages—but this isn't the last one. There's plenty of this stuff, any amount of it. You could even open a stenographic service."

"I ——" Evlalia Grigorievna stammered. "Of course, it will be a pleasure—only I can't do it so quickly now. I have to go back to my job again and I'll have less time. I'm very grateful to you, Pavel Petrovich, but ——"

"What 'but' is it this time?"

"It's very expensive, two rubles a sheet. I can do it cheaper."

"Ah, you Little Bluebird." He smiled reproachfully. "This way you'll be ruining my whole plan. I wanted to bargain for you with them, so they'd pay you two and a half, and then you want to do it for less! 'If it's a handout, grab it; if it's a stick, run!'" He paused. "But your father's not home then, or what?"

"Yes, he went out. He has ——"

"What's he like with you?"

"What's he like?"

"And where's your son?" Semenov ignored her rejoinder.

"He's at Sophia Dmitrievna's. He's so used to her that he's even starting to get along without me. I've been at home for two weeks, you see, because ——"

"I know. Chubuk gave you time off."

"You know?" It seemed strangely unpleasant to her that (Continued on Page 90)

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Variskin, in the torture box, flinched backward from Zhorka's blow.

Illustrated by Steven Dohanos

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A POST DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE

Above: "Print" finishes off "Mitchell." Some years after the Olive gang strung up Mitchell and Ketchum in 1878, the crime was re-enacted, for this picture.

Below: These are the charred bodies of Mitchell and Ketchum. Print Olive made flaming torches of his two victims while they still dangled from their ropes. For this he was called Man Burner. Later the corpses were exhumed and photographed.

By Mari Sandoz

TYRANT OF THE PLAINS

The shocking story of one of the most ruthless range barons who ever took the law into their own hands. Print Olive would be called "preposterous" if he were a fictional character. But this account is true.

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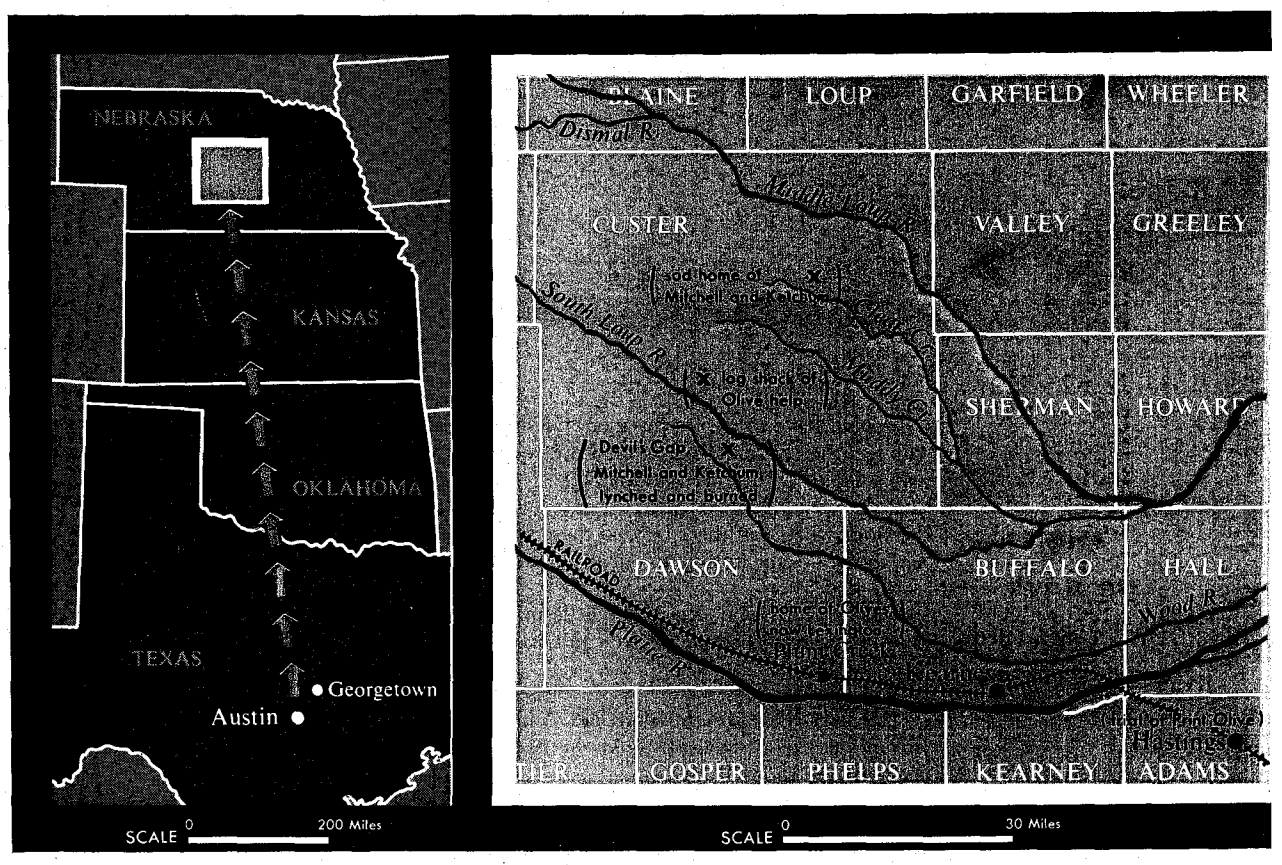
Print Olive in 1879. "It's easier to move men than cattle," he boasted after killing a settler he couldn't scare off land Print wanted for his own beef.



The map at left above shows Print's long trek from Texas in search of a new range for his giant herds. Above, right: In Custer County, Nebraska, the Olive clan perpetrated its bloodiest deeds.

The Texans, home from the Civil War, found their region bankrupt, their money worthless. Dispossessed, disfranchised, they turned to the omnipotent creature, the Longhorn cow, which had burgeoned and flourished all through the destruction, grown to five, six million head running wild in the breaks and brush. Many Texans took up the cow with a kind of dedication, led by such men as Capt. Richard King, already building the great King Ranch, and Charles Goodnight, the great trail blazer and innovator in the cattle business. But there was another Texan, a furious-eyed man whose name came to be associated with hideous forms of death for those who opposed him or simply got in his path, and he, in his way, was as dedicated to the cow as any man, with a deep-lying, ancient dedication.

Home from the war at twenty-five, I. P. Olive, known as "Print" for Prentice, went into stock raising. After a violent youth, he seemed ready to settle down, and his father, James Olive, was pleased with the change. The father, Print and two of the younger Olive sons joined in ranching on a tract consisting largely of Government land around Williamson County. By spring young Print was important enough to boss the general roundup of the region, a great cow hunt for stock that had been branded before the war and any calves at their sides. The mavericks—the older, unmarked stock—were divided among the ranchers represented in the roundup. At night the men gambled in the light of brush fires, the night hawks sitting in, too, as they came off their rounds. Mavericks were the money. A top critter counted as five dollars in chips; a yearling was valued at fifty cents. The boy who kept the fire going got two bits or maybe a short yearling for the night's work. Print Olive furnished the roundup grub: coffee, corn meal, salt, whisky and all the fresh-killed beef a man could eat—so long as it wasn't Olive beef.

The Olive clan was more deeply rooted in Texas than many of the early cattlemen, particularly such Yankees as King and Goodnight. Soon after the Mexican War, James Olive had brought his family from Louisiana and started in farming and stock growing not far from Austin. He and his wife were quiet, religious, churchgoing people. But in frontier Texas, young Print's taste for bad companions, hard liquor, cards and gunplay all were well developed by the time black bearding shadowed his cheek. An animosity had grown like thorns between the father and son, but the mother shielded the boy, her broad skirts outspread between Print and her husband, whenever the young man's roistering and lawlessness were discovered.

Now, Print Olive was a hard-riding, hard-cussing cowman and many of his ruthless methods grieved his steady-going father. But young Olive was driving ahead. Reservoirs were built to catch the sparse rainfall; deep wells were sunk, later to be topped by windmills. The Olive cattle grew into the thousands. At first, Print neighbored with the ranchers around him, such men as the Snyder brothers, eminent in cattle and finance. Dudley Snyder had been a famous trailer of beef to the Confederacy under the greatest obstacles—a good man to tie to, and Print Olive missed few tricks in any cow-country game.

However, by the 1870's there was secret grumbling among the smaller ranchers in the region. Their stock was shrinking while the Olive herds, particularly those of dark-bearded Print, more than doubled every year. A few men complained at the courthouse, but afterward, as Print remarked, thumb hooked in his sagging cartridge (Continued on Page 140)

Fearless Judge William Gaslin opened Print's trial with a brace of pistols on the bench.

Those Brawling Days...

The article beginning on these pages was adapted from *The Cattlemen*, by Mari Sandoz, an exciting book about the American West, just published by Hastings House, in New York.

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Post Scripts

And Then He Says—

(My favorite movie speeches)

"You'll have to excuse my men, ma'am, but, you see, they haven't set eyes on a pretty gal like you since they left Fort Laramie."

"Somewhere out there beyond those stars and the moon lies the answer to our problem."

"Did ya hear that, Roy? The little man with the tin star on his chest says we can't stay in his town no longer!"

"He seems like a bright young lad. A bit headstrong, perhaps.What did you say his name was, Richard the Lion-Hearted?"

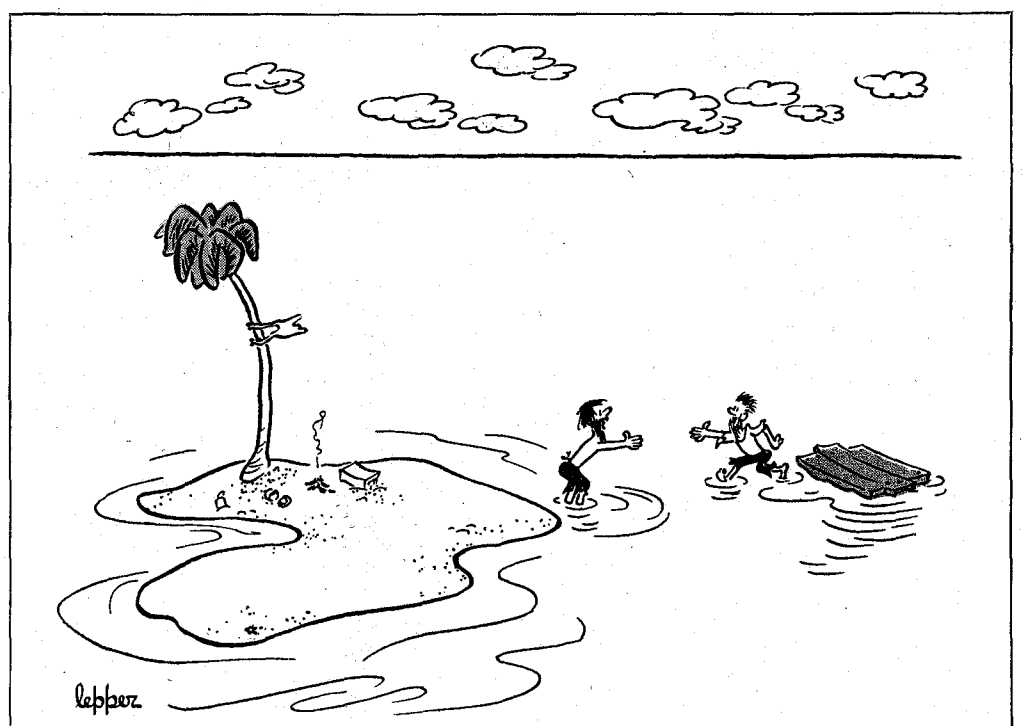
"I'm afraid your government is in no position to help you now, Mr. Rollins. The briefcase, please!"

"You can't do everything by the book, Ted. Not when a human life is at stake."

"Hello, Colonel Stafford, the tanks and mortars didn't faze the Indescribable Monster! I want you to send out all your heavy bombers. And, colonel, you'd better have them use—The Bomb!"

"We are an ancient and proud people!"

PAUL C. LAW



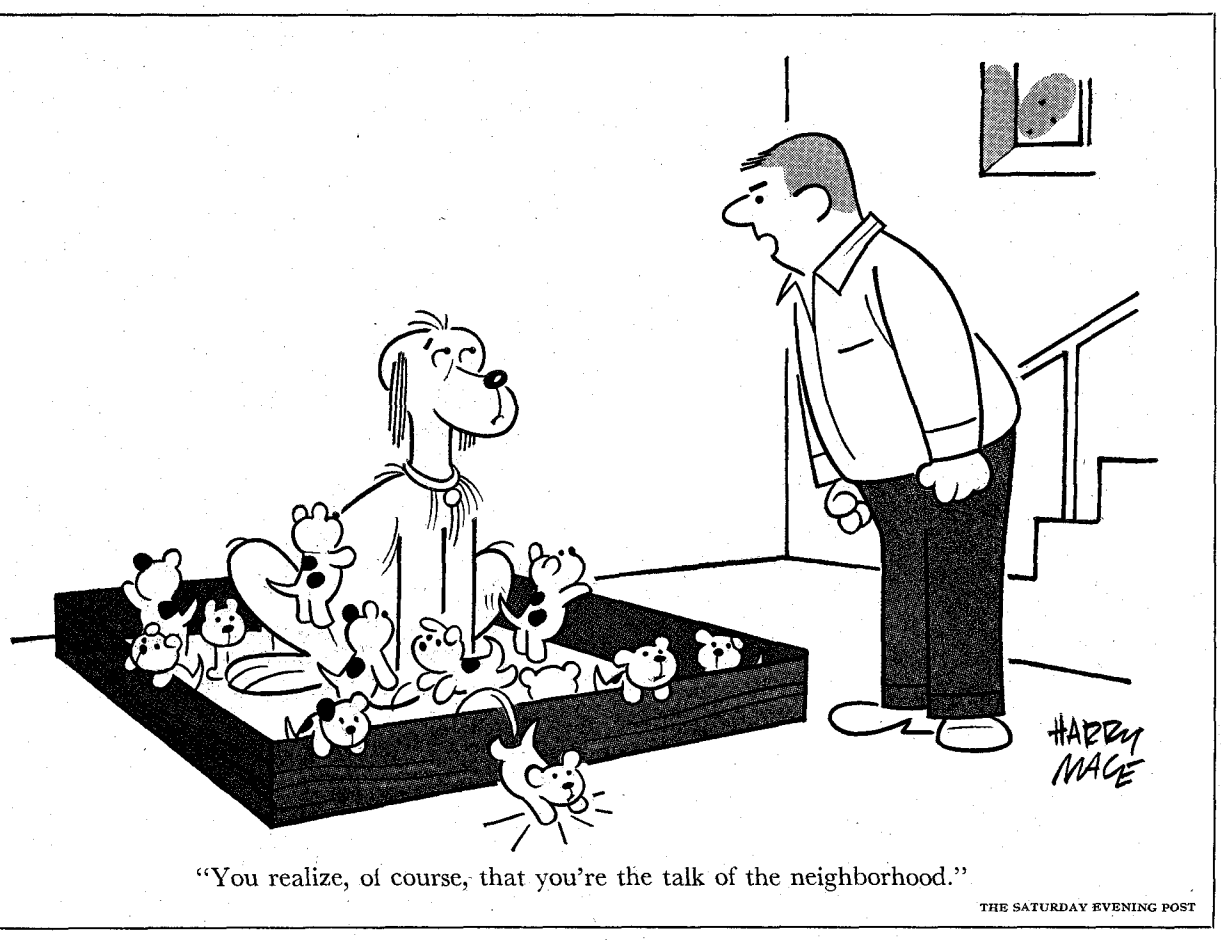
"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" "Hablas Español?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vacation From Vacationers

My dear Aunt Jane and Uncle Jack:
How nice to hear you're coming back;
You're right, it's heaven to reside
Where tourists all return like tide
Because the air is mild and pure—
Just perfect for our guided tour;
We get to see each friend we knew—
I think we've seen all *their* friends too;
In fact, your cousins' chums, the Meeks,
Just left here after several weeks;
We'd love to welcome you again
But, most unfortunately, when
You get down here we'll be up there
Relaxing in your smoggy air;
Too bad—we've always so enjoyed
Your yearly visits. Love from Loyd.

LOYD ROSENFIELD



"You realize, of course, that you're the talk of the neighborhood."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Mamma Tackles the Book Dept.

"Good afternoon, ma'am! May I help you?"

"Why, I want to get a book for my little boy's birthday, but I'm not quite sure what to ——"

"Certainly, ma'am! This way! We've all kinds, all ages ——"

"Well, Butch is just too ——"

"Just two? A fascinating age—and they're never too young for books! Now, here's Popsy and Flopsy in Babyland. Everything squeaks, shrieks, rattles or pulls out, and when he gets through he can eat the cover—purest vegetable dyes in your choice of three delicious artificial fruit flavors!"

"No, Butch is ——"

"No eating between meals, h'm? Then how about ——"

"No, what I started to say was, Butch is just too bouncy to stay put very long with a book, but he's ten years old now and ——"

"Oh, a BIG boy! Then here you are—our new It's a Marvelous World for Children series—hundreds of books, thousands of photographs! How about The Young People's Own Book of Municipal Transportation? Or this one, Through the Detergent-and-Soap Plant With Jimmy and Jane?"

"No, I really don't ——"

"Not too fond of soap, h'm? Ha-ha. I know how it is, I have a boy myself."

"Well, Butch seems to ——"

"I know, you want something in the How-To line, to bring this miraculous world of ours right indoors! Perhaps A Child's Garden of Nuclear Weapons? Or how about Making Your Own Magnesium Fabricator Can be Fun! Or . . . here! Let's All Build a Portable Electric Kiln With Pyrometric Cones!"

"Well, no—that is, Butch seems to like adventure stories more than ——"

"Certainly, ma'am! In a Rocket Plane with Jimmy and Jane? Or ——"

"I mean, he was telling me that he read some of Treasure Island in his schoolbook and I was just ——"

"Or —— Treasure Island? You said Treasure Island? Say, now you're cooking! Listen, if your kid's like our kid, you give him Treasure Island and he won't even show up for meals. Here you are—swell story, swell pictures, good tough cover, just two-ninety-eight. . . . Next?"

PEG BRACKEN

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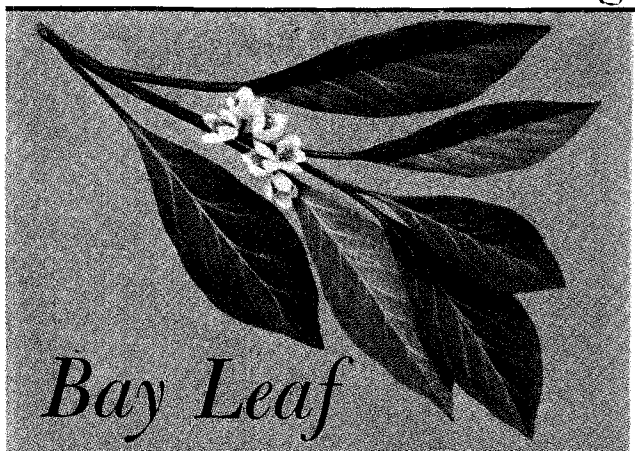
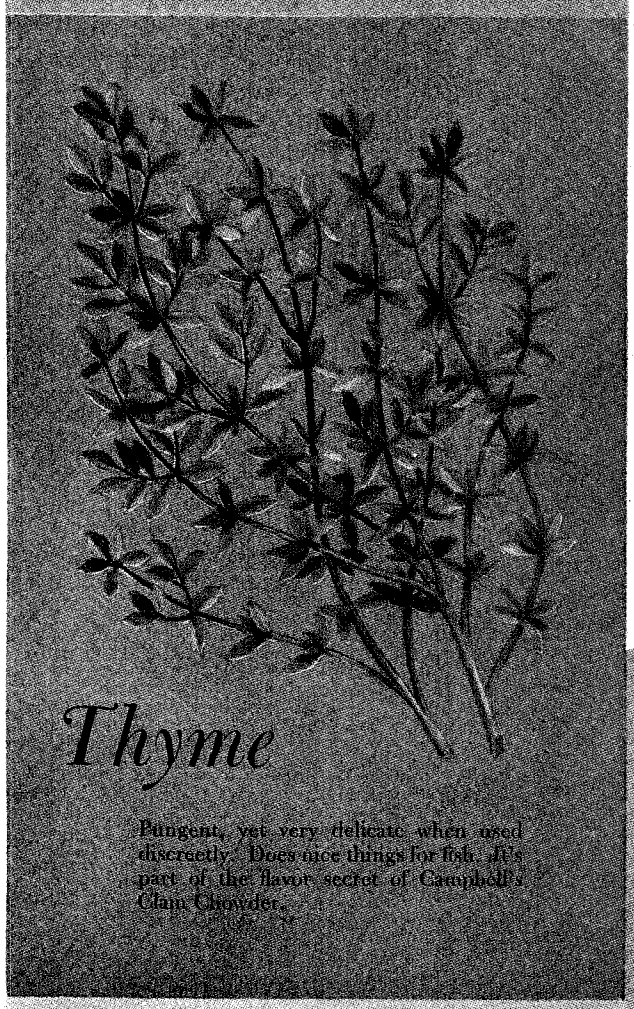
"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."



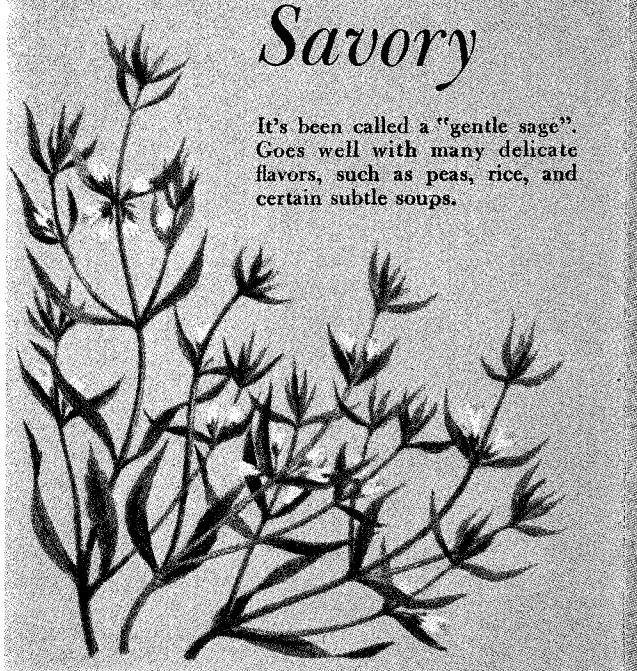
Bay Leaf

An herb that has an especially happy way with beef, pot roasts, for instance. The Campbell chefs use it to point up the flavor of beef broth.



Thyme

Pungent, yet very delicate when used discreetly. Does nice things for fish. It's part of the flavor secret of Campbell's Clam Chowder.

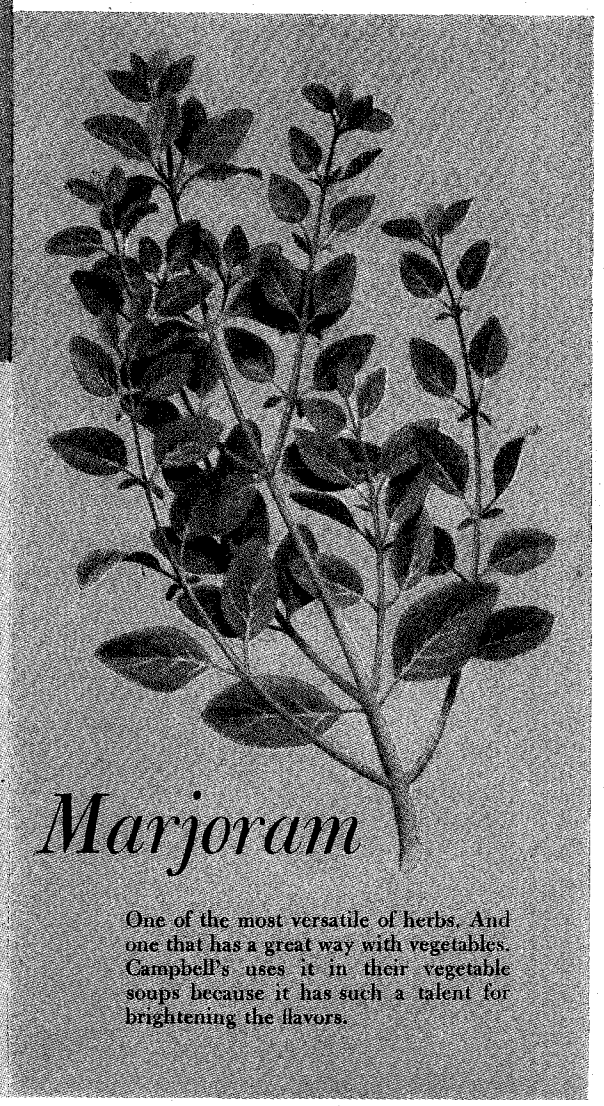


Savory

It's been called a "gentle sage". Goes well with many delicate flavors, such as peas, rice, and certain subtle soups.

Sage

One of the most popular herbs. Campbell chefs like the appetizing intrigue it gives to poultry, and use it lightly in certain Campbell and Swanson poultry products.



Marjoram

One of the most versatile of herbs. And one that has a great way with vegetables. Campbell's uses it in their vegetable soups because it has such a talent for brightening the flavors.

Sweet Basil

A natural herb for all tomato dishes. Gives a fresh, light overtone. It's what helps put the "Italian Style" into Franco-American Spaghetti Sauces.

The old-fashioned wizardry of herbs

How it adds a subtle touch to Campbell Cooking

Back in the old-time country kitchens, herbs like these added a teasing touch to all sorts of foods. And today, as always, they're often the subtle difference between good cooking and really great cooking.

But what to use where, and how much—— that's the secret. And it's an art the Campbell chefs know very well indeed.

Their basic rule is a light hand . . . just enough to add that "certain something", without ever being too definable. To do this they have to understand the elusive personality of every herb. How a bay leaf releases its flavor slowly in the simmering. The happy way marjoram has with vegetables. What a teasing whisper of sage can do for chicken.

All this old-time wizardry is there for you whenever you reach for Campbell Quality. It's one more example of the care we take to live up to this creed: "To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care".

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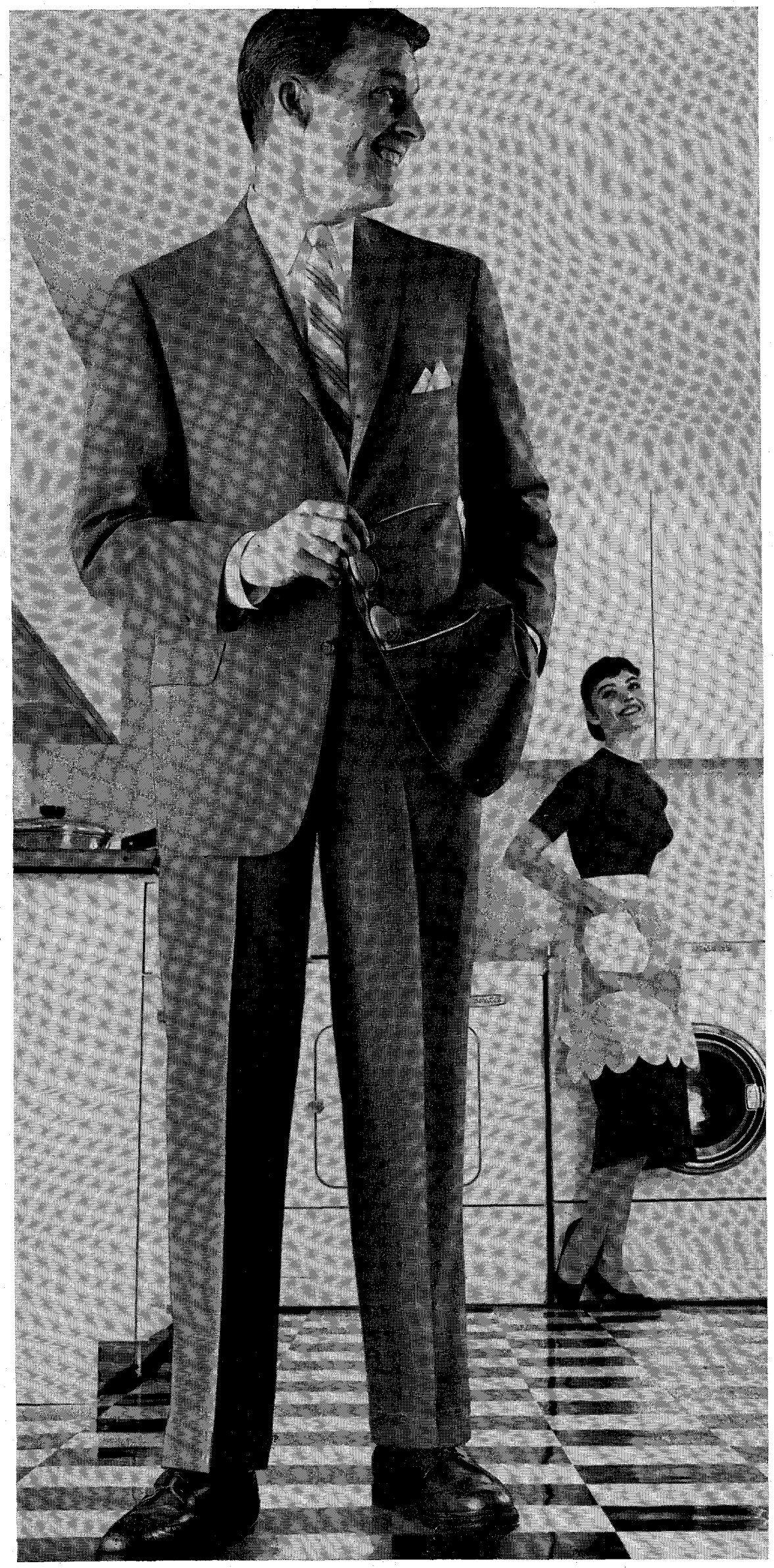
AUTOMATIC WASH AND WEAR SUIT
Just machine-wash...machine-dry...and wear

A FRESH SUIT WHENEVER YOU NEED IT!



This suit made with "Dacron" can be quickly washed and dried by machine...worn immediately with little, if any, ironing

Right out of the modern dryer, ready to go with little, if any, ironing...that's the exciting story of this new kind of suit that can be washed automatically, dried automatically! And these time-saving, money-saving qualities last the life of the garment . . . because it's made with a high percentage of "Dacron"* polyester fiber. That means lasting neatness, too—more wearings between washings. Whether you wash these suits by hand or machine, drip-dry them or automatic-dry them, creases dry in, neatness lasts. Look for cool, comfortable, automatic wash 'n' wear suits and slacks made with "Dacron" at your favorite store.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRIC OR SUIT SHOWN HERE.

DACRON
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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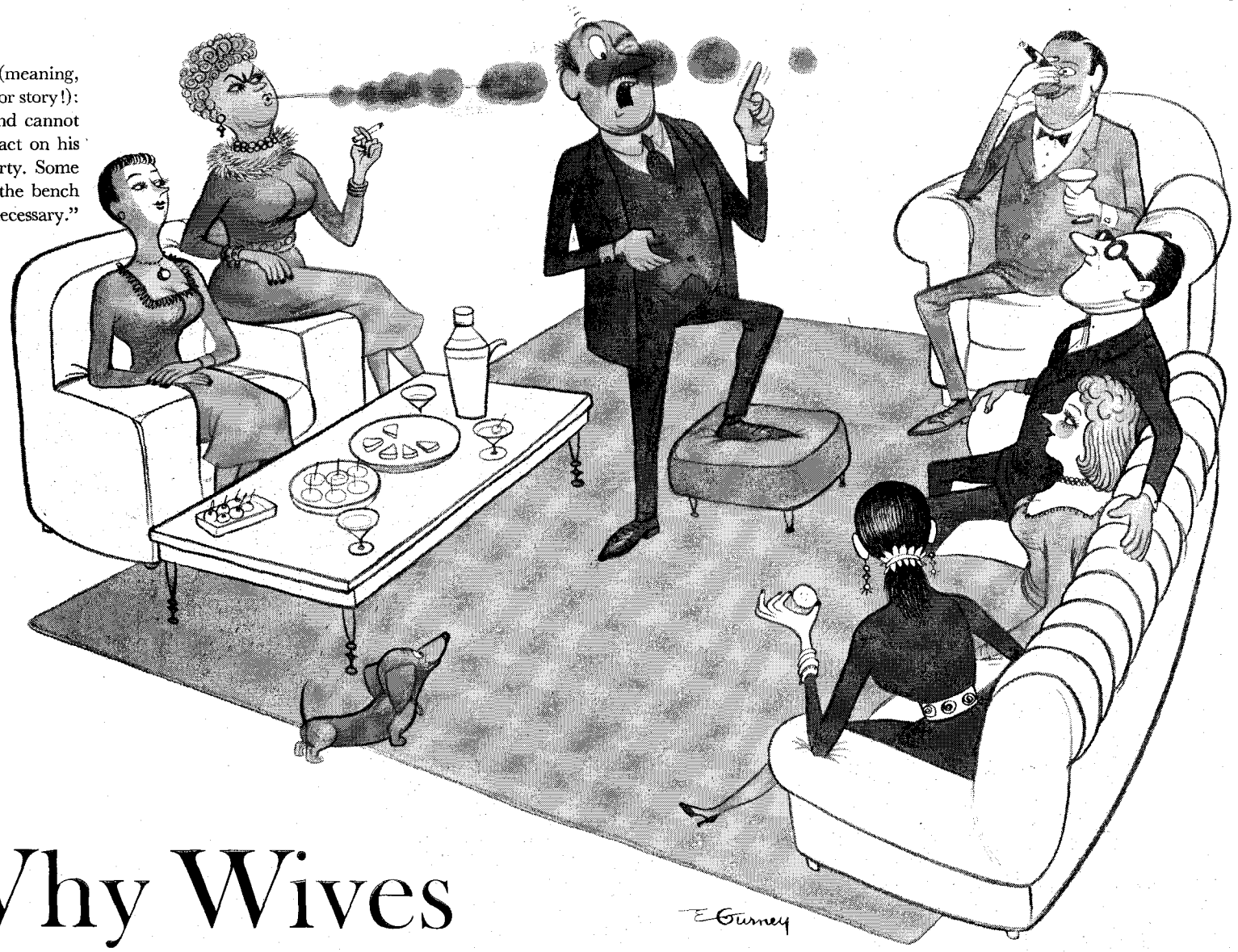


Smoke signal (meaning, Don't tell that off-color story!): "A husband cannot be permitted to act on his own at a party. Some coaching from the bench is necessary."

Why Wives Make Funny Faces

Does your wife raise her eyebrows, purse her lips or roll her eyes to get a message across to you at parties? This bewildered male suggests a guide entitled "Signals: The Secret Language of Wives."

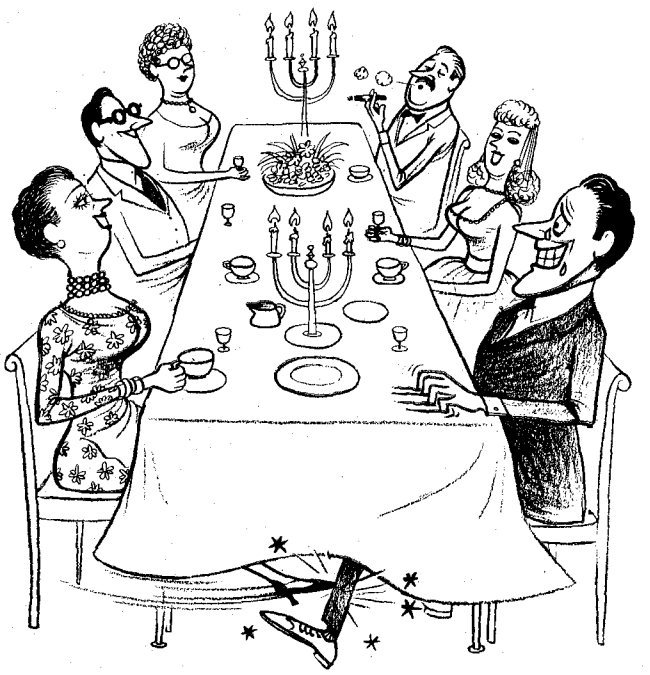
By COREY FORD

Maybe you've seen this latest guide for fans called Signals: The Secret Language of Baseball. It helps you follow all those mysterious gestures down around third base when the coach rubs his left elbow to call for a steal, or hitches up his pants leg for a hit-and-run, or makes a tearing motion with both hands as though ripping up a contract if the player misses a pop fly while waving to the bleachers.

Well, what I'm waiting to see now is a sequel for husbands entitled Signals: The Secret Language of Wives. This would explain the silent pantomime that goes on across the table when a wife purses her lips to inform an erring spouse that he is using the wrong fork, or elevates her right eyebrow to indicate that his sleeve is in the butter, or tightens her fist as though grasping an invisible baseball bat if he seems to be paying too much attention to an old flame sitting beside him.

I'm always hearing drumming sounds, for instance. Usually these occur in the middle of a story I'm telling at dinner, and are caused by my wife's finger tips colliding with the tablecloth. Obviously she is tapping out some kind of warning, and I run through the story rapidly in my mind to see if it offends somebody at the table. Maybe the ending is a little off-color. Maybe the host is waiting to say grace. Maybe I told the same story before dinner. I stumble ahead, repeating myself a couple of times, but the drumming gets louder as I go on, and I notice that my wife is shaking her head back and forth slowly. By this time my forehead feels quite warm, and I reach up a furtive hand while I'm talking and explore myself all over. Necktie on crooked? Popped a shirt stud? Zipper trouble? I wind up by cutting the whole story short, missing the point entirely, and finish the rest of my meal in complete silence.

(Continued on Page 109)



The hint emphatic: It may mean "Your necktie is on crooked" or "Stop slobbering over that blonde on your right."

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AMERICAN SERVES YOU BETTER WHEN YOU FLY

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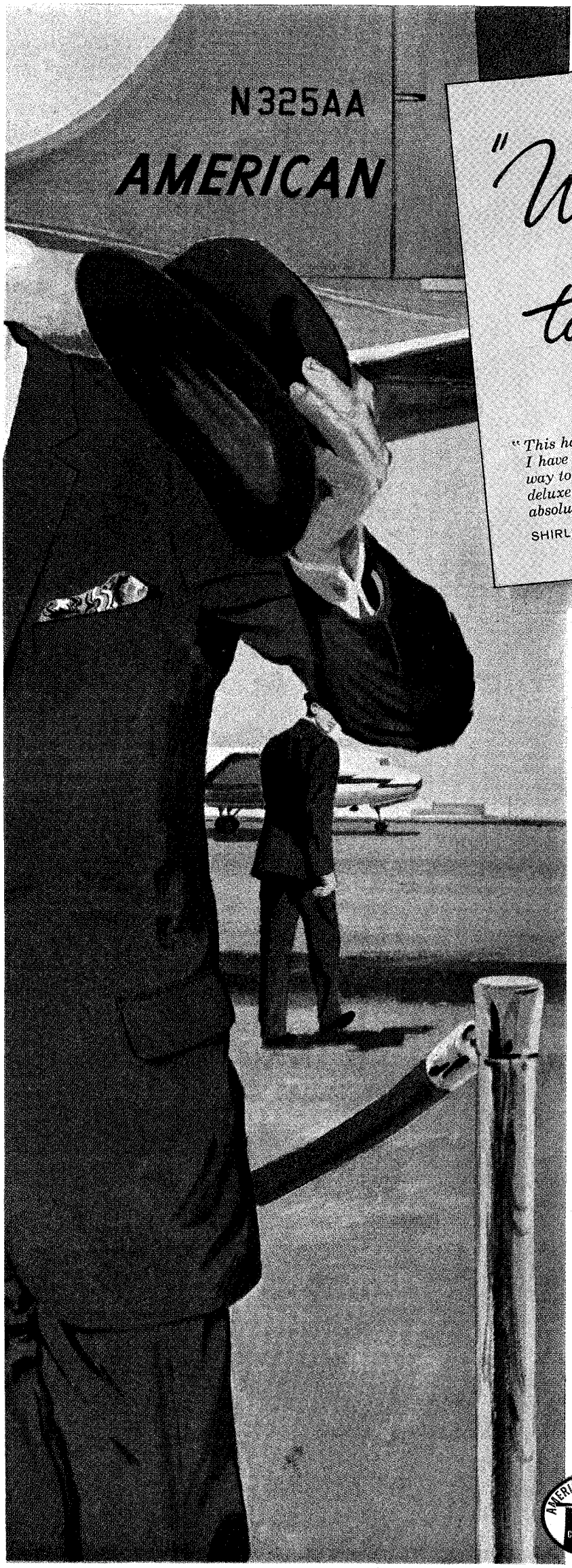


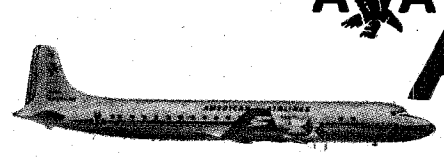
"What a wonderful way to take a vacation!"

"This has been the most perfect flight I have ever taken. What a wonderful way to take a vacation! The service is deluxe—food most delicious—just absolutely marvelous."

SHIRLEE JACOBS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The best vacations begin as well as end on American Airlines. You widen the scope of your selection, spend more time at the destination of your choice, arrive home in a few hours thoroughly rested. Today vacations by air are inexpensive . . . often cost less than other forms of transport. American offers the greatest choice of leading vacationlands, on the most modern fleet of aircraft in the skies, with America's far-famed stewardess service to enhance your trip. No matter how you travel America's Leading Airline—first class on the famous Mercury or The Captain's Flagship or aircoach on the Royal Coachman —*American serves you better when you fly.*

Consult your Travel Agent or American Airlines Ticket Office for American's outstanding collection of vacation packages and convenient Pay-Later Plan.



AMERICAN AIRLINES

America's Leading Airline

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This unusual picture shows the Fleetwood Body by Fisher in the 1958 Cadillac Sixty-Two Coupe.

"Room" with a view—

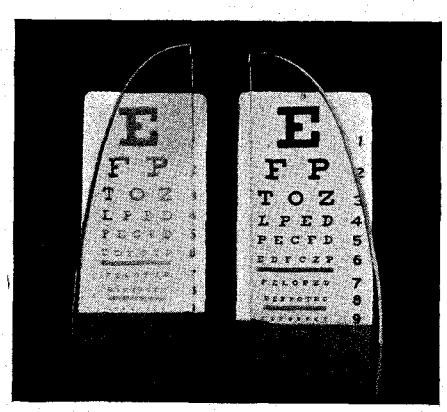
THE NEW "SOUND BARRIER" BODY BY FISHER

Your ears *hear* the difference—your eyes *see* the difference in a new "Sound Barrier" Body by Fisher.

Sound waves are *sealed out*, glass "waves" are *straightened out*. In every Fisher Body, Safety Plate glass is used in every window, front, rear *and* side. Driver and passengers enjoy a clear, ripple-free view.

That is just one of the extras you get in every Fisher Body. There are others: Life-Span Build—lacquer instead of paint—"Custom-Furnished" interiors.

The new "Sound Barrier" Body is another Fisher Body exclusive—the latest in 50 years of "firsts."



A MARKED DIFFERENCE. On the left, an eye chart seen through "wavy" safety window glass. On the right, the same chart seen through the laminated Safety Plate glass of a Fisher Body. On every Fisher Body window, the word "PLATE" spells better visibility, less eye fatigue.

Only the "GM Five" give you the Bonus of BODY BY FISHER

GM

50 YEARS OF BODY BUILDING LEADERSHIP

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC

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Two other men darted across the sidewalk. The arm of one rose and fell, and a sap descended on Mannering's skull.

ARSON, INCORPORATED

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The gang brutally closed the trap.

"There are many loose pieces," Assistant Fire Marshal Craig Batts told Nora. "But I think they are parts of a whole. My father's murder. A professional arsonist who advertises. The thing between your father and Tupper. The shooting of William Tecumseh Peabody. Four firemen's uniforms and four rubber masks. An infernal machine in Peabody's basement. And most important of all, a kids' baseball team that played in a brewery yard."

Although it was officially believed that no commercial arson existed in New York, Craig, like fire buff Pieter Van Rensselaer, noted the ominous pattern of fire setting and robbery plaguing other big cities. Already a mysterious ring of thieves in firemen's garb had pulled a spectacular jewelry-store job in New York.

Now, as young Batts, acting on a hunch, drove Nora past the old brewery, a bullet crashed through his windshield. Then the couple returned to Nora's apartment, where Craig accidentally made two alarming discoveries: that Chief Fogarty's bankbook showed more than $25,000 in deposits and that in the old and respected fire fighter's desk lay the missing file on Craig's father.

VII

The shock to Craig Batts was doubly appalling. It would have shaken him to his very foundations to find a bankbook with total deposits of $25,750. Somehow this might be accounted for honestly. It was within the bounds of possibility that Uncle Paddy had acquired the various deposited sums in a manner he need not be ashamed of. But the folder stolen from the fire marshal's office was not a thing that could be explained away. There it was, a stark, incriminating fact.

To Craig it was all the more shocking because Uncle Paddy had been present at the fire in a subordinate capacity. He had been present at the scene of the murder and now, in his possession, was all the evidence collected in the investigation of that murder. The conclusion was inescapable—that Uncle Paddy feared that evidence and had procured its theft as a measure of self-protection. From that reasoning could emerge another dreadful fact: that Uncle Paddy had been concerned in the killing of Chief Batts!

And if that was true, the years of kindness, the years when Chief Fogarty had stood to Craig in the place of a parent, were a series of black lies. Stemming, perhaps, from remorse.

Craig sat, gray-faced, eyes unseeing, as he strove to cope with this catastrophe. Here, then,

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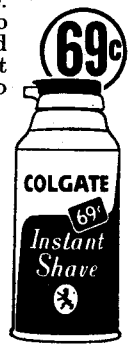
MY CLOSEST SHAVE

by Comdr. A. Gatti
Author, explorer, leader of 14 scientific expeditions

"My closest shave happened in Africa, one day when I was unarmed, taking pictures of shy game," says author-explorer Attilio Gatti. "Suddenly two rhinos emerged from the brush. One went off, one came straight at me. I yelled, slapped his right eye with my helmet. The rhino swerved, giving me just time to climb into the jeep I had left behind me. The rhino came back fast, and almost caught up with the jeep. But I pushed the accelerator to the floor, and finally got away."



YOUR CLOSE SHAVES! New Colgate Instant Shave takes all the fight out of the toughest, most stubborn beard . . . gives you a really smooth, clean shave in a hurry! It's a great shave buy for the tough-beard guy! Try new Colgate Instant for a close shave *with any razor!*

COLGATE INSTANT SHAVE

Tred-Lite® by Cambridge

TRAVEL LIGHT... ALL DAY

Fabric casuals you can keep fresh and bright — just drop them in your washing machine. Cambridge Rubber Co., Cambridge, Mass.

was the hold which the man Tupper had over Chief Fogarty. Here was the guilt which, in some manner, Tupper had discovered and which he was using to impose his will. It could be Tupper himself who had supplied those sums of money in return for services rendered.

Here was a calamity which Craig must face alone. He was confronted by sworn duty which, if performed, would cause black tragedy. A public servant wearing the medal of heroism would be exposed as a taker of bribes, false to his duty, possibly as the murderer of his comrade and friend.

For the first time his tortured mind thought of Nora Fogarty and what such exposure would do to her. To this beautiful, desirable woman who, in that dark instant, he realized was dearer to him than anything else on earth. A barrier would be erected between them which never could be removed or scaled.

It was a problem in which no logic could help. That peculiar trick mind of his could function to no purpose here. There were various paths he could follow. First, he could ignore what he had found, stand aside and let events take their course. Second, he could resign from the force and disappear. Third, he could cling coldly and exactly to his duty and lay all facts in his possession before the chief marshal. Those seemed to be the only choices.

But then he thought of a fourth possibility. This possibility could not save Uncle Paddy. This possibility would bring to punishment the man who was concerned in the murder of his father, Chief Batts, but would also see to it that Chief Fogarty was not punished alone, but that the men or man who had suborned him, who had bought his loyalty and his honor, should pay as he had to pay.

It was a strange thing, but he found he thought of Chief Fogarty only with sympathy. That demand for blood vengeance against the slayers of his father—which had been a compelling motive of his life—seemed to have lost its power. What he felt in his young heart was not rage at Uncle Paddy, but an agony sharp and deep because this thing was true of the man he had so loved and admired.

Nora's voice came through from the dining room. "Supper," she called, and her voice was a note of music. It was a magic note of music.

As it sang in his ears he was conscious that something miraculous had happened to him. A weight had lifted from his mind and a grip of cold fingers had loosened their hold upon his heart. It came not from reason or from logic, but from some beneficent source above and beyond human reason. In spite of any ponderable, finite evidence to the contrary, he knew that Uncle Paddy still was Uncle Paddy, guiltless, admirable, of an integrity which nothing could impair. He knew it absolutely, with a certainty which nothing could ever change. And in that instant he knew the meaning of the word comfort. It was not elation. It was more gentle than elation. It was a peace such as he never had known.

He replaced bankbook and folder on the desk, and walked firmly into the dining room. Nora looked into his face and caught her breath.

"What is it, Craig? What has happened?" she asked.

He paused an instant before replying, and then he said softly, but with conviction, "Everything is all right, Gumdrop. Everything is good. We can be at peace."

Somehow she was awed. "You speak," she said, "and have the look as if you have seen a vision."

Before he could reply, the doorbell whirred and the mood was broken. Nora went to the door and Craig could hear her greeting the visitor.

"Why, Annie," she said, "come in. Come in. We're just sitting down to a bit of supper."

"Is Mr. Batts here?" Annie Mertz asked. "I came in the hope of finding him."

"To be sure, he's here. Come into the dining room. It's peaked you look, and pale. You'll be better for a bite of food and a cup of coffee."

The girl, unsmiling, preceded Nora into the dining room and took a chair.

"You were wanting to see me, Annie?" Craig asked. "What can I do for you?"

"I *think*," she said in a low voice, "that I have information to serve you."

"That I will be glad to have. What does it concern?"

"It concerns the setting of fires."

"That would be my business."

"The setting of fires for cash."

"That is a bad thing, Annie. And maybe a dangerous thing to know about. Is it facts you have to tell me?"

"Sure facts," she said, "that I learned by seeking, and following and listening. A little girl like me, Mr. Batts, can go where no policeman could go. And hear what no policeman could hear. And there are times when tongues are loose as at no other times. And a cheap price it is to pay. For what he has done to little Fifi, I'll not be satisfied till he's behind the bars—or maybe worse."

"It's about Clyde Tupper you speak?"

"Him," Annie said. "There's to be a fire. This is the way of it. It is a business, and Tupper is the head of it. As also he deals in reefers and in the numbers and other evil things."

"How do you know, Annie?"

"About the reefers I know because I go to jam sessions where the boys are on the beam. And because I am little Annie and well known, they talk to me. About the numbers I know because I know Broadway and the streets off Broadway and Jacobs' Beach and all."

"You could be hurt, Annie, by nosing into such matters."

"Who bothers about little Annie?" she said with a shrug. "And I do not care what happens to me if I can do a big harm to Tupper. And here is how he does with fires. News he collects of businesses that lose money, or are bankrupt and in need to collect insurance. And he gets word to them that a fire can be set for cash down and a share in the insurance. He makes a date at night and in a dark street, where they make a deal. And the man who wants the fire signs a paper that puts him in Tupper's hands so he'll never dare squeal."

"And future blackmail," Craig said.

"That's a part of it."

"All this may be true," said Craig, "but it is not evidence for a court."

"I came tonight," Annie said grimly, "to put you in the way of getting evidence for a court. Tonight Tupper meets a customer and I can tell you where. And I can tell you who. And you can catch him at it, and the paper signed will be your evidence."

"You're sure, Annie? You're sure of this meeting?"

"I know," she answered firmly.

And she recited the name of the customer and described his factory, which was a woodworking plant in the suburbs of Brooklyn. And she named the spot of meeting, which was an arch under Brooklyn Bridge which would be dark and safe for such an assignation on Sunday night.

"And the hour is ten o'clock," Annie said.

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"Tupper meets this Mannering under Brooklyn Bridge at ten tonight to complete the arrangement?" Craig asked.

"It's a big insurance," Annie said.

Craig nodded and then frowned. "I hope you've been careful, Annie. If it became known that you've been bringing information to me, it wouldn't be so good for you."

"Don't worry about me," the girl said.

Craig looked at his watch. It was a quarter after eight. "Your father's late," he said to Nora.

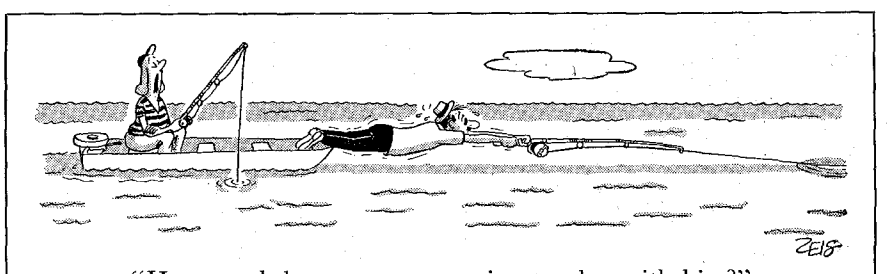
"Not unusual," she said. And then, "You'll be going, of course. Be careful, Craig."

"Will you let me stay here with you," Annie asked, "until we hear?"

"When I can," Craig promised, "I'll telephone."

He descended to the street and walked to the subway, which he took to Manhattan. There was ample time before the hour of the meeting. He stood at the corner where once had been the home of a great newspaper and studied the neighborhood. The streets were all but deserted. Off to his right, eerie in that gloom, rose the cables of the great bridge spanning the turbid river. Down there, toward the dark swirling water was an unchancy area, ill-lighted, ill-smelling. He found a spot where he could stand, invisible, and command the approach to the bridge. Tupper, when he came, must walk or drive from the left, from Manhattan. He felt confident the man would come on foot, because a motor car going down toward the water might be conspicuous—might attract the curiosity of some patrolman. Especially if it was to stop and wait.

Craig glanced at his watch and found he had time on his hands. Somewhere in the night a tug whistle made its warning heard. But for the most part there was stillness, a nerve-straining stillness which



"How much longer are you going to play with him?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

can be found in a great city only on a Sabbath night.

In the neighborhood of nine-thirty a dark-colored car drove past him, not rapidly, not furtively, and disappeared in the murky warren below. It was trying, this vigil. He dared not smoke, for the glow of a cigarette would give notice of his presence in the recess where he stood.

Then, when it lacked but ten minutes of the hour, a stoutish man passed within feet of where Craig lurked. He walked hurriedly, head forward on craning neck.

Craig's keen eyes appraised the heavy-set man and was aware of furtiveness. The man proceeded for a distance, paused, and the sound of his footsteps ceased. Then he crossed the street toward the bridge and the arches under the bridge, after which there was only silence.

Craig waited, for he was sure that the man who had passed was he who came to meet and to reach a criminal agreement with Tupper. He was sure this was the man Mannering, who came to suborn arson and, perforce, to put himself forever in the sinister power of Tupper.

Craig remained motionless for what seemed to him hours, but was only a minute. Then he crossed the street, and walking soundlessly, keeping to the darkest of the shadows, made his way toward the rendezvous. A hundred feet, two hundred feet, he made his way, silent as a shadow. As he proceeded he went more slowly, more stealthily, pausing every few paces to listen.

Then he heard the muted murmur of voices, and halted. Instinctively he timed himself, and only then did he feel his aloneness and the inadequacy of being alone. Suddenly he realized that he had not done well, that he had acted brashly, improperly, to undertake this mission by himself without alerting the fire marshal's office and procuring adequate assistance. He was culpable, and now nothing but success could justify him.

He had no fear of Mannering, but Tupper was an antagonist of another color. Tupper would not submit tamely to arrest. But there was nothing for it now but to make the effort. Even so, that effort must not be made until the evidence was ready—until Mannering had signed that criminal paper with Tupper which put in writing the terms of the agreement. Until there was completed a document which would be proof positive of guilt in any court in the land.

Craig lurked only feet from the pair whose murmuring voices fell silent. There was light. Tupper had caused a small electric torch to glow and its beam was directed upon a white paper and upon a hand holding a fountain pen. The hand and pen moved. The document was signed by the victim.

Craig prepared to move, to pounce, to take advantage of surprise and so to make good the arrest before Tupper could offer resistance. He poised on the balls of his feet, muscles tense.

He was about to launch himself when headlights from the direction of the river rushed toward them, making all as bright as day. Craig drew back out of the oncoming glare. There was the squeal of tortured tires as the car skidded to a stop. From it leaped three men, and in the hands of the first was a gun of the variety known to gangsters as a tommy gun. A voice said, "Hold it! Reach!"

Two other men darted across the walk. The arm of one rose and fell, and a sap descended upon Mannering's skull. He slumped to the pavement. Tupper had uttered no sound. He stood as though confounded. A gun was thrust against his spine and a voice commanded him to get into the car. He obeyed, daring to make no protest. There was the sound of meshing gears and the car sped away with its prisoner.

Mannering lay where he had fallen. He was simply left to lie there, as if he were of no consequence. Craig, bewildered by what had taken place, bent over the man and lifted his head. Mannering moaned. There was a trickle of blood. He breathed shallowly and then his breathing seemed to cease completely.

Craig had a prisoner, but the prisoner seemed likely to be of little good to him. One thing was clear. He must get assistance. Mannering must have medical attention if a spark of life remained. Craig eased him as best he could and ran toward the bridge approach. And as he ran he

(*Continued on Page 61*)

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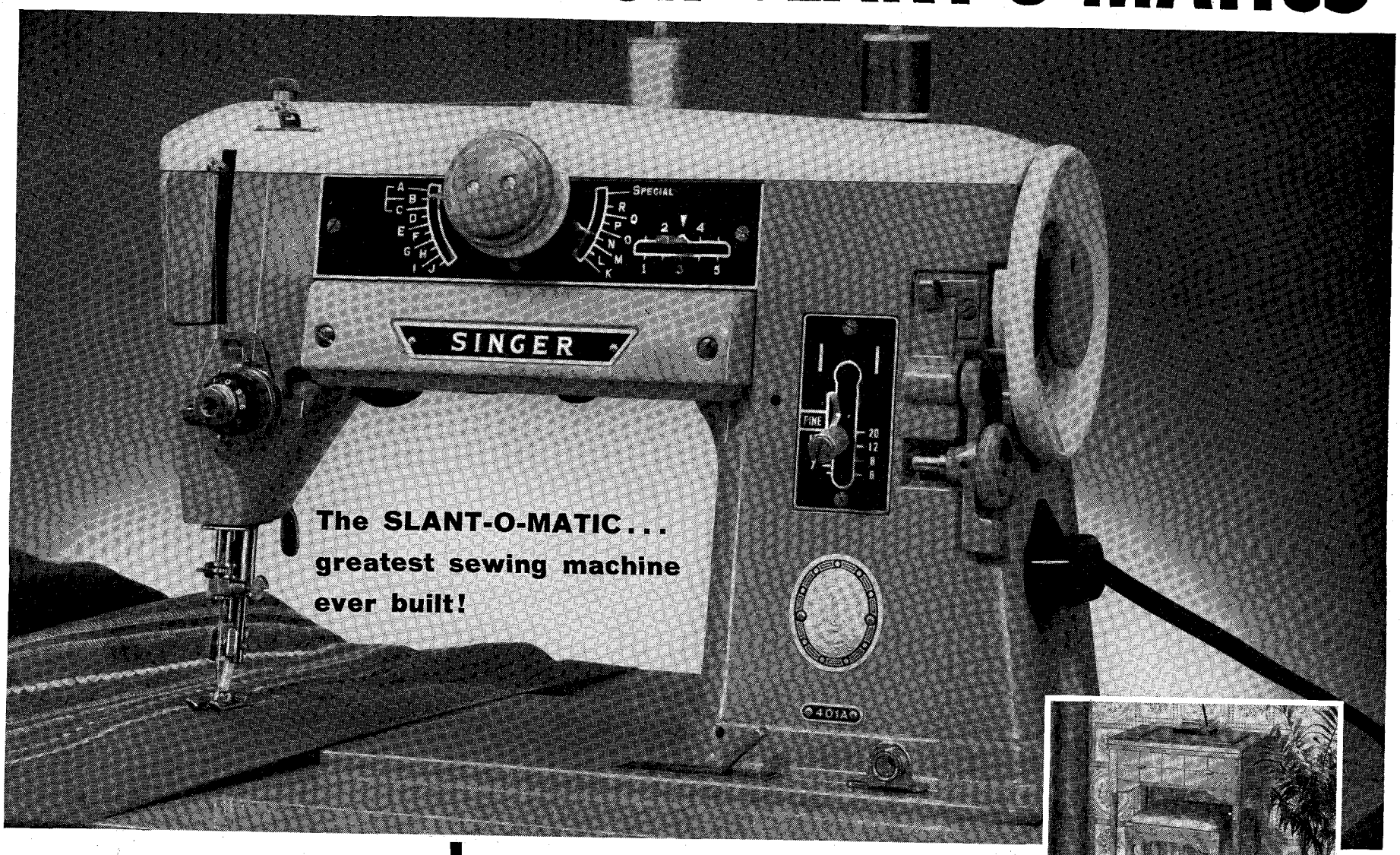

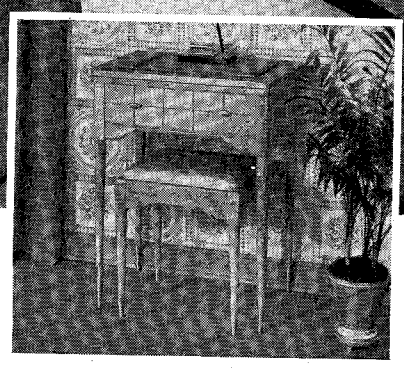

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(*Continued from Page 59*) remembered two things that his trick mind had seen and recorded.

The first was that the faces of the abductors had a strange, inhuman look, as if the men wore skin-tight rubber masks. The other remembered thing was that under the rear of the car had been a hitch—such a connection as was used to attach a trailer.

It was Craig's good fortune to find a prowl car within a few minutes. He identified himself and an ambulance was summoned which carried Mannering to Bellevue Hospital. From there Craig belatedly reported to headquarters and was directed to come in immediately. Twenty minutes after he arrived in the Municipal Building the chief fire marshal came storming in, and on his heels Lieutenant of Detectives di Fisano. The chief occupied his chair behind his flat-topped desk; the detective tilted a chair against the wall, and both of them glared at Craig.

"I could," growled the chief marshal, "suspend you and prefer charges."

"Yes, sir," said Craig.

"Give reasons why I shouldn't," snapped the chief. "Was your idea to grab glory and see your name in the headlines?"

"It was not that, sir," Craig answered. "I never thought of that."

"You never thought," amended the chief. "We'll consider your case in due time. Commence now at the beginning. Leave nothing out."

Craig, in formal language, told of the coming of Annie Mertz to the Fogarty apartment and of her disclosures. He described his journey to Brooklyn Bridge and his wait there. He described the coming of Mannering and the arrival of Tupper. He told how he had stealthily approached the two men, had seen Mannering affix his signature to a paper.

"I moved, sir, to take them into custody, when this automobile with its headlights full on came out of the darkness and stopped at the curb. Three men got out, one with a tommy gun. One man sapped Mannering; the other two forced Tupper into the car, and they were off at full speed."

"While," snapped the chief, "you stood like a dummy."

"Sir," said Craig respectfully, "it was done so fast and so efficiently that they would have gotten away with it if there had been a dozen of me."

"What then?"

"I found a prowl car, and we called an ambulance and Mannering was taken to Bellevue. From there I reported."

"How ever did you think of that?" the chief asked witheringly. "And that is all?"

"There is more, sir," Craig said.

"Such as what?"

"Two things," Craig answered. "The three men wore rubber masks."

The chief and di Fisano exchanged glances. "You are sure?"

"Certain," said Craig. "And the car was the same that carried the robbers away from the jewelry-store holdup."

"What's that?"

"Same make. Under the rear was a hitch for attaching a trailer."

"Now why," asked the chief, frowning at his hands, "would these rubber-mask boys have snatched Tupper?"

"I would reason, sir, that Tupper is retail and the masked people are wholesale. They wanted to eliminate competition. It could be that Tupper, with his connections, was learning too much."

"Sounds probable," di Fisano agreed.

"But," Craig said slowly, hesitating as if waiting for permission to speak

"Go on, young man," said the chief.

"I think, sir, the really important thing about it all is that the next fire and robbery are to be in New York. We believe, don't we, chief, that this gang travels fast about the country? In a trailer. So, the presence in town of this tow car with a trailer hitch would mean that the trailer is here. With the gang living in it. The next job will be in New York City."

"The little birdie didn't tell you when and where?" asked the chief ironically.

Di Fisano intervened. "I agree with the young man, chief."

"Agree with him! The facts speak for themselves."

"Right," answered di Fisano. "But it was this young man who discovered the facts."

"I'll run my department," growled the chief. And then, less rigorously, "It will be remembered in his favor. But it's a nice howdy-do! It's a dandy mess he lays in our laps. Here we sit, knowing there is an incendiary fire planned, under cover of which a crime will be committed. And we as helpless as so many babies in a nursery!"

"This," Lieutenant di Fisano said heavily, "is going to be pretty grim. Sitting around waiting for it to strike."

"Knowing," agreed the chief, "that it is coming and not being able to do a thing to prevent it. Anywhere in Manhattan, Queens, The Bronx or Richmond!"

"But," said di Fisano, "knowing what is coming, we can take precautions."

"What precautions?"

"We can treat every fire alarm as if this was it," di Fisano said, "and throw a cordon of police and marshals around it."

The chief marshal snorted. "How many fires do we answer in a year?" he demanded.

"No idea."

"Something like fifty thousand," the chief marshal told him. "Just where'll we get cops and marshals to seal off that many fires? That's nearly a thousand a week on the average. The whole United States Army and Navy couldn't handle it."

"But, sir, we can eliminate most alarms," Craig pointed out.

"How?" demanded the chief gruffly

"Every one of these fires and robberies around the country," Craig said, "has been next to or across the street from a bank or a jewelry store."

"Batts is right about that, chief," di Fisano said.

"There aren't so many important jewelry stores," Craig said, "that would be worth while looting."

"But banks and branch banks," di Fisano said. "They're scattered all over town."

"When can this Mannering be questioned?" the chief asked.

"Concussion. Anybody's guess when he'll come out of it."

"And when he talks," Craig said, "all he can sing about is Tupper and his torches. He'll know nothing that can help with this bigger business. Tupper might, if we could lay hands on him. Of course he might have been snatched just to eliminate competition. But more likely it was because he had got to know too much."

"In which case," the chief said, "we'll find him like we found William Tecumseh Peabody—full of holes."

"Could it be a pattern?" Craig asked.

"What kind of a pattern?" asked the chief marshal.

"Well, sir, these fires and robberies have been so similar. An incendiary fire near the place that is to be robbed. Then, arriving in the confusion in a counterfeit fire-department car, or police-department car, or some other vehicle of a public nature, are three or four men in rubber masks. All the same technique. Directed by a mind that is in a rut."

"So what of it?" asked the chief marshal.

"That directing mind would work the same in other matters. There was William Tecumseh Peabody. First he was snatched and held prisoner. He wasn't killed until he tried to make his escape. Tupper has been snatched and will be held prisoner. Otherwise why not scrag him under Brooklyn Bridge and leave him lying there? Maybe, sir, the boss of this business has a prejudice against murder, and kills only when it's absolutely necessary."

Both police lieutenant and chief marshal sat silent and thoughtful. Then di Fisano nodded. "Could be. Could be part of a picture of the man emerges. A man with a mind that runs in a rut, and a man with compunctions against killing."

"Possibly," said Craig, "a man with a mental thing. Maybe a firebug. But a firebug who isn't satisfied with just setting fires. Let's lay out the facts we have in a row."

"Go ahead," directed the chief.

"The outstanding facts," Craig said, "are the murder of Peabody and the finding of those uniforms and masks in his house. And the setting fire to his residence. And the fact that he knew or thought he knew the guilty person. And that he believed—or hoped—that guilty person was insane. Because he consulted a mental specialist about him. Which, it seems to me, sir, indicates that the criminal might be a friend of Peabody's, moving in the same social stratum, living, ostensibly, a blameless or even distinguished life."

"It's bad enough," growled the chief, "without your fancying it up."

"The indications," di Fisano said, "are that it's pretty fancy."

And complicated, thought Craig, by Chief Fogarty, and his dealings with Tupper—whatever they were. And by the possession by Uncle Paddy of a bankbook with deposits of $25,750. And by the presence in Uncle Paddy's desk of that folder stolen from the fire marshal's files containing the reports on the incendiary blaze in which Craig's father had met his death.

Someone in a position of trust in the department had stolen that file. It could not have been Uncle Paddy himself, for he never had been in the office, nor, had he come there, could he have had access to the files without arousing attention. Either a member of the corps of assistant marshals had (*Continued on Page 68*)

June Hot Spell

By Bianca Bradbury

Spring lingered late inside this
rim of hills,
This bowl of coolness left when
May
Moved north, when each
meridian it crossed
Shimmered in its wake. Today

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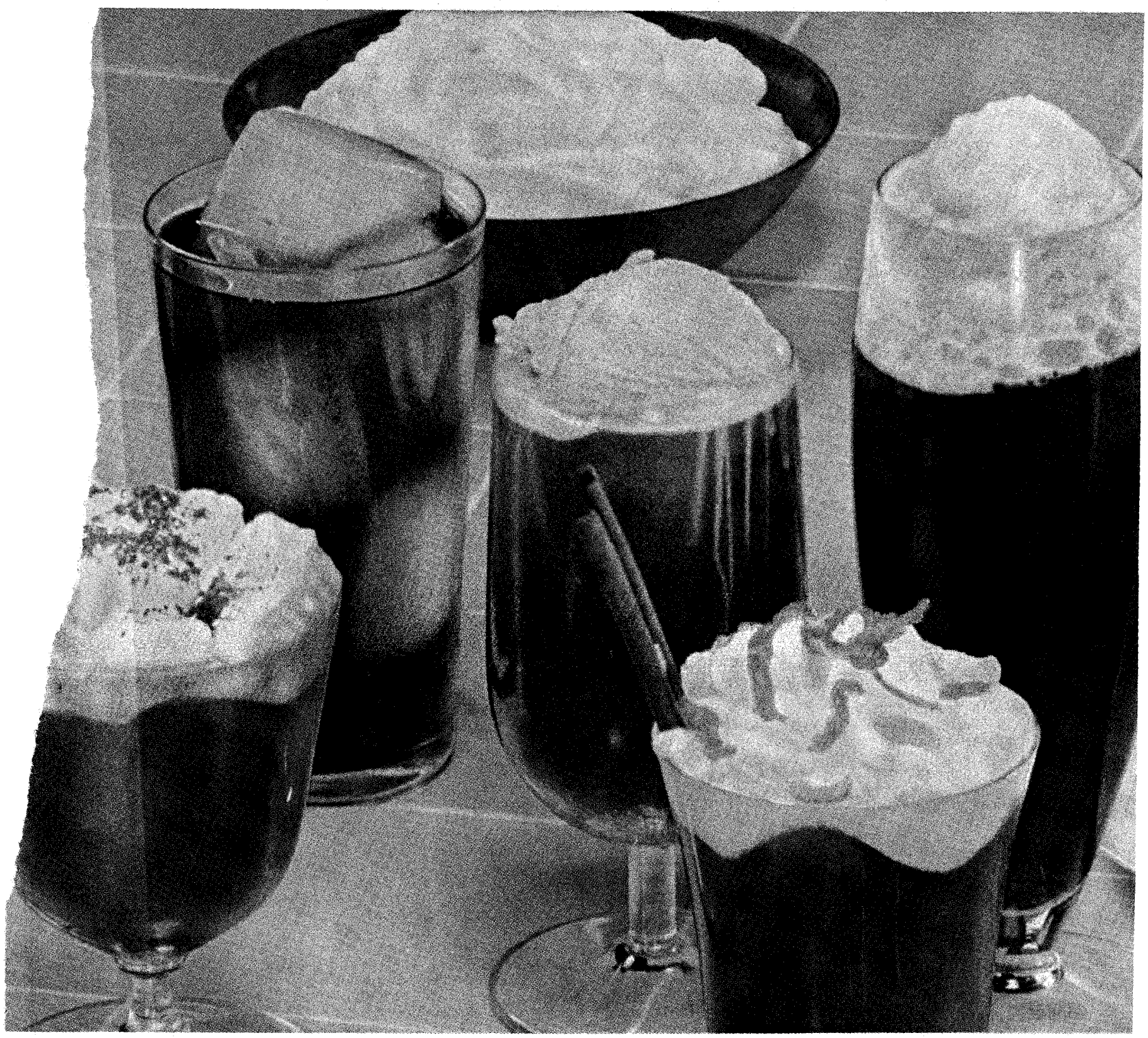

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Always use at least ¾ of the capacity of any coffee maker.

For each serving, one standard coffee measure (2 level measuring tblsp.) to ¾ measuring cup (6 oz.) of water.

Percolator: When perking starts, reduce heat. Perk gently 6 to 8 minutes. *Time carefully.*

Drip: Pre-heat pot. Pour in measured amount of boiling water. Brewing should be completed within 4 to 6 minutes. Stir before serving.

Vacuum: When water boils, reduce heat, insert upper bowl. Stir coffee and water, and remove from heat. Coffee should remain in upper bowl no more than three minutes.

Caution: Brewing too long makes coffee bitter. For weaker coffee, dilute *after* brewing according to above recipe.

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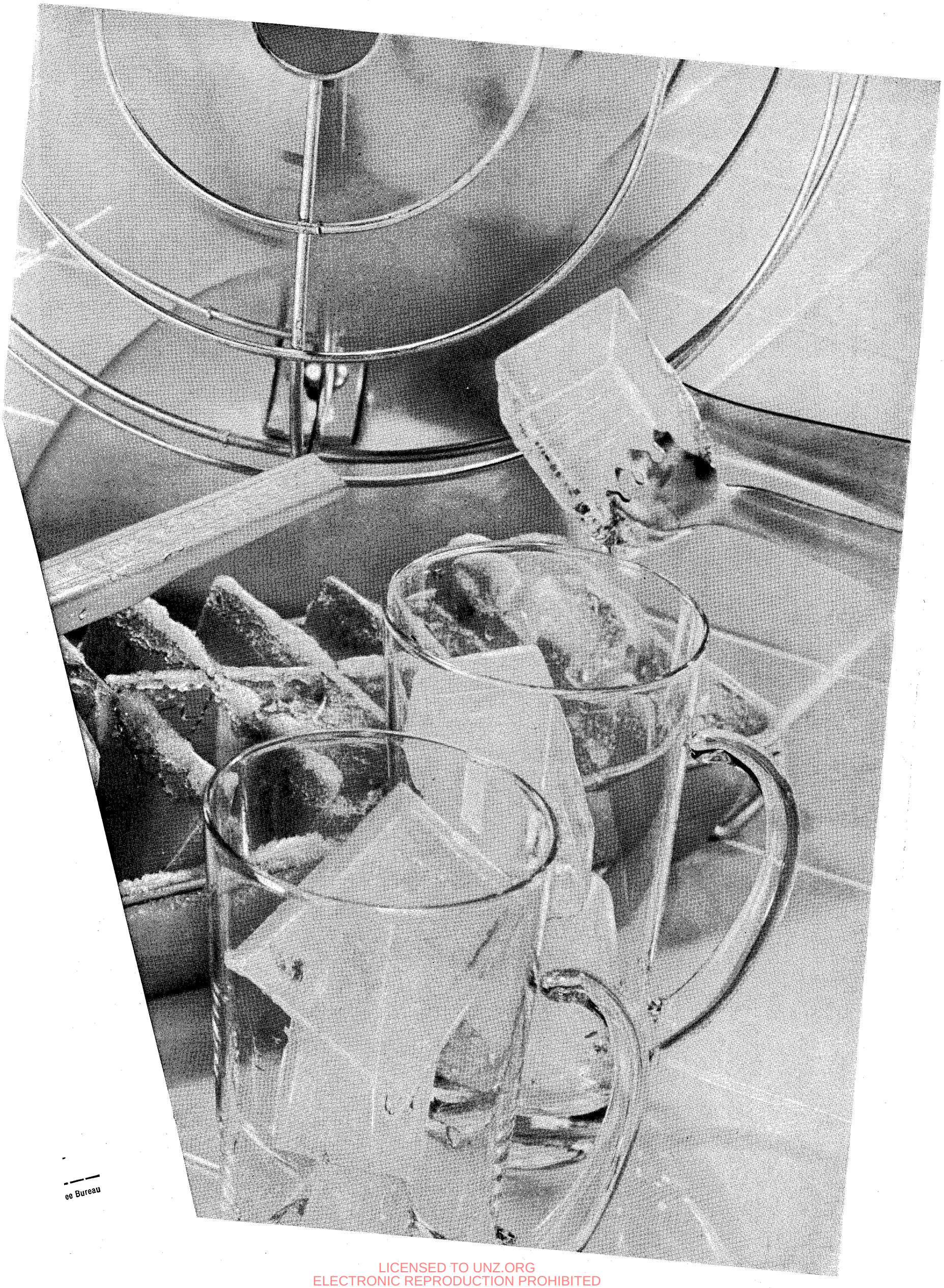

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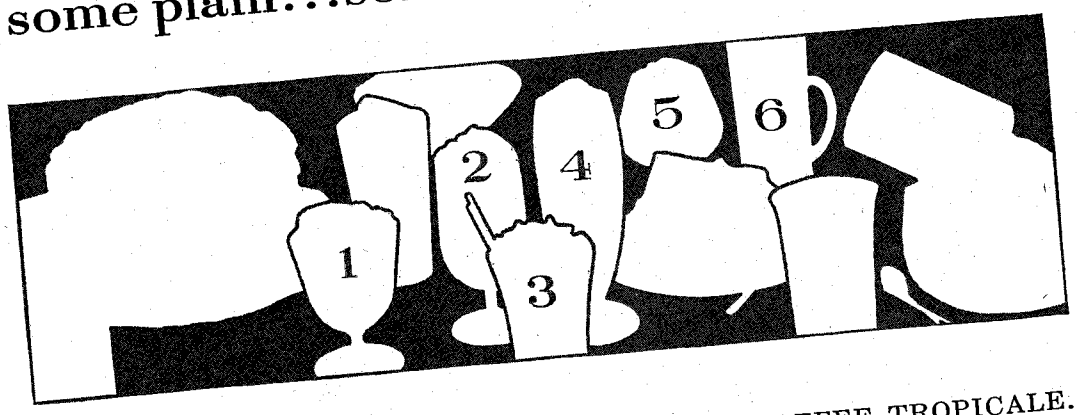

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2. ICED COFFEE FLOAT. Scoop some of your favorite flavor of ice cream—any flavor—into Iced Coffee. Just taste how delicious it is—especially with a generous wedge of cake so easily made with Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix.

3. ICED SPICED COFFEE. Pour 3 cups of extra-strong coffee over: 2 cinnamon sticks, 4 cloves, 4 allspice berries. Let stand for an hour. Strain before serving over ice. For party garnish: whipped cream and grated orange peel.

4. ICED COFFEE TROPICALE. Pour 1½ cups of strong cool coffee and 1 tblsp. sugar into a blender half-full of finely chopped ice—blend at high speed for several minutes until foamy. Pour into four tall glasses.

5. ICED COFFEE NECTAR. Beat until really frothy—in a large bowl or blender—2¼ cups of strong black coffee, 1 tblsp. Angostura bitters, 1 pint of coffee ice cream. Serves three or four—with a brand new taste sensation!

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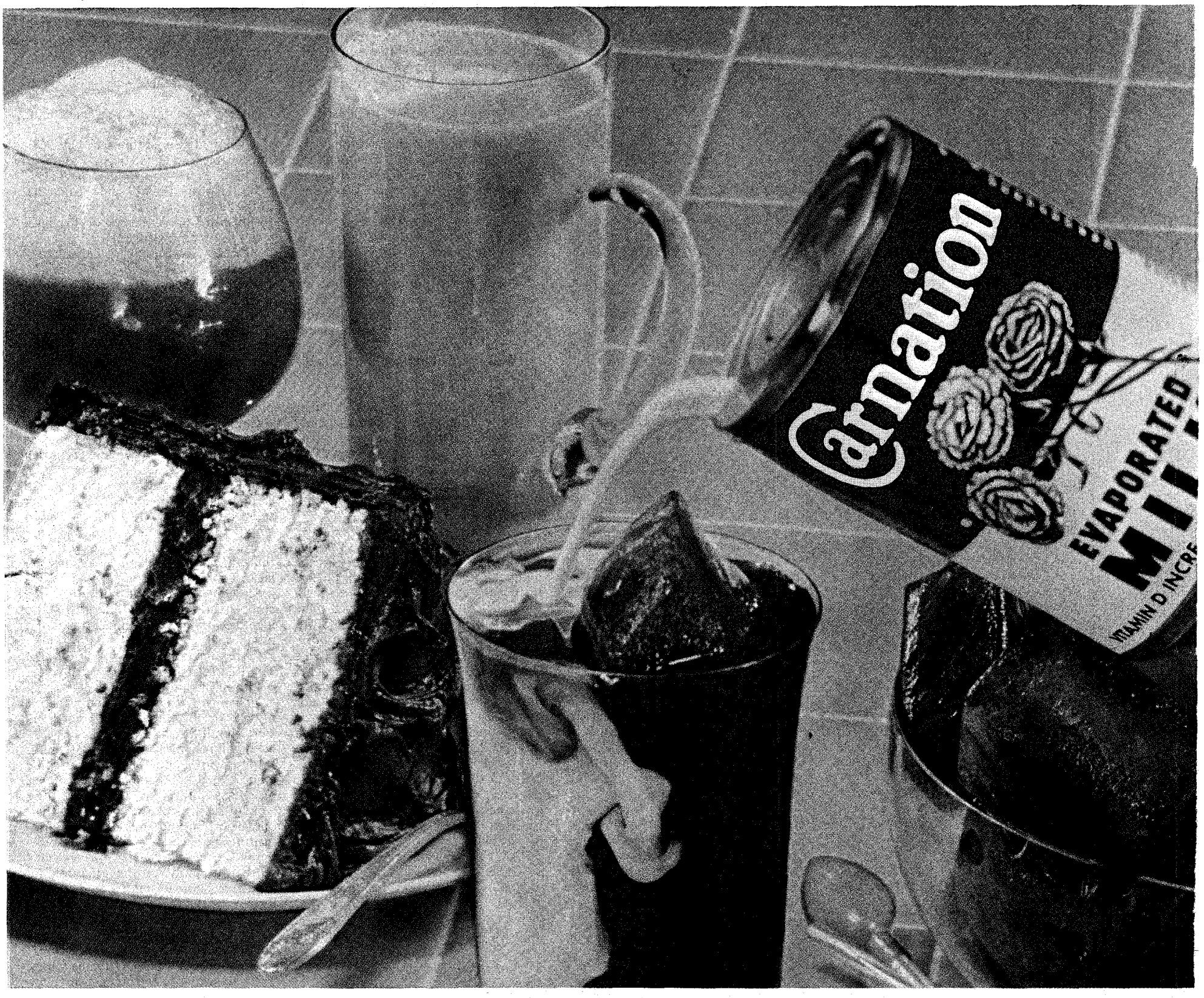
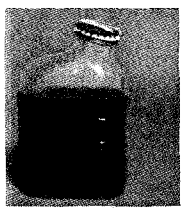


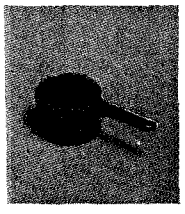
COOL OFF IDEA 3 . . .

Carnation brings out richer coffee ...yet has ⅓ less calories than crea



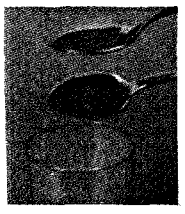
PRE-COOLED

Cool hot coffee in the refrigerator in a covered non-metal container—serve within three hours, over ice cubes.



QUICK

To avoid dilution by ice, make coffee extra strength: per cup, one Standard Coffee Measure (2 measuring tblsps.) to ½ measuring cup (4 ozs.) of water. Pour hot over ice cubes.



INSTANT

Mix twice the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water—add ice cubes and fill glass with water.

Imagine! This milk that looks like cream, pours like cream, and even whips, has less calories than cream—⅓ less! Carnation does wonderful things for coffee . . . makes it taste richer, more full-bodied, brings out the good coffee flavor that's so important when you're having your coffee "iced."

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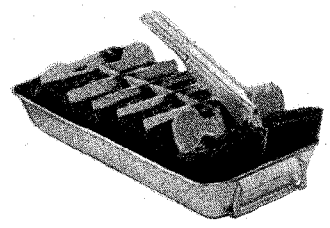
LOOK! COFFEE CUBES! No more watery icec ice cubes. Free coffee in refrig Pour cooled co add Carnation into that mor that's too hot



CARNATION—"THE MILK FROM CONTENTED COW

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(*Continued from Page 61*) committed the theft or some other individual who could come and go in those offices without attracting attention.

Craig held firmly to his certainty that Uncle Paddy's rectitude was beyond question. Which left the question of how that envelope of papers reached his desk. Craig did not lose sight of the possibility that it had been planted there. If so, it had been done either by the unidentified head man of the nationwide arson conspiracy or by Tupper. More likely Tupper, who seemed to have some sort of hold upon the old chief.

"If," said the chief marshal unhappily, "the newspapers get wind of this we'll have hornets buzzing around our ears."

"I don't see how we can help it," di Fisano said. "The police department will have to be alerted, and so will the fire department. The newspaper boys will have it five minutes after. And there we are."

"And a pretty picture it will make. We, sitting on our behinds, knowing a major crime is going to be committed, and helpless to do a thing about it."

"Sword of Damocles," said Craig.

"Who of which?" demanded the chief.

"Just a classical allusion," Craig said uncomfortably.

"Ain't things bad enough," demanded the chief, "without lugging in Greeks and Romans? We can get no farther by gabbin'," he added. "Break it up now and get on the job."

As they rose, the chief glowered at Craig. "Bear in mind," he said ominously, "that you ain't a one-man Bureau of Fire Investigation. We haven't much use for a lad that says never mind the signals, just let me carry the ball."

"Yes, sir," said Craig, flushing, and hoping that this barb would be the worst punishment he would suffer.

Nearly every desk in the two rooms occupied by the assistant fire marshals was occupied and pens scratched busily on reports. Luke Priddy at the desk touching Craig Batts' looked up quizzically and asked in his rather metallic, monotonous voice, "Any skin left?"

"Barely enough to cover my bones," Craig answered.

"Lucky you didn't get clobbered," Priddy said. "You might be in Bellevue instead of this Mannering."

"Right you are," admitted Craig.

"Where'll you be if he refuses to talk?" Priddy asked.

"I hate to think," Craig answered ruefully.

"He won't talk," Priddy said positively. "Fifth Amendment! First thing he was told when negotiations started. Also he'll have been told what'll happen to him if he does spill."

"Could be."

"Anyhow, good luck."

"I'll need it."

"And don't forget how many members of the department were killed in line of duty last year."

The deputy chief signaled from his door for Craig, and Craig entered his small, glass-partitioned office.

"You are to meet Detective Lieutenant di Fisano in the entrance to the building where Tupper has his offices," the deputy chief ordered. "He has a search warrant."

Craig descended to the ground floor and walked to the subway. Di Fisano was waiting for him in the corridor by the newsstand where Tupper had knocked him down in their one physical encounter. They rode up to Tupper's floor and di Fisano produced a key to admit them to the office.

One glance at the reception room was enough to tell them that someone had been before them. The offices were a shambles. Every drawer in the desk had been jerked out and its contents strewn over the floor. Pictures and calendar had been ripped from the walls, furniture had been upended. In Tupper's private office the havoc was even greater. There it seemed as if spite had animated the searcher. Upholstery had been slashed to ribbons; drawers not only had been pulled from the desk but it seemed they had been kicked and trampled in an avid desire to damage. It was the same in Tupper's living apartment.

"If," di Fisano said, surveying the ruin, "there's anything left for us you can have it. An earthquake couldn't have done a more thorough job."

"It's—it's extravagant," Craig said, struggling for a word to fit. "But it's systematic. Madness was a method."

"We've had everything in this case but a lunatic at large."

"Maybe, lieutenant, we have even that."

"Look at this!" exclaimed di Fisano. He picked up the remains of an expensive waste basket that had been stomped into a scarcely recognizable mass of bits and splinters. "No reason for that except malice."

In all that Craig had observed since his first contact with this case, there had been only efficiency; evidence of sane planning; of the direction of an astute brain. Perhaps a mind that operated in a rut, but a rut that brought results. Here was the only evidence of disorder. He thought of that report to William Tecumseh Peabody from the mental expert. He wondered how that report would have read could this symptom be added to the data.

"However crazy this bird may have been," Craig said to di Fisano, "he did a systematic job of searching. If anything was hidden here it was found."

He stared at the room and the chaos of it. It was as if that observant mind of his were determined to wrest some secret from the confusion; to piece together a jigsaw-puzzle picture from the fragments.

"I don't believe he was searching for some definite thing," Craig said presently. "He was hunting on speculation."

He walked to the open bathroom door. Here in the washbasin was a toothbrush whose handle had been snapped, and the fragments of a glass. He peered down at them, and something was not right. He picked out and tossed away the pieces of the toothbrush, but did not disturb the shards of glass. Then he nodded his head and stirred them with a cautious finger. Di Fisano watched him intently. Craig, between thumb and finger, selected a bit of glass roughly triangular in shape and half an inch long.

"Thought so," he said to himself.

"Thought what?" asked di Fisano.

"That something didn't belong." He held up the bit of glass. "Different kind of glass. Thinner." He shook his head. "It shone different. You could notice it."

"I didn't," di Fisano said.

"No," said Craig abstractedly. "No. I just kind of notice things."

"So what more do you notice?"

"I'd guess," said Craig, "that the fellow who busted the glass dropped his spectacles in the bowl and broke them. He picked out all the pieces but this. Funny a man would drop his glasses if he was wearing them."

"Well," said di Fisano, "no use hanging around here."

"No use," said Craig.

Di Fisano locked the door and they descended to the lobby. The man behind the cigar counter peered at Craig, recognized him and grinned derisively. "Win any fights lately?" he jeered.

"You'd be surprised," Craig said mildly. And then to the detective, "Rimless eyeglasses," he said.

Craig looked up from his desk as two men passed down the aisle toward the filing cabinets against the wall. One of them was the deputy chief fire marshal, the other was Pieter Van Rensselaer. The dapper little gentleman was complete with Malacca cane, spats, black Homburg, glove on his left hand, handkerchief's corner correctly peeping from his jacket pocket. He caught Craig's eye and nodded in the manner of the lord of the manor greeting a tenant on his estate. There was, Craig noted, a sudden line between the little gentleman's eyes as if he were displeased at something. He stopped and seemed to find it necessary to explain his presence. Craig wondered at this, because he could see no reason why Van Rensselaer should account for himself in that place.

"Ah," he said. "Ah. Mr. Batts, is it not? Of course. Of course. Eyesight not so good. Not so good. Commissioner graciously given me access to the files. History of the department. My avocation. Have spent many hours in the library in Long Island City. Remarkable. Labor of love. But history would be far from complete without chapter on incendiary fires, eh?"

"Indeed not," agreed Craig.

"Have found these reports of investigations highly interesting. Great efficiency. Originality. Great ingenuity. Yes. Yes. Ah! Yes."

Having delivered himself, thus, the impeccable gentleman passed along to the files.

"King of the Buffs!" said the marshal at the desk behind Craig. "Hope he lives to finish his book. Been working on it years to my knowledge."

"Does he consult these files often?" Craig asked.

"When he wants to. Has the run of the place."

"Got all his buttons?" Craig asked.

"If you ask me, they're all hanging by a thread. What he's got is better than buttons. He's first cousin to every bloomin' top-drawer family in New York. But—what I hear—he's a smart old hombre. Just nuts about fires."

Craig finished his paper work and went out on his day's assignment. Which was to go to the home of William Tecumseh Peabody and re-examine its caretaker, Soapy Japes. Before the doors of the elevator clanged shut, Mr. Van Rensselaer stepped briskly into the cage, blinked to Craig and said, "Ah. Ah, we meet again."

Craig studied the man covertly. Something attracted his scrutiny, or rather the lack of something. Craig sensed an absence, but it was not until the cage stopped at the ground floor that he identified the missing thing. It was the monocle.

"Are you bound uptown, Mr. Batts?" Van Rensselaer asked in a formal voice.

"I am," Craig told him.

"Then perhaps we may share a cab. I myself am traveling as far north as Forty-ninth Street."

"It will be a pleasure, sir," Batts said.

It was some minutes before a cab came along. Craig's companion stood swinging his stick jauntily and eying each passing woman with calculating eye. More than one eyed him and smiled with amusement to see such an anachronism walking the streets. But Pieter preened himself, aware only of the attention he attracted, but mistaking the reason for it.

"Even at my age," he said smugly to Craig, "you will note that I do not pass unnoticed by the ladies. Gratifying."

"It is indeed," said Craig, unsmiling.

A cab swung to the curb. Van Rensselaer opened the door with a gesture and bowed Craig to enter. "*Monsieur!*" he said grandly. And then, when Craig was safely inside, he nodded his head stiffly and said, "Myself!"

Scarcely a word was exchanged during the ride uptown. The little man seemed distrait, and Craig himself had things to busy his mind. The cab was directed to stop at the corner of The Avenue of the Americas and Forty-ninth Street. Van Rensselaer bent forward to look at the meter, which read a dollar and twenty cents.

"That," he said to Craig, "will be sixty cents apiece. Plus the tip, of course. I never tip more than the exact ten per cent. That is six cents." He fumbled in his pocket and placed the sum of sixty-six cents in Craig's palm. "I always share a cab when possible. A penny saved is a penny earned."

Craig paid and dismissed the cab. His companion pointedly said good-by and trotted away, swinging his cane. Craig stood looking after him a moment and, on impulse, followed eastward. His quarry crossed Fifth Avenue, and a block beyond turned to (*Continued on Page 72*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Harold, must you be the medical student all of the time?"

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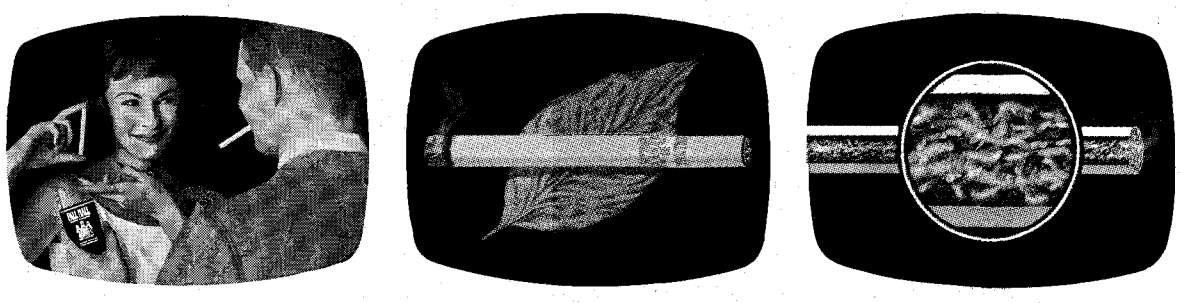

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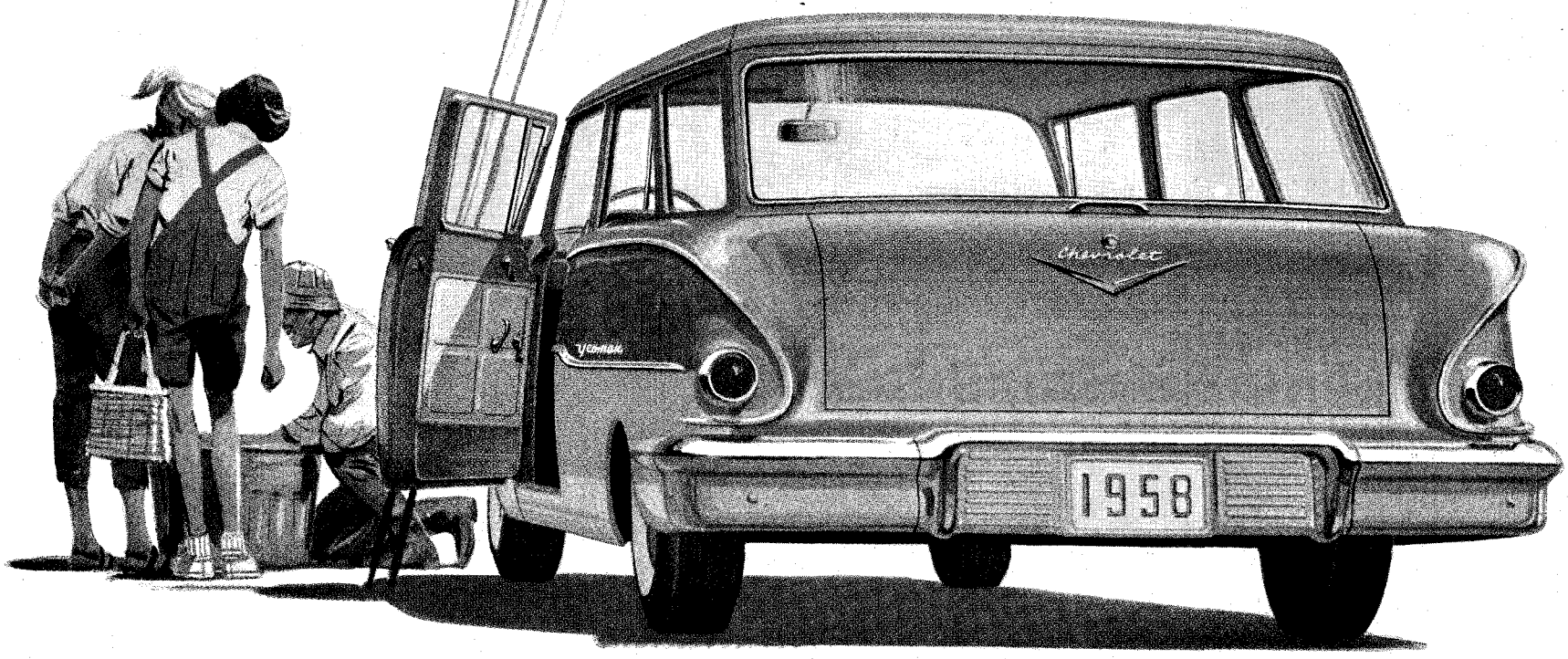
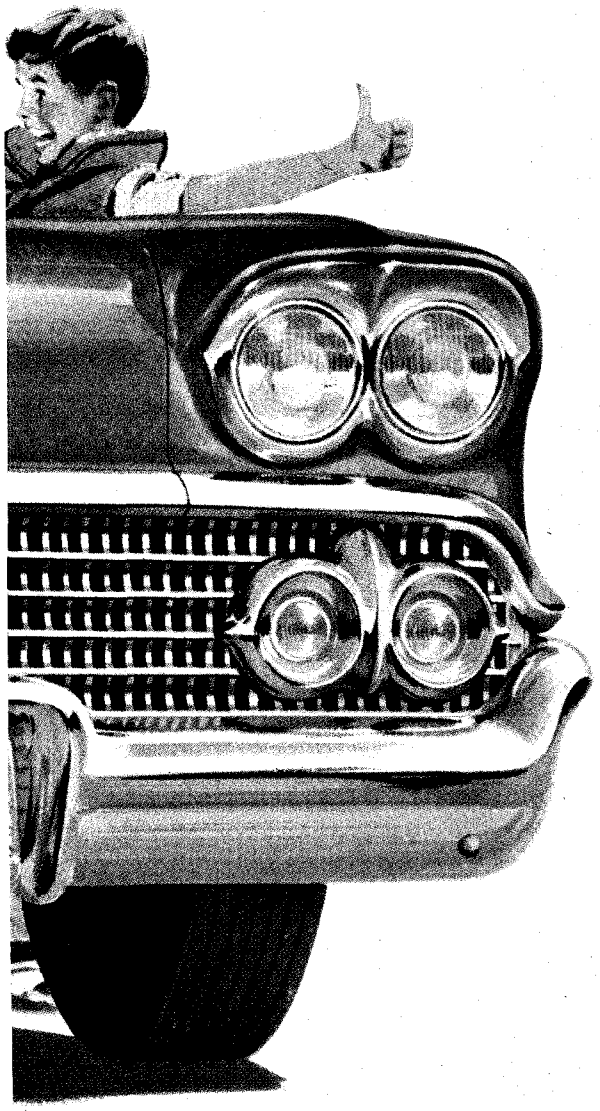
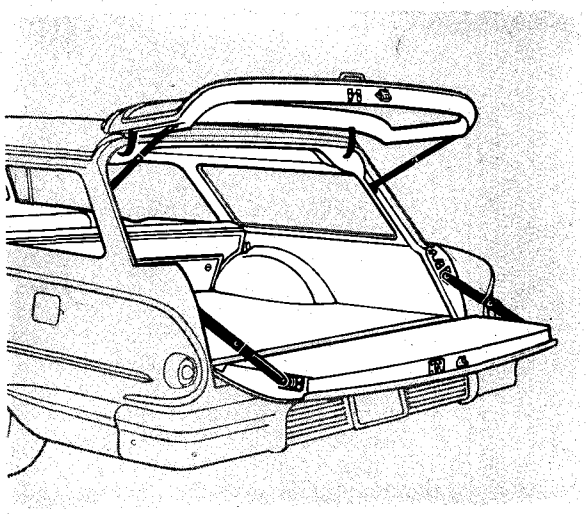


Yeoman 2-door 6-passenger—one of 5 Body by Fisher Chevy wagons.





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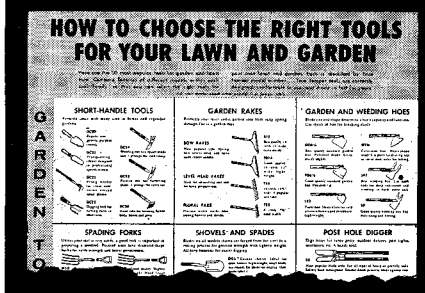

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THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

(*Continued from Page 68*) the left. Then a block or so farther north, he turned to the left for a block, then headed toward Fifth Avenue again. Now he walked very slowly and seemed to be studiously observant. To Craig it appeared that he was committing to memory the buildings facing upon the street. Every now and then he slackened his pace or even halted for a second. He paused markedly to admire the architecture of the uptown branch of the Merchants and Miners National Bank. He crossed the street to enter its handsome bronze doors. Craig, more than interested now, followed in his tracks and peered into the interior. Van Rensselaer stood at a desk filling out a check, which he proceeded to cash. Craig withdrew and retired into a doorway down the street. Van Rensselaer emerged and resumed his stroll toward Fifth Avenue.

It had been curious behavior, but then it had been an eccentric individual who performed it. Craig abandoned the pursuit. But as he bent his steps in the direction of the Peabody residence he said to himself, "If that wasn't a guaranteed member of one of the first families, I'd say he was casing the joint."

He continued on his way to the Peabody residence, where he descended into the area and rang the bell of the service entrance. In a moment Soapy Japes' face peered out. With splendid gravity he opened the door and received Craig with trained decorum.

"Good day, sir. May I be of service?"

"Just dropped around to visit," Craig told him.

"Very gratifying, if I may say so, sir. If your visit is official I will take you to the library. If it is a social call upon myself the kitchen would be more suitable."

"If," said Craig, "there's a cup of coffee, I vote for the kitchen."

While the percolator bubbled and gurgled, the two men sat with the table between them and talked about William Tecumseh Peabody and his virtues and foibles, his habits and his aberrations. What Craig was seeking was some indication of the identity of the individual into whose sanity Mr. Peabody had been making investigations. But Soapy was unable to enlighten him.

"When you were a confidence man and before the days of your reformation," Craig said, "you were rated a shrewd judge of character."

"Indeed I was, sir. It was an important asset."

"Right. Then cast your mind over such friends as Mr. Peabody was most intimate with. Which one of them, appraising them with your old criminal eye, would you say had the best qualifications to be a crook?"

"The individual with highest qualification to be an able criminal," Soapy said, "would be he who most efficiently conceals those attributes. I owed my own success to my ability to present to the world an impeccable character. In short, to assume characteristics least apt to create any iota of suspicion."

"Yes."

"If my profession were that of a confidence man," Soapy said, "I would seem to the world to be most gullible. If I aspired to be a peterman, sir, I would build for myself a reputation for being excessively afraid of explosives. My fear would be an obsession, so that I studied about them and dragged them into conversations. And so on, sir, through the various branches of crime."

"You would advertise yourself as the opposite of what you were?"

"Succinctly put, sir."

Craig finished his coffee and kicked back his chair. He extended a hand to Soapy, who hesitated before he took it, as if making up his mind whether it would be seemly for him to do so.

"Obliged to you," Craig told him sincerely. "Why don't you write a textbook on the psychology of crime?"

"I will consider it, sir."

He showed Craig out of the area door. The young man made his way by the shortest route to the subway and rode to Brooklyn, alighting at the entrance nearest to the Fogarty apartment. Nora answered his ring and was surprised to see him at that hour of the day.

"It's business, Gingerbread," he said gravely. "I want to look at Uncle Paddy's desk."

"At father's desk? Why?"

"For his good, I hope. But I've got to snoop."

"This is a thing to ask!" she said.

"Could anything make you believe your father is guilty of a crime, or of conniving at a crime?"

"Nothing," she replied, biting off the word.

"The same with me," he said. "You must believe that."

Her voice softened. "Yes, Craig," she said.

"In the face of any evidence to the contrary," he said gravely.

"It would be lying evidence," she said.

"In his desk is bad evidence. I've got to examine it. How it got there I don't know. You must let me see it. There's a bankbook showing he has a large sum deposited to his name. I don't care about that. But there is a folder, a file that was stolen from the records in the fire marshal's office. The record of the investigation into the fire during which my father was murdered."

"In my father's desk!"

"I have seen it," he said.

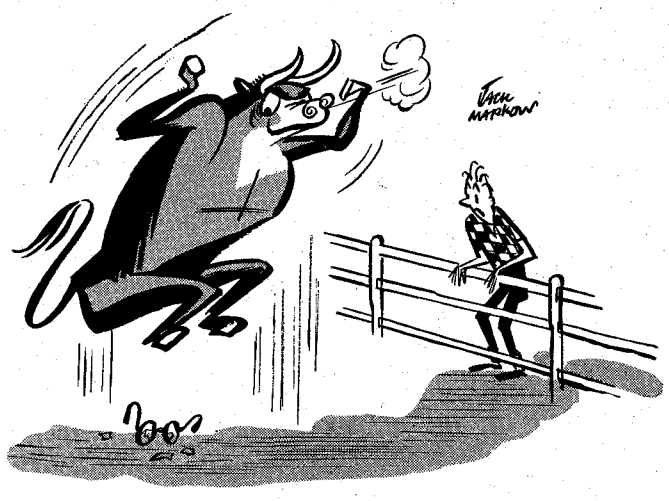
"Come," she said sharply.

The file was there where he had seen it on his previous visit. He sat down in Uncle Paddy's chair and, commencing at the first page, read it through to the end. Nora stood tense at his side. Her cheeks were ashen. She did not read over his shoulder, but waited with a grimness that was unnatural.

Craig read the record again, pausing now and then to concentrate upon some word or paragraph. Facts that never had been related to him made their appearance. It had been Uncle Paddy who, at frightful risk to himself, had carried Chief Batts' body out of that furnace. The chief had not died from flames or heat or fumes, but from a bullet fired from a .32-caliber revolver. It had been a multiple fire, and the combustible had been gasoline ignited by a time fuse.

The evidence of twenty witnesses examined by police and fire marshals was preserved there. He took no notes. His peculiar memory absorbed the facts and printed them indelibly page by page. It was a visual memory. A year from now he could see those pages and read them as if the manuscript were before his eyes. The facts important to him were obscure, buried. At the time of writing, they meant nothing to any investigator; but now, to Craig, when fitted into the pattern he had been putting together, they were conclusive. To him they pointed the way. But as evidence to convict, there still remained concrete facts to be adduced. It was one thing to know; it was another thing to prove to twelve good men and true.

"Sugar Bun," he said to Nora with gravity, "I think we're creeping up on the blowoff. I'm sure I know what was between Clyde Tupper and your father. I think I know (*Continued on Page 76*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The rampaging bull almost gored his handler, Bill, but Bill escaped with bruises. In doing so, he dropped and smashed his eyeglasses. His employer paid for his bruises and lost working time, but declined to pay for the glasses. Bill, unable to work around the stock yard without them, sued.

"The law requires us to pay only for physical injuries, not for damages to personal property," the employer argued.

"How much more physical can an injury be?" Bill countered. "Without my glasses, I can't see to work."

If you were the judge, would you award Bill damages for the glasses?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bill lost. The court ruled that his employer might have been liable for new glasses if Bill's eyes had been injured so as to require them, but not otherwise. It said there was no more reason to pay for broken glasses than for torn clothing; Bill couldn't work without clothing either.

Based upon a 1956 Nebraska decision.

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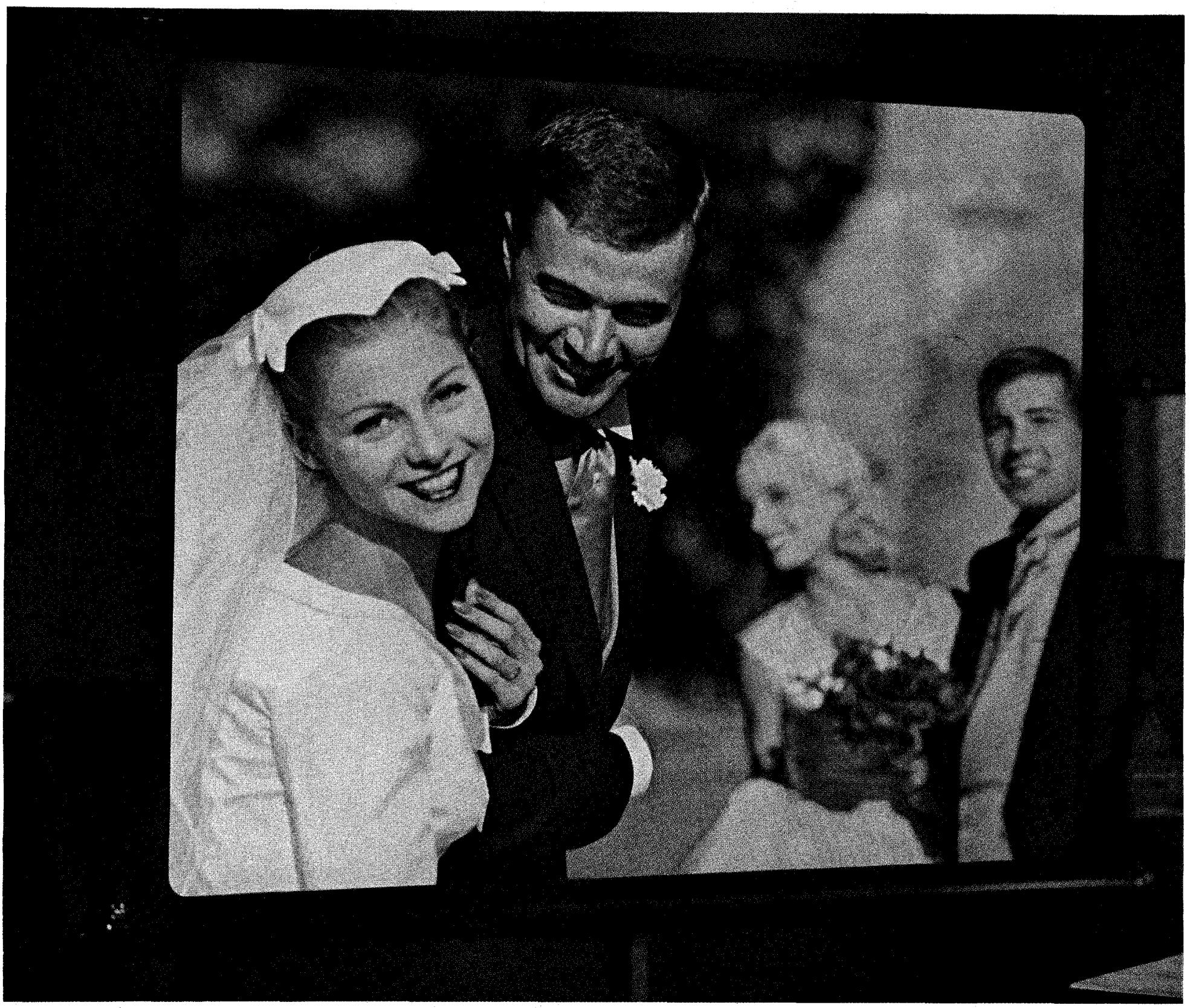

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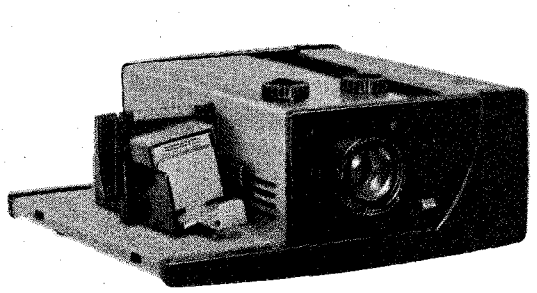
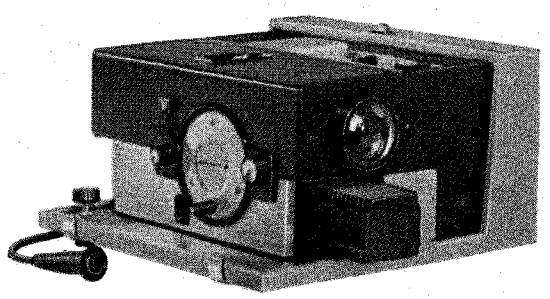


NEW! Kodak 300 Projector. Shows slides *big and bright!* Has exclusive new Kodak Readymatic Changer. $64.50 (with magazine changer, $74.50). New 500-watt model with Readymatic, $74.50 (with magazine changer, $84.50). Or 10% down.



NEW! Kodak Cavalcade Projector. You turn it on . . . it does the rest. Changes slides all by itself, while you enjoy the show. Dependable action because each slide is in a metal sheath. Won't pop out of focus. Remote control. $149.50 or $14.95 down.

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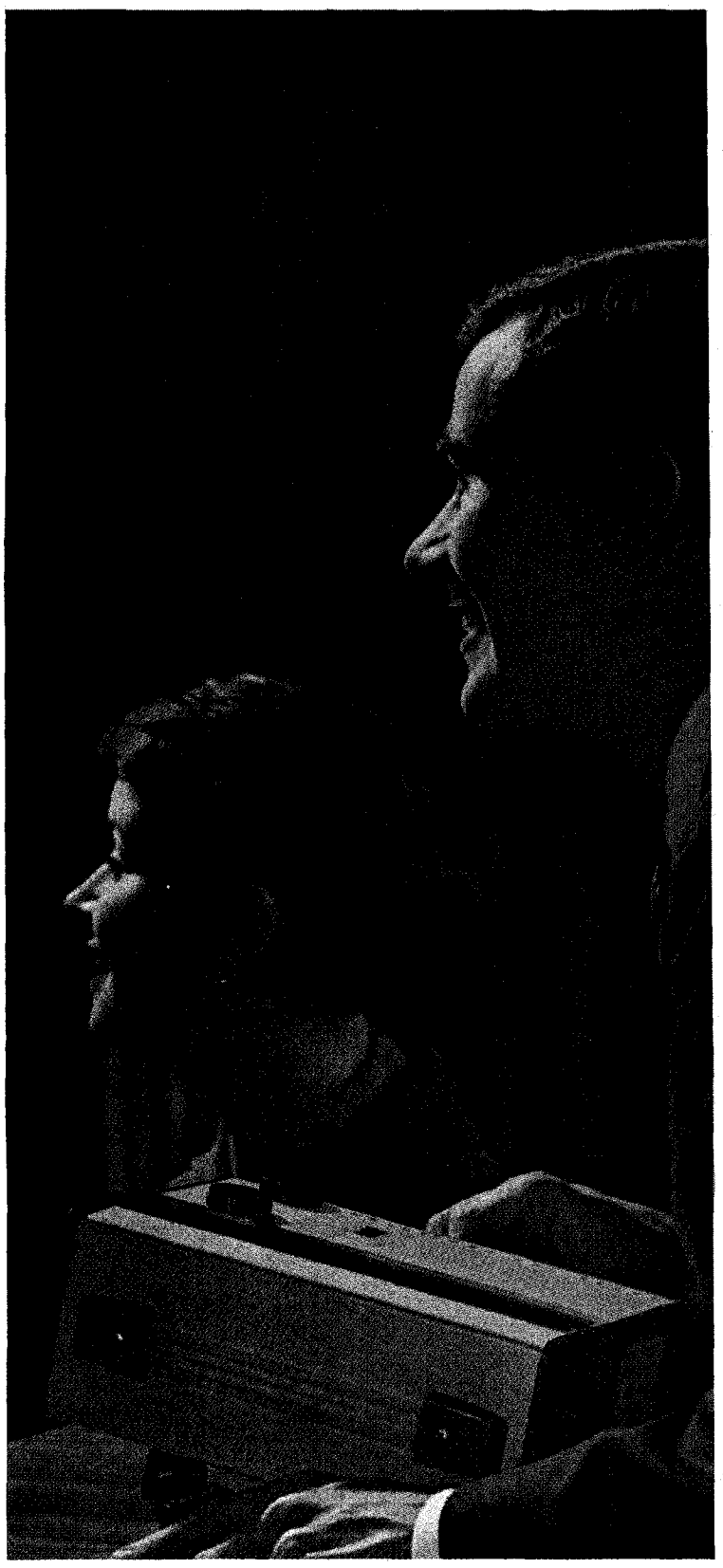
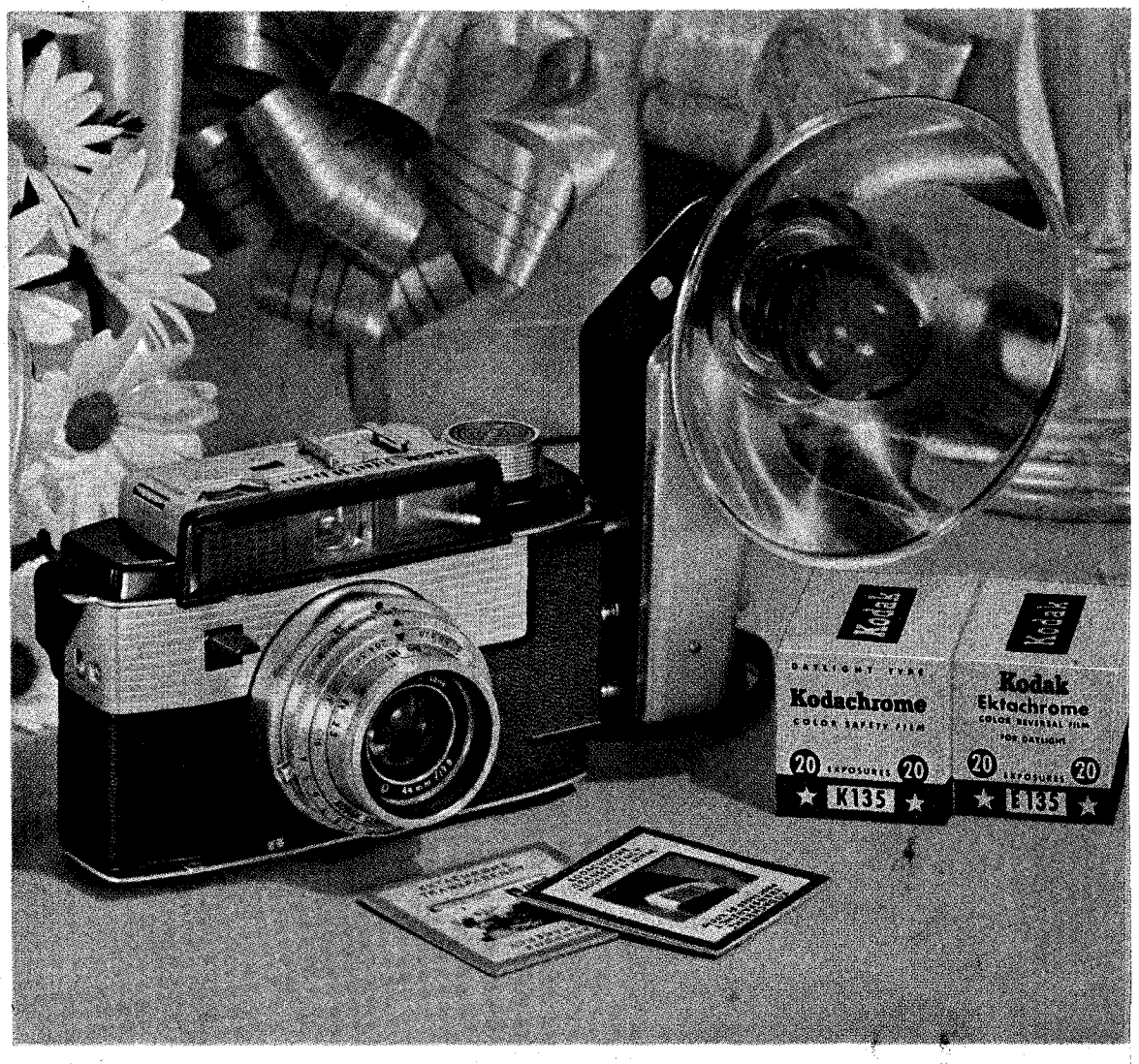
..Kodak 35mm color slides!





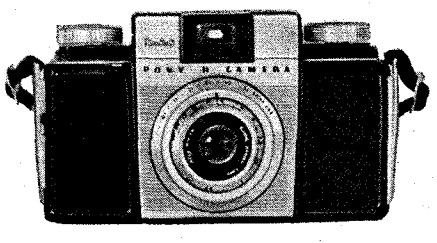
Get gorgeous color slides your first try! New Kodak Signet 50 Camera has light meter built in...$82.50

You're sure to be a better photographer with this great new 35mm camera.

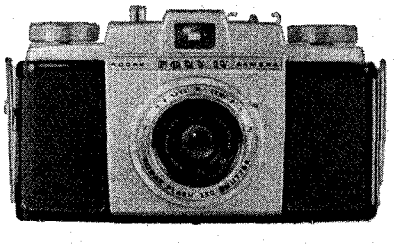
Its built-in photoelectric meter measures the light, tells the settings to use. Ultra-fast *f*/2.8 lens is made with famous Kodak rare-element glass, for sharpest detail with all color films. Lens and shutter are marked for convenient Exposure Value settings. Film advances by fast-action single-stroke thumb lever—no knob to wind.

Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration. With flasholder and two reflectors, only $82.50, or as little as $8.50 down. (Signet 30, without meter or flash equipment, $55.) *Prices are list, include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.*

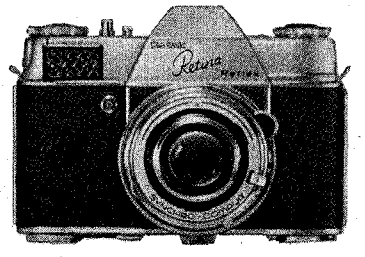
Gift hunting? Give the bride or graduate a magnificent 35mm camera by Kodak.



NEW! Kodak Pony II Camera. Easiest way to advance to Kodak 35mm color slides! Fast loading; two simplified settings to make. Precision-made . . . and looks it. $26.75 or $3 down.



NEW! Kodak Pony IV Camera. Has all the simplified features of the Pony II—plus a fine, fast *f*/3.5 Kodak Anastar Lens, and shutter speeds to 1/250 second. $39.95 or $4 down.



NEW! Kodak Retina Reflex Camera. A photographic masterpiece. View and focus through-the-lens at wide-open brilliance. Exposure meter, rangefinder, *f*/2 lens. $215 or $22 down.

Color slides cost only pennies more than black-and-whites—with world-famous Kodachrome Film or fast Ektachrome Film. Processed through your dealer.

Kodachrome processing by Kodak saves time when you travel or vacation. Ask your dealer for Kodak Processing Mailing Labels before you leave. You mail film direct to Kodak, and it's returned to your dealer.

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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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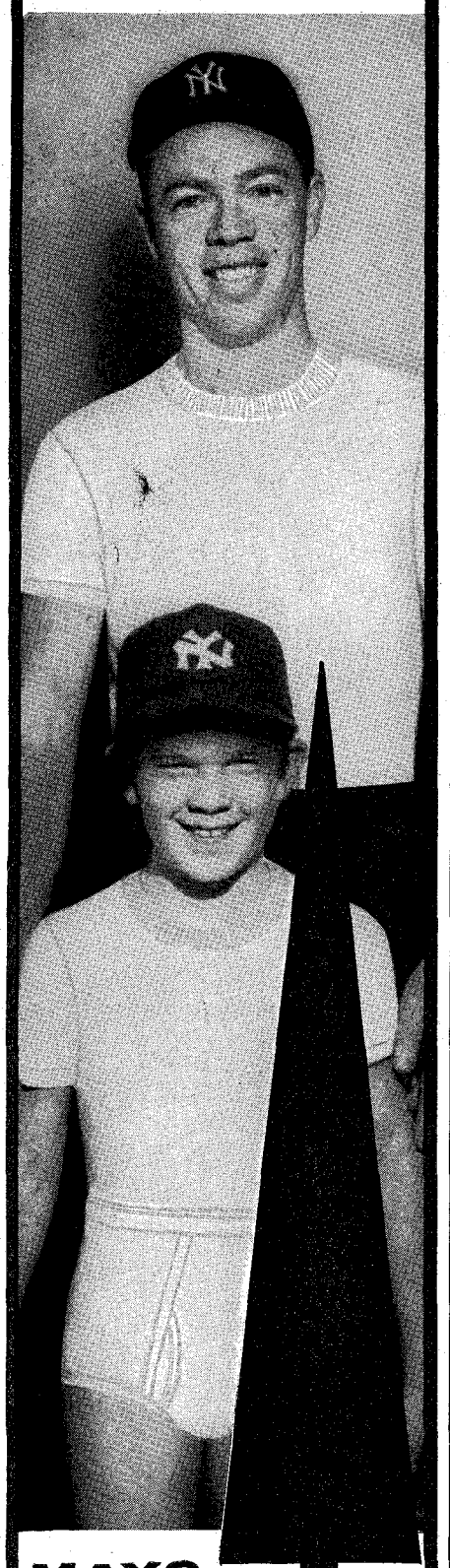
"Mayo Spruce puts this home team ahead every time!"

Try 'em yourself and see why Gil McDougald, New York Yankees' shortstop, and his son, Gil, Jr., are sold on the comfort of Mayo Spruce underwear.



MAYO SPRUCE UNDERWEAR

Mayo Sales Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

(*Continued from Page 72*) what lay heavy on Uncle Paddy's heart. But these things are conclusions I have jumped to. Across gaps. I've got to fill in those gaps so the dullest mind can walk across them."

"But how—how, Craig, did this record get in father's desk? And where did that money deposited in the bank come from?"

"I would guess," Craig said, "that the folder came by mail. As for the money, we'll let Uncle Paddy tell us about it when he's of a mind to talk."

"Craig, you made one mistake. You went alone to that secret meeting between Tupper and the man who was hiring him to burn his factory. Don't make another mistake like that. Don't be too self-sufficient. Tell the chief marshal everything you know or surmise. Let him take it from there. Don't carry the ball yourself with nobody calling signals. It's team play that wins."

He nodded, but did not convince her he would follow her advice.

"Craig," she said, and placed a hand on his arm to hold him, "you're smart. You've a mind that does tricks. But, boy, stop and think. There's a big difference between smartness and wisdom. One is showy and fancy; the other plods but doesn't make mistakes. I don't want to be boastful, lad, but it's myself has the wisdom. So heed me."

He peered down at her a moment, and at first she thought he was offended with her plain speaking, or that his vanity, of which he had a plenty, was injured. But he grinned broadly and took her face between his palms.

"I'll not be kissing you now, Sugar Plum, nor speaking the words that come bubbling up into my throat. For it is not the time nor place for it. But this I will declare to you: that if we shall ever come together we'll be an unbeatable pair."

"In words my grandmither would have spoke—there's no doubt but you're a broth of a boy." But instantly her face darkened and her eyes became deepest, darkest blue. "Of a sudden," she said, "something lies heavy on me. Like a black storm was impending. It's not wisdom that warns me, but something strange that should be heeded."

He was impressed. A hand reached out from the distant past when men believed in the Little People, and heard the wail of the banshee, and put faith in wise women and those with the second sight.

"What would you have me do?" he asked.

"I would have you stay here behind a locked door. I would have you telephone your chief and tell him, word by word, what you know and what you believe. And tell him I am sore afraid for you and to send men to come for you in a car."

"He would laugh at me and call me a coward."

"He will do no such thing. Shall you call him, or must I do it myself?"

"At least I will lay all before him and ask his advice."

"And that," said a muffled voice from the doorway, "you will not do. But something different."

Startled, they turned to stare with wide eyes at the pair who stood in the bedroom door. About them was a look that was unnatural, not human. Theirs were expressionless faces, strangely pink and white. Instantly Craig knew he was seeing again men who wore rubber masks.

"You have been sent for," said one of the men in a voice that was not discourteous. "You are wanted. Miss Fogarty, I regret that I must include you." He motioned with the automatic in his hand.

With an instinctive gesture Craig swept Nora behind him. He did not have time to think it queer or admirable that, in this sudden emergency, he should not be afraid, and that his mind continued to function coolly and efficiently. In an instant he assayed the situation and its possibilities and its perils. His mind darted outside the confines of this room and this apartment and leaped gaps to a conclusion. These men had not been sent to snatch him as other similar men had been sent to snatch Clyde Tupper. They had come for him specifically because he had become an immediate threat to their plans. And because the hour for putting those plans into execution was imminent. He, Craig Batts, must be got out of the way now, so that he could not interfere with or frustrate the raid that was projected. And if this was true, it was proof to him that his activities had alarmed the arsonists and robbers to a point where they considered him an imminent peril.

One of the intruders stood in the doorway; the other to the right of it. Craig stood six feet away, physically relaxed, but mentally tense and alert.

"Sent for?" he said. "Who sends for me?"

"Silly question," answered the man. And then, in a reasonable tone of voice, "Listen, Batts, you've got to be a nuisance. But nobody's going to hurt you if you don't ask for it. Just come along like a little lamb and in a couple of days you'll be turned loose. You and Miss Fogarty."

"That," Craig said, "I don't believe. How about a deal?"

"What deal? You're in no position to propose a deal."

"I think I am," Craig said. "Leave Miss Fogarty out of this. She knows nothing. She can be no danger to you. Tie her up, if you like, and leave her here. I'll go along without a battle. But if you insist on dragging her along ——"

"So what then?" asked the second man, speaking for the first time.

"Why," Craig said, "you're going to do me in anyhow. You've got to, haven't you? Well, I'll make you kill me right here, which will toss a monkey wrench into the machinery."

"Now, Batts," said the first man, "we're not amateurs. You're just talking to gain time. What for? Come along with us and you've got a chance. Make us handle the thing here and you're dead. Period. And, necessarily, Miss Fogarty."

The man in the doorway was holding his gun waist-high and ready. The second man displayed no weapon. Craig allowed his shoulders to sag and made a hopeless gesture with his hands. His voice had lost its assurance when he spoke.

"Well, Nora," he said a bit tremulously, "I tried my best. We'll go peaceful," he said, "for I can do no more."

He shuffled forward a step as if the starch had gone out of him. The man in the doorway with the gun in his hand made a mistake which no professional should be guilty of. He allowed Craig to come too close to him.

There is a thing which all well-trained officers of the law, whether they be FBI, Secret Service or properly instructed officers of the police, are taught. And that is that there must intervene between realization and action a brief space of time. There is an interval between intention to shoot and sending the message to the trigger finger. Therefore the instructed gunman never allows his victim to come within arm's reach. But so cowed did Craig seem that this gunman forgot the cardinal rule.

When almost chest to chest—when the second came when Craig would pass the man in the rubber mask to go through the door—his left hand chopped downward against the man's wrist, half turning him around. And with the same twisting movement his right fist smashed into the man's torso where was the solar plexus. Then, before the instant of surprise could pass, he pivoted on his heel, swinging the back of his fist against the second man's Adam's apple, fortunately missing the jaw.

"Run," he said to Nora. "Run!"

She flew to the outer door. Craig, not pausing to investigate the state of the intruders, but hearing sounds of choking and retching that gave him to know his blows had been effective, followed her out of the apartment and down the stairs to the street.

"Telephone," he panted.

"Drugstore on the corner," she said, trying to keep up with him, and striving at the same time to speak certain words which he heard only vaguely, but which seemed to be couched in old-time brogue and to be something about a broth of a boy.

TO BE CONCLUDED

"Henry seems real happy with the waterproof watch I bought him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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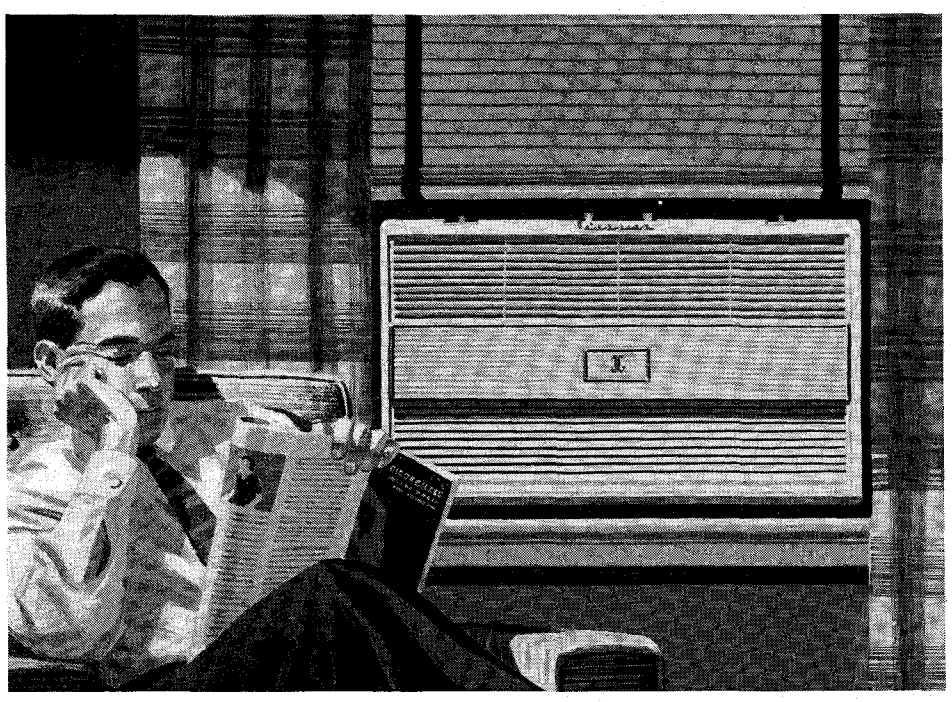
BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

Carrier

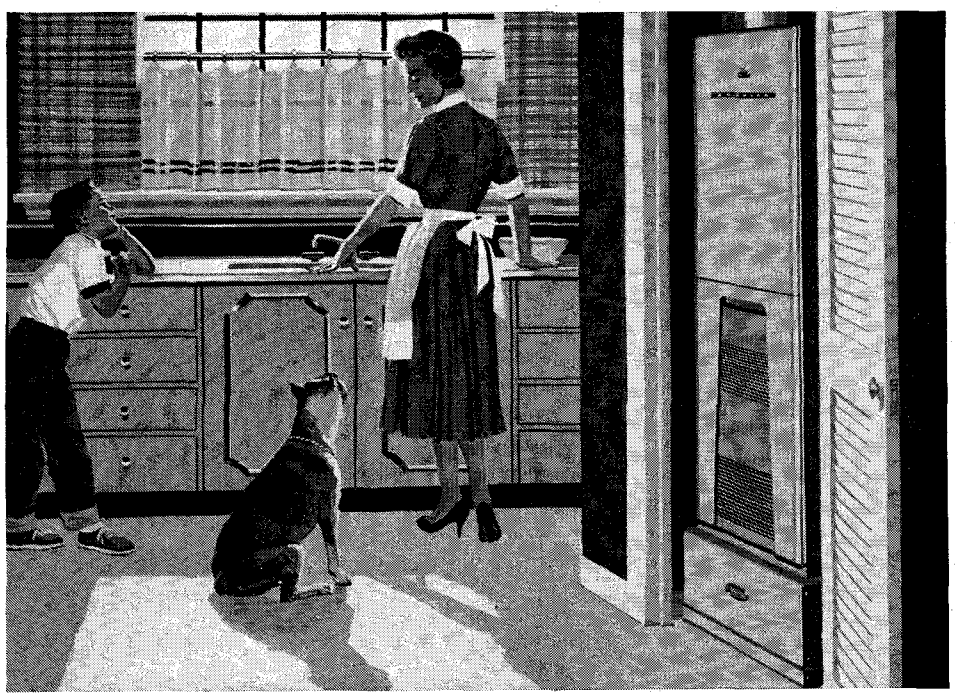
Which is the best way to air condition your home?

That depends on the home. Where you live, the number of rooms, the kind of architecture can make a big difference. To make sure of the best way to air condition your home, talk with the Carrier dealer in your community. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many ways are shown below.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call Carrier. The nearest dealer is listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.



Do you rent an apartment? A Carrier Room Weathermaker* will cool one room, or several will make your whole apartment comfortable. Easy to install, you can take them with you when you move.

Do you own an older house in the city? This Weathermaker operates independently of steam or hot water systems, gives you summer cooling for your whole house at a new low price. Installs in hours.



Are you building in the suburbs? Specify the Carrier Summer-Winter Weathermaker shown above. So compact it can easily fit into a closet. This combination will cool and heat an entire house.

Are you remodeling a country home? Plan to use a Carrier Year-round Weathermaker that cools and heats every room. It takes no more space than most furnaces. Either automatic gas or oil heat.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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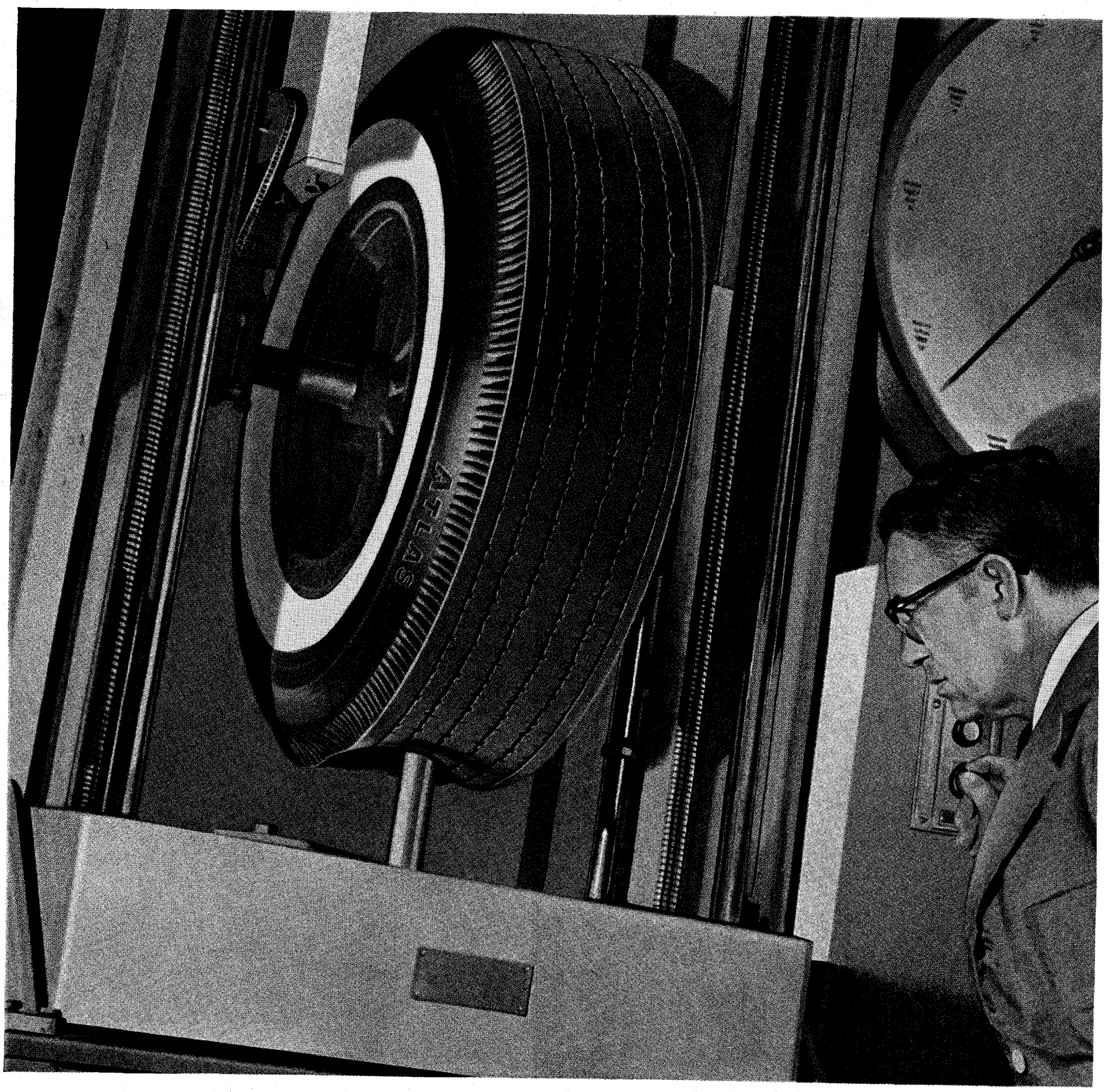
HE'S ONE OF THE ATLAS AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALISTS, A GROUP OF "MASTER TORTURERS" WHOSE WORD IS LAW IN DECIDING WHETHER A PRODUCT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR CAR

When you drive down today's super-highways in your automobile, it's comforting to know your Atlas Tires, Battery or Accessories have passed shattering tests like the "tire rupture test" shown below.

Called by many "the toughest critics in the world," Atlas Automotive Specialists design and develop Atlas products, then subject them to exhaustive tests — in the laboratory and on the road. These experts actually set performance standards for Atlas Tires higher than for the tires that came on your new car! They *insist* Atlas Tires have *extra* traction, skid-resistance and mileage built in, or they will not pass them. Best news of all —you pay no more for Atlas Tires than you do for ordinary tires!



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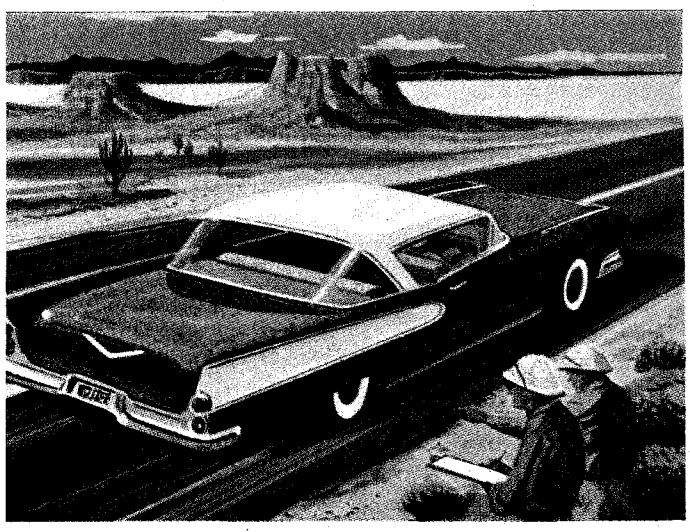

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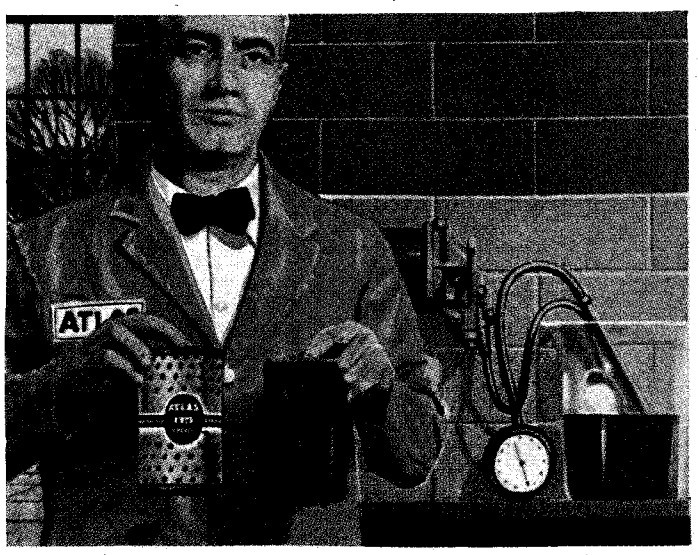

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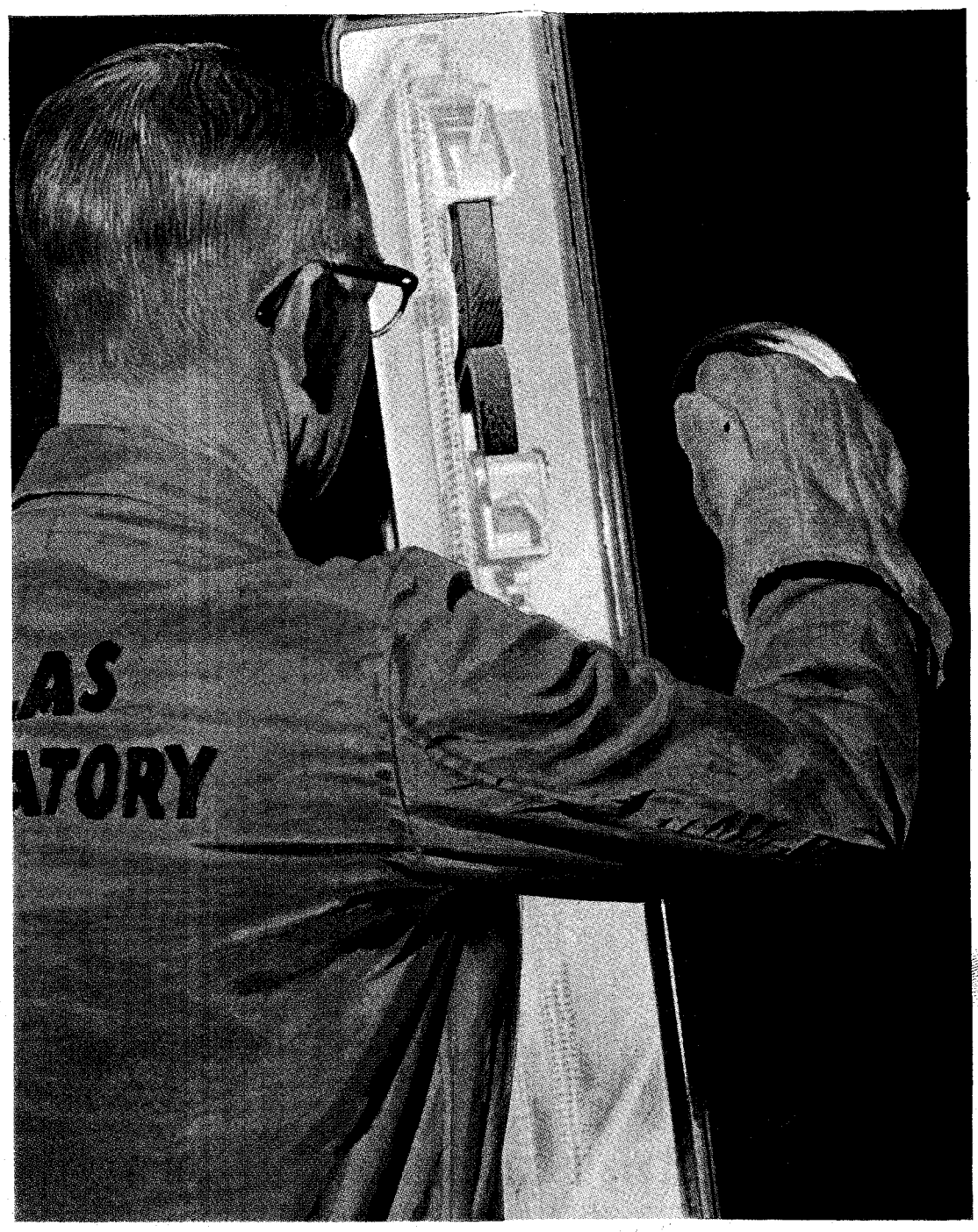
Whether it's an Atlas Tire, Atlas Micronal Oil Filter or any other Atlas product, it *must* pass the stiff analyses of Atlas Automotive Specialists. So, for *proved* superiority, be sure you look for the Atlas label.



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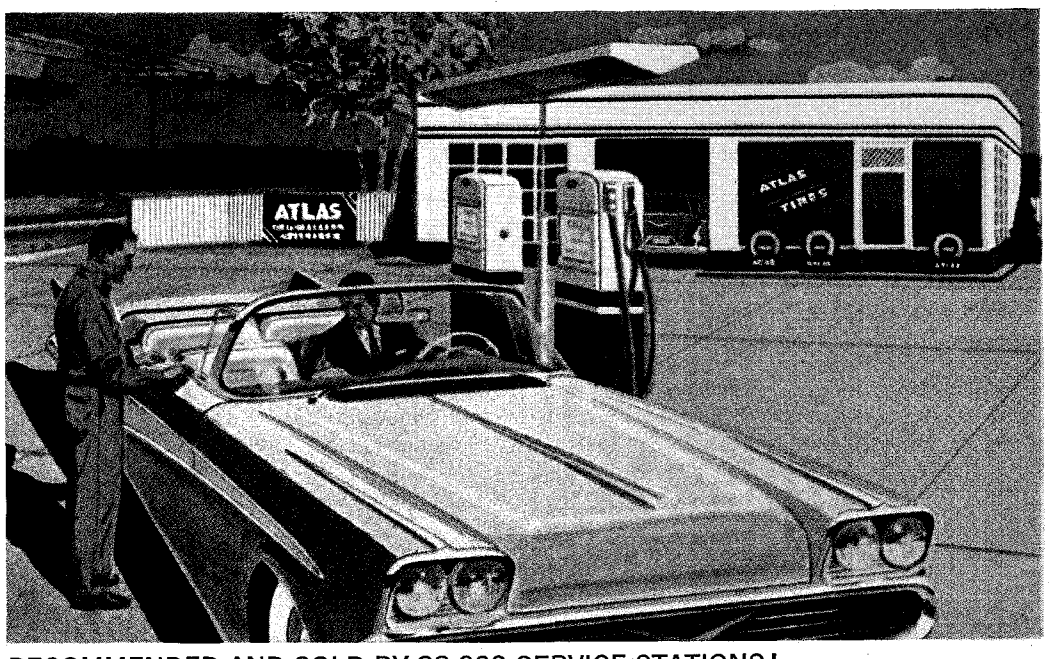

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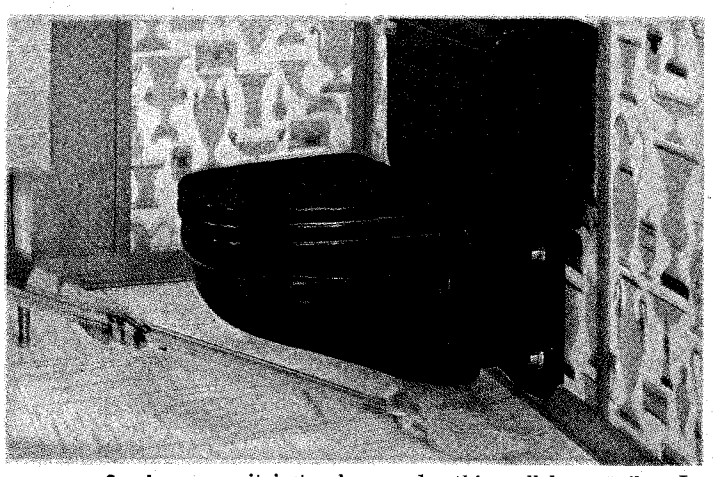
Color: Tourmaline Green — Gracelyn Lavatory — Norwall Toilet

Beautifully styled cabinet-lavatory and convenient wall-hung toilet by American-Standard cost as little as $3.08 a week*



See how easy it is to clean under this wall-hung toilet. In addition, both cover and seat are easily removed . . . actually snap off . . . for quick, thorough cleaning.

A completely new American-Standard product you will want in your new powder room or bathroom is this wall-hung toilet. Yes, it hangs from the wall . . . does not touch the floor. This means it has a light, space-saving look . . . that there are no awkward, hard-to-reach cleaning areas.

Another exciting new American-Standard product is this cabinet-lavatory. Notice its big, one-piece vitreous china top with wide, wide ledges to hold all sorts of toiletries. The roomy cabinet, with double doors, stores stacks of towels, bottles, jars.

Both wall-hung toilet and cabinet-lavatory come in eight popular colors. And remember, American-Standard fixtures are priced to make it possible for every bedroom to have a bathroom.

For more information, see your American-Standard retailer listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "Plumbing Fixtures" or "Plumbing Supplies." Or mail coupon for helpful booklet, AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, 40 W. 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

*PLUS INSTALLATION

American-Standard, Dept. PP-68, 39 W. 39th St., New York 18, N. Y.

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Babe's Surprise (Continued from Page 36)

"How much is that cowgirl outfit, Miss Corrie?" he asked.

Joe had the deep voice and slow, deliberate speech of the big-bodied man. But there must have been a betraying eagerness in his manner, for Miss Corrie gave him a rueful, understanding smile. She was an understanding person, though no knockout for looks, being a thin and spinsterish redhead. She was noted for the sharpness of her tongue, but for all that she had a warm heart, especially for kids. She climbed out of the window and stood, chest-high to Joe, regarding the cowgirl costume.

"Wouldn't it look lovely on Babe!" she said. But then she shrugged regretfully. "It's priced at seventy-five dollars," she went on. "Mr. Thompson should never have ordered it, because it won't sell. None of the wealthy ranchers hereabouts happen to have little girls that size—Babe's size. And nobody else can afford to spend so much money on a child."

Miss Corrie knew Joe's circumstances well enough to include him in the "nobody else" group. But, in his present happy mood, Joe felt reckless.

"Wrap it up, Miss Corrie," he said, grinning. "I want it for Baby to wear to the rodeo."

Miss Corrie looked up at him as though she thought he was kidding. The cowgirl outfit was not only high-priced; its dazzling white made it impractical for ordinary wear. It was something for special occasions only.

"Lookit," Joe argued, "I just made a pretty good deal. Some folks would celebrate by spendin' money for liquor. So what's wrong with me lettin' myself go, spendin' it on my kids? Which reminds me, I gotta get somethin' for Little Joe too."

"Well, when you look at it that way ——" Miss Corrie began. For a moment a smile lighted up her thin face. She knew, and warmly approved of, Joe's earnest desire to do right by his motherless kids. For their sake, for example—and unlike his disreputable brother, Pete—Joe did not drink. But then Miss Corrie's better judgment reasserted itself and she added sharply, "It's still crazy!"

"Wrap it up," Joe ordered. "An' please don't say a word to Baby about it. I want to surprise her at rodeo time. Now, about Little Joe—he's been wantin' a pair of chaps."

The chaps, at least, were of practical use, something that Little Joe needed for herding cattle in cold or wet weather or in the brush of the bottom lands. And Joe picked out a size large enough to allow for the boy's future growth.

I guess that's about the craziest thing I ever done, he admitted to himself, thinking about the cowgirl outfit as he drove home in the pickup. There were a hundred things he might better have spent the money for. There were dozens of things Babe needed a lot more than a fancy cowgirl costume which was not suitable for everyday wear and which she would soon grow out of. But even the soberest man has a right to kick over the traces and get extravagant once in a while. The trouble was, he told himself, he did not get to do it often enough. Surely the deal with the Baileys was sufficient excuse.

When he reached home, however, he did not let on to Uncle Pete about what he had done. He knew what Pete would say. He sneaked the parcels into the house and hid them under his bed.

By the time Babe and Little Joe came riding home from school, Joe was helping Pete brush up on his calf roping, in preparation for the rodeo. Pete could still rope and tie with the best of the young fellows, and he liked to demonstrate his prowess occasionally, along with that of Good Enough, his buckskin saddle horse.

"Me an' Good Enough's still good enough to show up the young squirts," Pete liked to brag.

When the kids arrived, Joe was holding the struggling calf, whose mother was bawling her head off in the corral, while Uncle Pete sat, rope in hand, and Good Enough waited with ears pricked forward, eager as a colt. The buckskin was no longer young, but, like Uncle Pete himself, he had the know-how that comes from long experience. The kids pulled up their pony and sat watching.

"O.K.," Big Joe called, letting go of the calf and jerking his watch out of his pocket.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Truck Stop by Night

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Bathed in a rosy neon glare,
Lo, see behemoth idling where
Plate glass reveals a horseshoe-shaped
Lunch counter with truck drivers draped
In coffee-drinking attitudes.
Here is an island that exudes
The lotus scent of hamburgers,
Haunt of Odyssean travelers
Cast up from some dark rain-swept reef—
A mecca by a cloverleaf,
That lures like moths around a light
Each lone Ulysses of the night.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The calf lifted its tail and took off for the corral. At the same instant, Uncle Pete and the buckskin took after the calf. Uncle Pete's loop went sailing out and settled over the calf's head. Good Enough stopped in his tracks, so that the tightening rope jerked the calf over in a complete somersault. By that time Uncle Pete was out of the saddle and running, hand over hand, down the rope. The calf was struggling to its feet when he reached it. He flipped it over on its side, tied it expertly, then stood erect. Babe and Little Joe clapped their hands.

"Eleven seconds, near's I can figure," Big Joe announced.

"With a second or so for you to git your watch out, it ain't fast enough," Uncle Pete grumbled. He suffered from asthma, which made his voice harsh and rasping, like the sound of an axle badly in need of grease.

"You'll get first prize, Uncle Pete!" Babe declared confidently. "And the queen is coming to the rodeo to give out the prizes!"

"Queen?" echoed Uncle Pete.

"The queen is going to be at the rodeo," Babe said.

"Aw, Babe, you got it all wrong!" Little Joe scolded.

That, of course, was obvious. A real queen would never condescend to be present at a small, back-country rodeo. Babe was just a little kid and she did not always get things straight. She was sitting behind her brother on the pony's back. The sun made a glistening crown of her fair hair, and it looked all the brighter by contrast with Little Joe's hair, which was thick and black like his pop's. The boy had his father's dark eyes, too, whereas Babe's eyes were blue. Both kids wore blue jeans and checked shirts.

Big Joe grinned at Babe fondly. She was the apple of his eye because she was fair and daintily made, like the way her mom used to be. But it bothered him, often, to think how little chance she had to be feminine and ladylike, with no mother to dress her up pretty.

"You ain't so far wrong, at that, Baby," he said. He was picturing how she would look in the beautiful cowgirl costume, and his thought was that there was going to be a little queen at the rodeo, in any case.

"They said so at school, pop!" Babe insisted. "They said that the queen would be at the rodeo."

"They said beauty queen, not a real queen!" Little Joe corrected.

"A which?" Uncle Pete demanded.

"A beauty queen," Little Joe repeated. "They're goin' to pick the prettiest girl to be queen of the rodeo an' give out the prizes."

Uncle Pete snorted. He said what in the aitch would they think up next? He said it was getting so that a man couldn't have a quiet drink in a bar these days, or get a haircut even, without having women bob up at his elbow. He said he had a profane good mind not to take part in the rodeo after all. This was a long speech for Uncle Pete, who usually expressed himself in grumpy monosyllables. It showed how upset he was.

"Linda Bailey thought it up," Little Joe explained. "Linda says they always have a beauty queen at the big rodeos."

Uncle Pete looked at Big Joe in disgust. Pete had the kind of face that could register disgust with very little effort. There was a hard and cynical twist to his mouth. Years of heavy drinking had given his nose and cheeks a purplish cast, and his eyes were red-rimmed and bleary.

"I get it!" Big Joe chuckled. "Linda Bailey figures she'll just naturally be the beauty queen."

Linda was a city girl, at present visiting her bachelor uncles, Alf and Bill Bailey, at the 2B Ranch. The 2B was one of the biggest ranches in the district, and Alf Bailey was the president of the Stock Growers' Association, which sponsored the rodeo. It seemed likely that his pretty niece had talked Alf into this beauty-queen foolishness, figuring that, with her uncles being local big shots, she would be a natural choice for beauty queen.

Up to that time, the Willow Creek rodeo had been a folksy gathering of stockmen and their families for the annual picnic of the Stock Growers' Association. The picnic dinner was preceded by riding and roping events, and was followed by an open-air dance on a roofless platform set among the trees and shrubbery of the Willow Creek valley. It had never occurred to anybody that the crowning of a beauty queen would add to the general enjoyment of the occasion. Indeed, the reaction of most local people upon first hearing of the proposal was one either of scorn and derision, like Uncle Pete's, or of tolerant amusement, such as Big Joe showed. Nobody could have foreseen that the beauty-queen competition would become a veritable apple of discord and come very near to wrecking the Stock Growers' Association itself.

Joe got his first dim inkling of such a possibility (*Continued on Page 84*)

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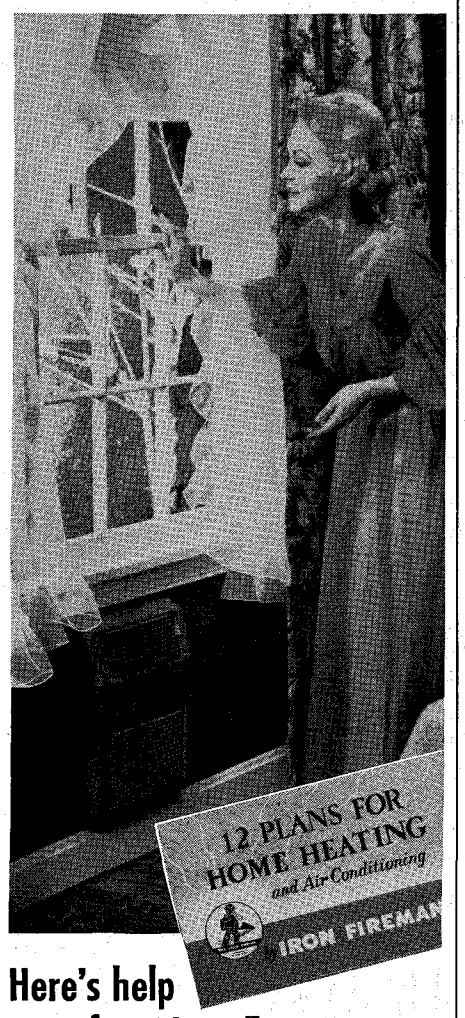

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(*Continued from Page 81*) when, a few days later, at the supper table, Babe announced, "Miss Carlson is going to run for beauty queen, pop!"

"Well, she's sure pretty enough," was Joe's first comment.

The schoolteacher was a shapely little blonde who had knocked all the local young men for a loop when she first came to the district the previous autumn. Miss Carlson had taken time to look the field over and then had cannily picked Arch Morgan for her steady boy friend. The Running M Ranch, which Arch had inherited from his father, was as big a spread as the Bailey Brothers' 2B, and Arch himself was a good-looking young bachelor.

Even then, Big Joe did not tumble to the explosive possibilities of the situation. "Looks like Linda Bailey will have some tough competition," he remarked in mild amusement.

"So they'll have to vote for beauty queen," Little Joe said.

Babe piped up eagerly, "Will you vote for Miss Carlson, pop?"

"All the school kids are goin' to work for Miss Carlson," Little Joe said. "You'll vote for her, won't you, pop!"

"Oh, sure!" Big Joe agreed, never thinking that he would soon have cause to regret making the promise.

"Will you vote for Miss Carlson, too, Uncle Pete?" Babe asked.

Uncle Pete looked at her sourly, but did not deign to answer.

"Your Uncle Pete's agin havin' a beauty queen, Baby. But you keep workin' on him," Big Joe said. . . . "Say!" he went on, after a moment. "Arch Morgan is the teacher's boy friend, ain't he?"

"That's right," Little Joe answered. "Sometimes Arch comes along at recess to talk to teacher. We sure get a long recess then!"

"Arch will want his girl friend to be beauty queen," Big Joe said thoughtfully. "An' he's vice president of the Stock Growers' Association. This business could stir up some hard feelin's."

That, as it turned out, was a gross understatement. Ordinarily the Bailey brothers' attitude toward the contest would have been much the same as Uncle Pete's. They were staid old bachelors with no interest in women, beautiful or otherwise. But, with their niece prodding them, they bestirred themselves to get Linda named rodeo queen.

A day or so later it was announced that Gwen Corbett, the daughter of another rancher, would also be a candidate. Gwen was pretty and popular. She had a light foot on a dance floor, a firm seat in a saddle and a quick and knowing eye for a horse or a beef critter. She was, besides, a local girl. A lot of people thought she was a logical choice for beauty queen.

But Gwen Corbett's friends made the naïve mistake of thinking that their candidate's obvious personal qualifications would insure her election. Any practical politician could have told them different. Her nomination merely served to rouse the Bailey and Carlson supporters to active campaigning.

One evening Alf Bailey dropped in at Joe's place, riding the light-stepping blue roan that Alf called Old Blue. Alf was a tall, grim-faced man who was always chary of words and was seldom known to smile. He stepped down from his horse with a gruff "Howdy" as Joe and the kids came out on the kitchen porch, with Uncle Pete slouching along in their wake.

Joe thought that Alf had come to close the deal for the bull, but Alf said bluntly, "I come to ask you folks to vote for Linda for beauty queen."

Oh-oh! thought Joe uneasily. He had promised the kids to vote for their teacher, never for a moment thinking that the Baileys might take such an act as a personal affront. If they did so, they might refuse to go through with the deal for the bull, a deal which Joe had considered practically settled. And the grazing lease which he had shrewdly tied in with the deal was of vital importance to him. It was so important, indeed, that he might have hedged on his promise to the kids, except that Babe gave him no chance.

"Pop promised to vote for Miss Carlson, Mr. Bailey," she said.

So then Joe had to make the best of it. "You know how kids are, Alf," he said placatingly. "They were dead set I should vote for the schoolmarm, so I promised I would."

Alf did not argue the point. He gave Joe a bleak look, then turned back to his horse, without even mentioning the bull. There was, Uncle Pete noticed, a suspicious-looking bulge on Alf's hip, under his coat. Apparently Alf was electioneering in real earnest, prepared to leave no stone unturned. For Alf was not ordinarily free with liquor. So Pete fell in beside Alf and walked with him out to the gate, Old Blue stepping daintily behind them.

That done it! Big Joe was thinking vexatiously as he followed the kids into the house. "The Baileys won't lease me that grass now, that's for sure."

So everything was ruined. On the assumption that the deal would go through, Joe had splurged extravagantly on the stuff for the kids. Even then, he had had guilty qualms about it. But, if the deal was off, there was no justification whatever for spending so much money.

I gotta take the stuff back to the store, he decided regretfully. He felt worse about having to do it than about not getting the grazing lease. The thought of how Babe would look at the rodeo had kept him in a glow of anticipation. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, and a million times in between, he had gloated over it.

By and by Uncle Pete returned to the house. There was an expression almost benign on his hard-bitten face, and his breath was enough to pollute the air all about him. It presently appeared also that Pete's attitude toward the contest had undergone a complete change.

"It ain't a bad idee to have a beauty queen," he said.

"Then you'll vote for Miss Carlson, won't you, Uncle Pete!" Babe cried at once.

"Oh, sure, Baby!" he answered. But there was a noticeably furtive look in his eye as he said it.

"You promised Baby—an' I guess you promised Alf Bailey," Joe said accusingly after the kids had gone to bed. "You can't vote for the schoolmarm an' Linda Bailey both."

"There ain't no law says I can't," Pete argued.

Nowadays the election of a beauty queen at the Willow Creek rodeo has become an established custom and the election itself is well organized, with a ballot box and a scrutineer to see that nobody votes more than once. But that first year the queen was to be chosen merely by a show of hands. So Uncle Pete was prepared to raise a hand for any candidate whose supporters offered suitable inducement. He said, however, that he figured on raising his hand higher for Babe's teacher than for either of the others.

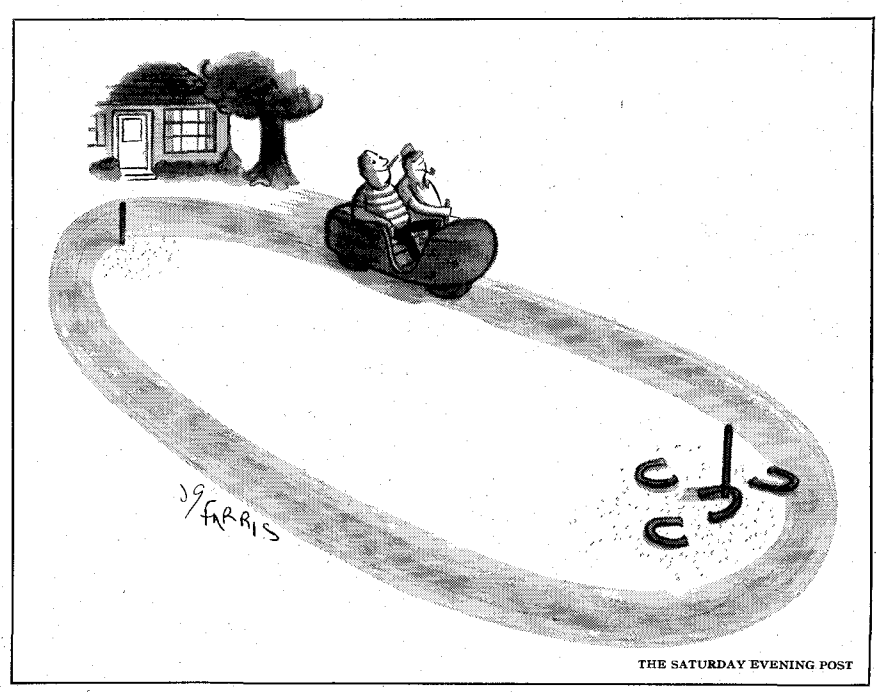
The next day Joe had to go to town, and he fully intended to take the chaps and the cowgirl stuff back to the Star Store. But at the last minute he got to thinking that the Baileys might be satisfied at getting one vote from Joe's family for their niece. Besides, the Baileys were influential. There was a good chance that Linda would be elected, in which case the Baileys would surely be willing to go through with the deal for the bull. This was wishful thinking on Joe's part, and he recognized it as such. But he decided to leave the parcels under his bed for a little while longer.

Immediately afterward, however, Arch Morgan began active campaigning on behalf of the schoolteacher.

He called at Joe's place one evening and, after he left, Uncle Pete's breath was as strong and his expression just as benign as it had been following Alf Bailey's visit.

Could be the schoolmarm will win out, Joe thought glumly. *I guess I better take the stuff back, after all.*

But the vision of Babe in the beautiful costume had got such a hold on him by this time that it had undermined his prudence. There were times when he caught himself thinking, *Deal or no deal, I want Baby to have somethin' extravagant for once.* Then he would try to sell himself a compromise plan; returning the high-priced costume and buying, for a few dollars, one of the cowgirl outfits shown in the mail-order catalogue or in any toy store. But he hated the thought of a cheap substitute. Seemed like all Babe ever got was cheap substitutes. The upshot of it was that on the morning of the rodeo the parcels were still under Joe's bed, and Joe was still hoping against hope that the Baileys would (*Continued on Page 88*)



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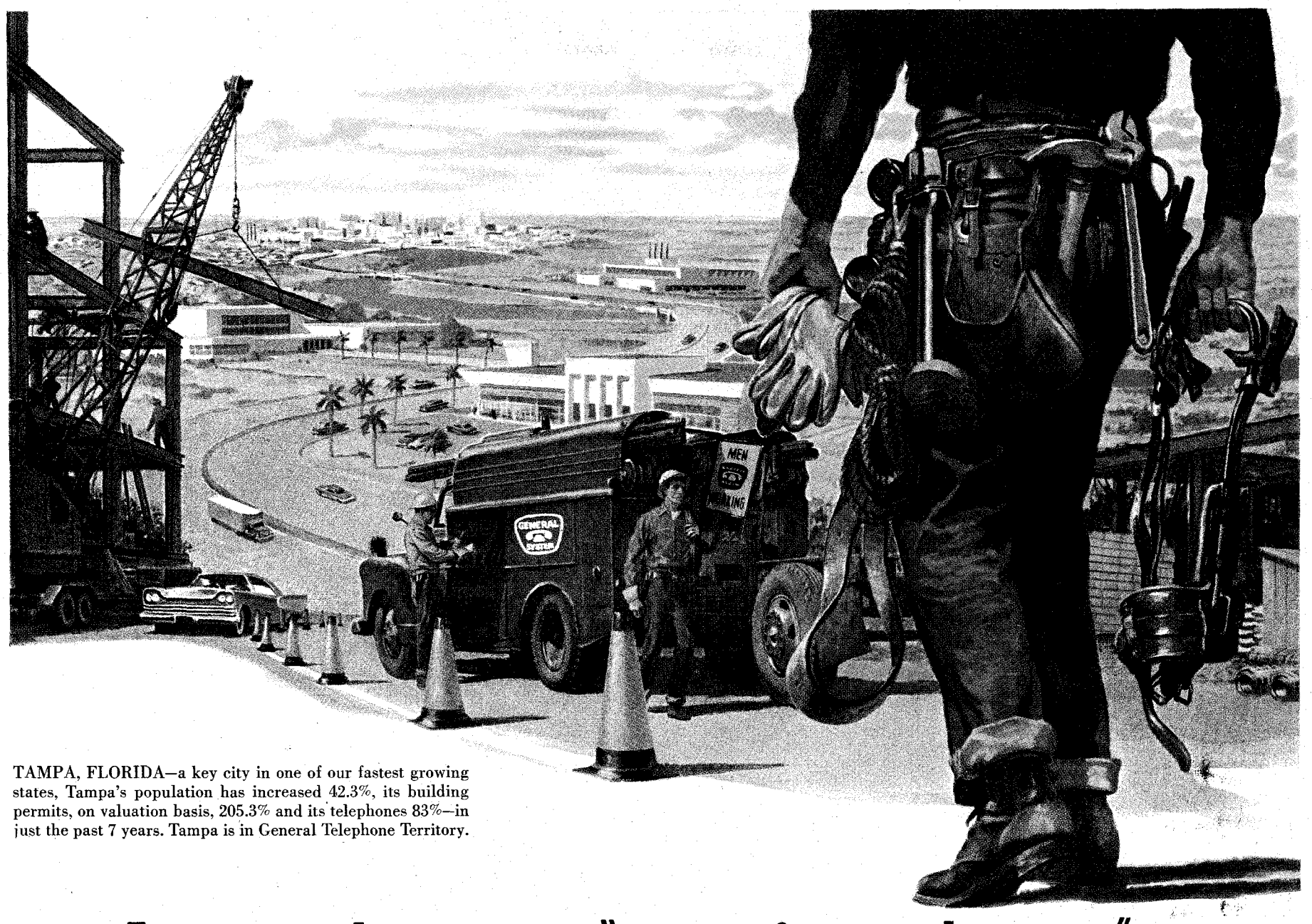

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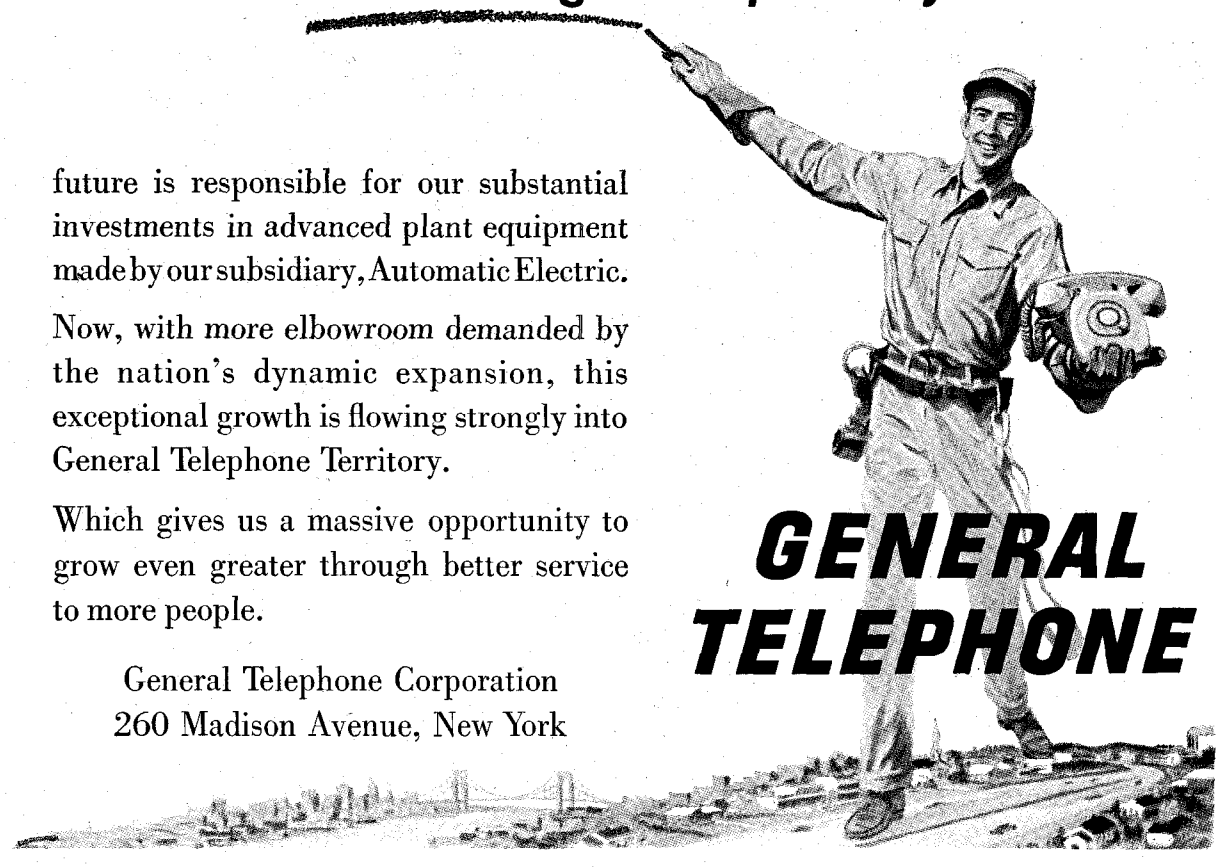

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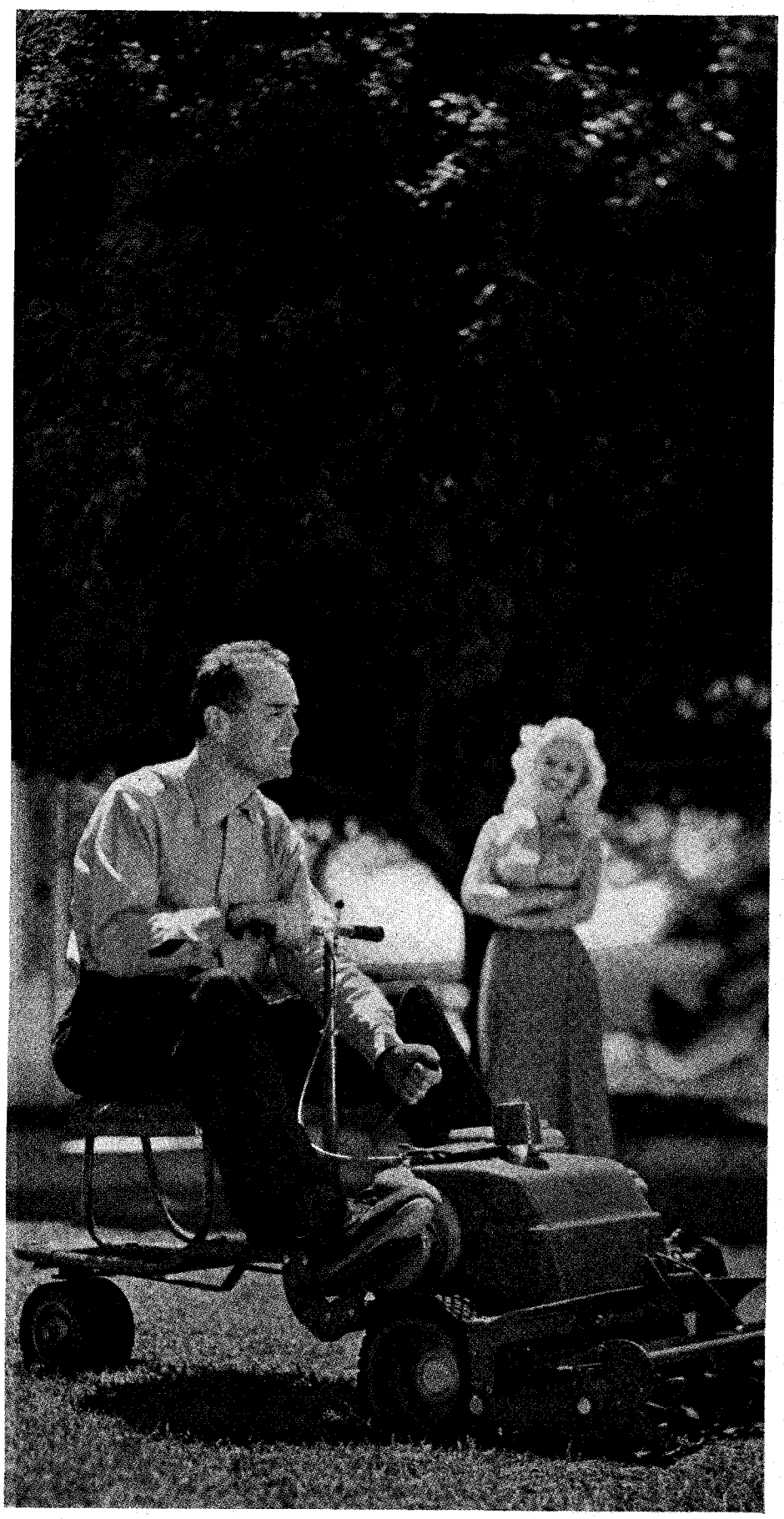

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Brightens your leisure
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(*Continued from Page 84*) still buy the bull. Right after breakfast he brought the parcels out.

"Here's some things I got for you kids," he said.

Babe and Little Joe shrieked with delight when they opened the parcels. It was like Christmas morning, except that they had never had such expensive presents at Christmastime. The chaps were too big for Little Joe, of course. He had to turn up the legs in wide cuffs and punch a new hole in the belt to make it fit his small waist, but he was used to having things big enough for him to grow into. The cowgirl outfit, on the other hand, might have been tailored especially for Babe. She looked so dazzlingly pretty in it that Joe's uneasy qualms were almost submerged in delight and admiration.

"You sure look like your mom, Baby!" he said huskily. "I wish your mom could see you!"

Neither the kids nor Uncle Pete had any idea how much the cowgirl stuff had cost. Pete did finger the chaps appraisingly, chaps being something that he knew the value of.

"Looks like you kind of let yourself go, Joe," he said reprovingly.

"So what?" Joe argued. "They'll last for years."

This was true about the chaps. It was the purchase of the cowgirl things that was the real extravagance. Joe felt, but could not hope to make Uncle Pete understand, that Babe's costume was cheap at seventy-five dollars. Because the memory of the way she looked, wearing it, would last for years too—like the memory he still had of the way her mom had looked in a certain blue dress at the Willow Creek dance. But he had to admit that he would feel a lot easier in his mind if the Baileys decided to go through with the deal for the bull.

They drove to the rodeo in the pickup, with the kids' pony and Uncle Pete's saddle horse trotting behind. They took the pony because, interspersed among the grownups' riding and roping events, there would be horse racing for kids. And the pony was fast enough to place Babe and Little Joe among the prize winners.

It turned out to be a proud day for Joe. But, back of all its triumphs, there was the ever-present, nagging thought that, if the Baileys proved resentful enough to renege on the deal, he would always feel that he had been foolish and improvident. He shouted himself hoarse when Babe came in first in the little kids' race. And when, leading the pony, she came skipping toward him, with her cheeks all flushed and her eyes shining, Mrs. Housman murmured in Joe's ear, "My, she's a lovely child, Joe!"

The Housmans owned the Circle H Ranch, and Mrs. Housman was chairman of the committee in charge of choosing the beauty queen.

"I've got an idea, Joe," she said. "Why don't we get Babe to crown the beauty queen? That would make a big hit with everyone."

"It's O.K. by me," Joe said. Truth to tell, he was so pleased and proud that he could hardly get the words out. Babe was shyly appalled when they put the idea to her. But Mrs. Housman finally talked her into it. "I'll be right there beside you on the platform, Babe," she promised.

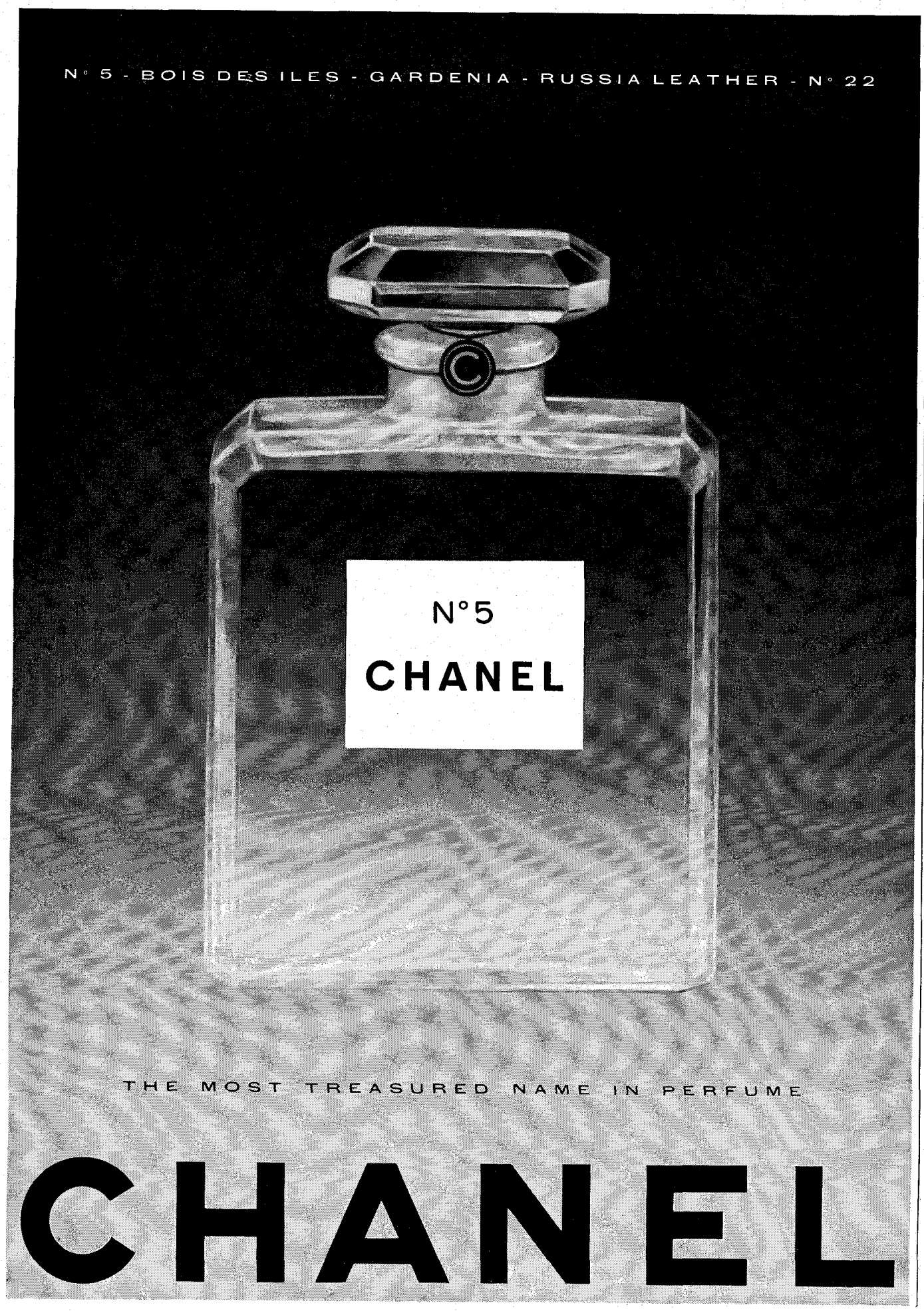
After that, all the in-between events seemed of minor importance to Joe. He applauded, of course, when Little Joe won the horse race in his age group and when Uncle Pete took first prize in the calf roping. But everything else paled almost into insignificance before the thought of Babe crowning the rodeo queen before the whole crowd, looking—to Joe, at any rate—a lot prettier than the queen herself. Just thinking about it made the nagging voice of prudence almost inaudible.

When the picnic dinner was over, while people were still seated at the long tables, grouped by families or ranch parties, Mrs. Housman appeared on the platform to announce that the time had come to choose the queen. She was immediately joined by the two other members of the committee—Mr. Walton, the Sanford banker; and Mr. Jenson, the district agriculturist.

Mrs. Housman called Gwen Corbett's name first, and Gwen stepped forth from the ladies' dressing room on the far side of the platform. She was dressed in a colorful, cowgirl costume and got a big hand from the crowd. It was apparent, as the committee members counted the raised hands, that Gwen had drawn a substantial number of votes.

Then Linda Bailey's name was called. Linda was a pretty brunette, with big brown eyes and dark, shoulder-length hair. She was wearing a wine-colored dress with a slim waist and a very full skirt. The applause for her was deafening. When the committee started counting the vote, Alf and Bill Bailey stood up in their places, grimly and ostentatiously checking the people who had their hands raised. This maneuver combined with Linda's very real charm to give the Bailey niece what seemed an overwhelming vote. Joe felt a surge of relief. He hoped that, if Linda won, the Bailey brothers would not be vindictive enough to call off the deal for the bull.

But Miss Carlson was a city girl herself and knew a thing or two about beauty contests. It turned out that she had kept



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a card up her sleeve—speaking figuratively only, seeing that there were no sleeves to her costume at all and very little else either. When her name was called, she came tripping out on the platform in high-heeled pumps and a skimpy, bathing-beauty getup. Everybody gasped—the women in shock, the men in admiration.

Then loud arguments broke out. Alf and Bill Bailey declared that the schoolteacher had taken an unfair advantage, and most of the women in the crowd heartily agreed. But Arch Morgan retorted to the Baileys that Miss Carlson's costume was the sort of thing usually worn by candidates in beauty contests. Arch said that the Baileys were simply showing their ignorance.

"That's nothin' to what the schoolmarm is showin'!" Alf Bailey shouted. "It's indecent, that's what it is!"

"Who you callin' indecent?" Arch demanded angrily.

If Bill Housman had not rushed up to separate them, the president and vice president of the Stock Growers' Association would undoubtedly have come to blows. They kept hurling bitter words at each other over the heads of Bill Housman and other would-be peacemakers while, all through the crowd, loud wrangling broke out. Families were sharply divided—the scandalized wives favoring Linda Bailey, the husbands mostly bent upon voting for Miss Carlson. It was a long time before order could be sufficiently restored to get the voting resumed.

Then the uproar broke out again. Most of the men held their hands up for Miss Carlson, though some of them did it stealthily, behind their wives' backs. Some men brazenly raised both hands. There were loud accusations about some people, now voting for the schoolteacher, who had already been observed to vote for one of the other candidates, and counterarguments that there was no regulation to forbid such plural voting.

True to his promise, and even though he disapproved of her costume, Joe raised his hand for the schoolteacher. He could feel Alf Bailey's somber eyes on him all the while and knew that his last faint hope was gone—because it was obvious that Miss Carlson was going to win.

In fact, without waiting for the results of the voting to be announced, Arch Morgan and his friends began to cheer. The Baileys shouted that their niece had been gypped. And Gwen Corbett's father loudly demanded that the whole election be declared void because of flagrant irregularities in the voting. Bill Housman climbed up on the platform and held a worried consultation with the committee.

Finally, Mrs. Housman raised her hand and voice, calling for order. In the ensuing, supercharged stillness, she announced that a fourth candidate had been nominated. She said that the committee deplored the squabbling that had arisen among friends and neighbors and urged people to vote for a compromise candidate. And when she announced the candidate's name, Joe was so surprised that for a moment he could not believe his ears.

Then he beheld Babe, appearing from the dressing room, looking shy and frightened, but pretty as a little blond fairy in her white cowgirl costume. Joe found out later that nominating Babe had been Mrs. Housman's idea, and it certainly saved the day—and probably the Stock Growers' Association as well. Most people were glad of the chance offered them to restore amity and good feeling. Babe's naïve charm could have been a factor, and no doubt her beautiful costume also helped. At any rate, practically everyone voted for her. And when Mrs. Housman announced that Babe had been chosen queen of the rodeo, everybody cheered to the echo.

After that, Joe cast aside all lingering self-reproaches. He had been crazily extravagant, but he was glad of it. Every time he saw Alf Bailey bearing down upon him he ducked away. He did not want any unpleasantness with Alf to mar a memorable day. But Alf seemed to be relentlessly and vindictively intent upon confronting him. It spoiled Joe's enjoyment of the dance because, every now and then, he had to dodge into the crowd or into the brush to avoid coming face to face with Alf Bailey.

Alf finally did catch up to him, however, just as he and the family were ready to start for home. Alf looked sour and grim—which, of course, was the way he usually looked. By that time Joe was getting sore himself.

"Now listen, Alf ——" he burst out.

"I been talkin' it over with Bill," Alf interrupted gruffly. "We'll take delivery of the bull any time, Joe."

"You—you aren't ——"

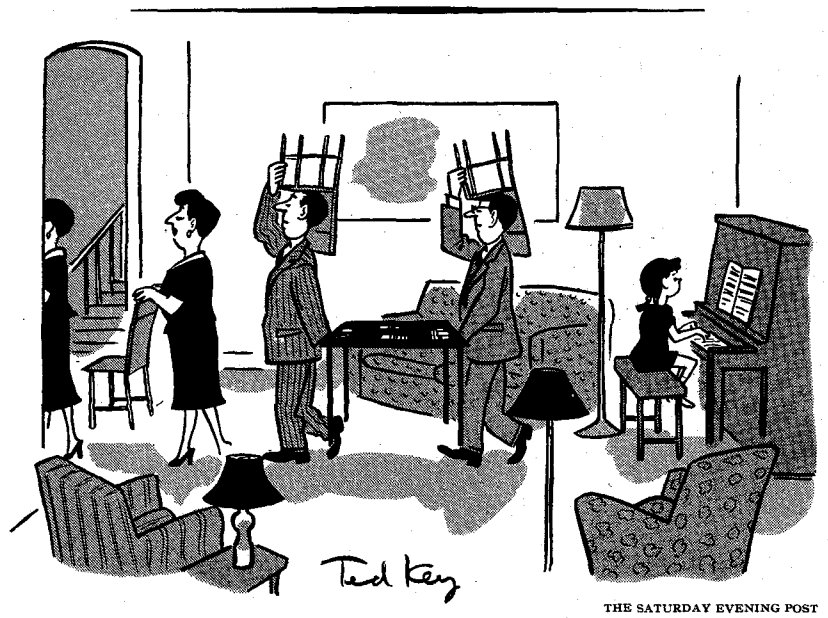
"An' I'm glad that Babe got to be rodeo queen," Alf said.

Joe had no more than recovered from his surprise when Uncle Pete almost ruined everything. "That's a lot o' bull, Alf," Pete said.

Alf bristled angrily and Joe had a moment of panic.

"All Pete meant was, it's a mighty good bull," Joe hastily explained. "A lot o' bull, see? Heh-heh!"

"Oh!" grunted Alf after a moment. "That's what me an' Bill figgered. It's a lot o' bull, all right." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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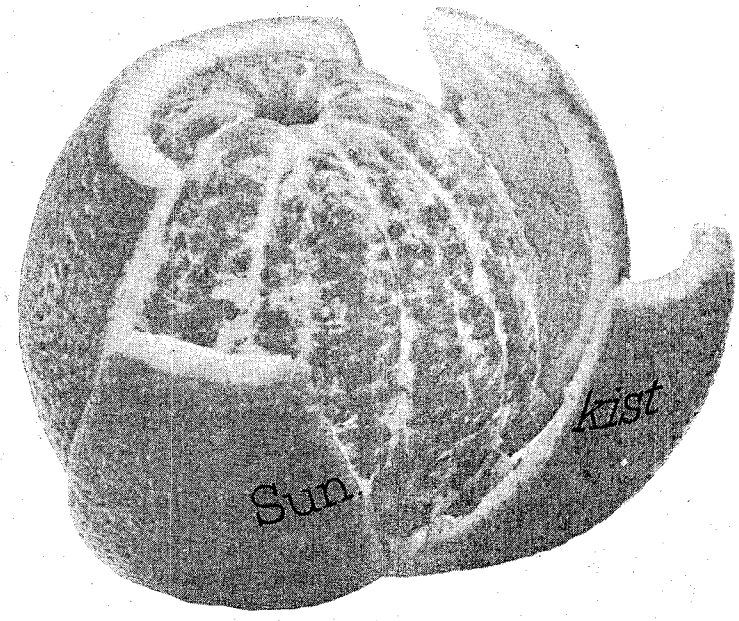

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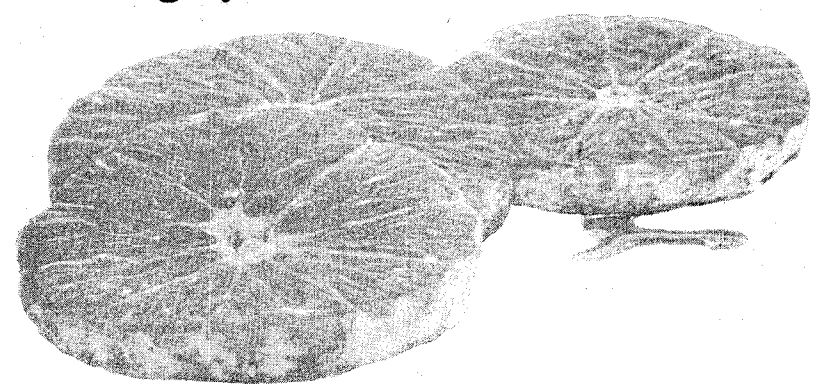

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On Alabama's Gulf Coast

In recent years, more and more people start their vacations by saying "Alabama, here I come". Many of last year's record number of welcome visitors have written to say they have recommended friends to visit us this year, and see for themselves what Alabama is really like.

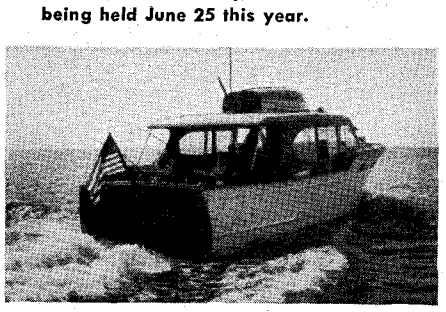
The great TVA dams and lakes stretch right across North Alabama to form a water sports wonderland and the second largest series of "fishin' holes" in the USA.

Alabama has its mountain scenic drives, deep canyons, vast caves with stalagmites and precious stones, semi-tropical gardens, miles of Gulf of Mexico silver sand beaches, shrines and ante-bellum homes, industrial tours through the Port of Mobile and the giant steel mills of Birmingham.

An "Alabama Peach" enjoys some tree-ripened Alabama peaches

June—July is Alabama's peach season. In famous peach-growing Chilton County, on U.S. 31 just south of Birmingham, are miles and miles of peach orchards. Delicious, tree-ripened peaches can be bought on the roadside and eaten at public tables found all along Alabama's 24,000 miles of modern paved highways.

The Chilton County Peach Festival is being held June 25 this year.



Deep Sea and surf fishing is good all the year round. Gulf State Park cabins, at Gulf Shores open year round. No shortage of motel, hotel and restaurant facilities.

MAIL THIS COUPON

GEOFFREY BIRT, *Director*
Alabama Bureau of Information, Dept., S J.
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Please send me free Alabama Vacation Guide.

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The Chains of Fear (Continued from Page 47)

Semenov knew about her time off. She recalled Chubuk's look of slyness when he asked her about Semenov.

"So, the son's at Sophia Dmitrievna's." Again Semenov evaded answering. "She's a wonderful person, that old lady of yours—a great heart."

"She's such a dear person," said Evlalia Grigorievna warmly.

"Yes, a great heart," Semenov repeated and sighed. "Is her life hard?"

"How do you mean, hard?"

"Is she poor?"

"Yes, very poor."

Semenov pursed up the corners of his mouth, and something unpleasant appeared in his eyes. "How can it be—very poor?" he asked almost defiantly. "With the growth in the prosperity for the workers—and you say she is very poor. We've built Socialism and we're marching toward Communism! How can there be any poor people under Socialism?" he asked in a strange hard voice. Scoffing—could he possibly be scoffing? At her? Or at what?

"I don't know." Evlalia Grigorievna was at a loss to understand his change of tone.

"Why don't you help her?" he snapped.

"I—I don't have any way to do it," replied Evlalia Grigorievna, flustered completely. Suddenly she brightened. "But now I—this money here —— After all, Sophia Dmitrievna has helped me; she takes care of Shurik, and now I ——"

"And now you will help her? Now then, isn't that fine! You're going to help." He spoke maliciously. "Tea, sugar, bread. Oil for the icon lamp. What else?" He fixed his eyes on her. "Lenten ham, isn't it?" he asked spitefully.

It was impossible to understand him. What was it in him that aroused such malevolent mockery? But it was not directed at her—not at her, she thought now, though his stare was so piercing that she was deeply shaken and could only murmur indistinctly, "I don't know. I ——"

"You don't know? Then who is to know? Who? Should you ask the party District Committee? Or go to the NKVD for information? If people like you don't know, then who's to know?"

Evlalia Grigorievna was silent.

"It's a hard life, eh?" he said. "Cold."

"Cold," she answered almost in a whisper, "and dreadful."

"Dreadful!" He laughed. "Is it?" He broke off his laugh. "We're living merrily today, and tomorrow will be merrier," he said, as if issuing some kind of command. "That's how it is. There's no 'dreadful' to it."

"No!" The denial surged out of her. "Merrily? Not at all! No!"

"Comrade Stalin has said so himself. 'Life has got better, life has got merrier,' and you ——"

"I ——" she began in confusion. "Of course, Stalin —— But ——"

"What's this 'but' again?" shouted Semenov. "What kind of 'but' can there be? Stalin said so! Period!"

She raised her eyes to him beseechingly: "People have changed so," she said. "I don't understand them. That's it, I guess. People have changed."

"Exactly!" Semenov stood up from his chair. "There are icons hanging and lamps burning at Sophia Dmitrievna's place, eh? Opium! And here you're raising a 'but.' Oh, you Little Bluebird! Your husband is in exile! Your son is still a tiny child! And you yourself haven't any strength at all! Is it possible that you can live like this, like a little bluebird? Do you read Pravda? Do you go to public lectures? Do you study the Stalin constitution? No. But you go on living; you have something. What—what do you have?" The question came almost in a shriek. He snatched his briefcase off the floor with a convulsive jerk.

Evlalia Grigorievna groped for an answer, afraid of him and his words. But at the same time she perceived in him the same anguish she had sensed before. Impulsively and without thinking about it, she laid her hand tenderly and gently on his clenched fist clasping the briefcase.

"No, no," she began, stammering incoherently. "No, it's not like that. I don't know how it is, but it's not like that! Don't be so upset, dear Pavel Petrovich."

Semenov half recoiled from her. On his face appeared a question which he could not have expressed in words. They looked at each other in silence.

And suddenly with a strange, unfathomable clarity, Semenov saw that there was an answer to his question, but that only Evlalia Grigorievna could give it to him.

"It's time for me to go," he said in a low voice. "Take care of yourself."

"Good-by," she replied after a long pause, but he was gone.

When Grigory Mikhailovich returned, Evlalia Grigorievna was still up.

"Well, what about it?" he asked eagerly. "Was he here?"

"He was," Evlalia Grigorievna replied quietly. "He took the typed manuscript and left another."

"Oh, he left another? That's good. That's very good. Did he pay you?"

"Yes, he paid."

"That's all?" Grigory Mikhailovich could not conceal his disappointment.

"What more do you want?" she asked simply.

Grigory Mikhailovich was slightly taken aback. He said, as if denying something, "Nothing. I just ——"

Three days later Evlalia Grigorievna's leave came to an end. She took the translated article and went to Chubuk's office to give him the translation.

Chubuk greeted her in a friendly, almost affectionate way. Again his eyes sparkled with a subtle, sly look, hinting that he knew something pleasant and merry which could not be spoken about, but which they both understood.

"Well, now?" he began, taking the translation from her and after a quick glance at it, put it aside. "Everything's in order. But now we have something else. I want to give you another leave, an extended one."

"What for?" Both fright and entreaty were evident in her tone.

"Now that's my affair!" Chubuk teased her jovially. "That's a production secret, as they say. I want to send you on leave of absence to the Special Section; there's work for you there. Can you keep things to yourself?"

"How do you mean, to myself?"

"Well, just that. Can you keep your mouth shut? The Special Section's serious business; it's so important that no one can yap about it. I can't give you severe enough warning about that. Why, what or wherefore—not a word to anyone. Got it? Present yourself tomorrow to Comrade Voloshinets; he already knows what to do with you. Maybe I'll send you over there for a month and maybe longer. We'll see. And while you're working over there, your salary will be higher. I don't remember how much. Four hundred, I think." (*Continued on Page 93*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Gabby Miss Emily talked to everyone incessantly. While Taxicab Driver Art was taking her to town, she jabbered until his head swiveled back and forth listening to her. Once, as he glanced back politely, the car ahead stopped. The taxi hit it. Miss Emily, thrown violently forward, was injured. She later sued Art for damages.

"The law requires a driver to operate his car in such a way that he can always stop to avoid hitting cars in front of him," she argued. "My injuries resulted from Art's failure to do so. Therefore he should pay for them."

"Granted that Art failed to stop in time, it was due solely to Miss Emily's constant chatter, which distracted him from his driving," Art's lawyer replied. "She brought this accident on herself."

If you were the judge, would you make Art pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Art had to pay. The court held that if a taxi driver is otherwise to blame for an accident, he can't escape the blame just because a passenger's conversation distracted him. *Based upon a 1957 Ohio decision.*

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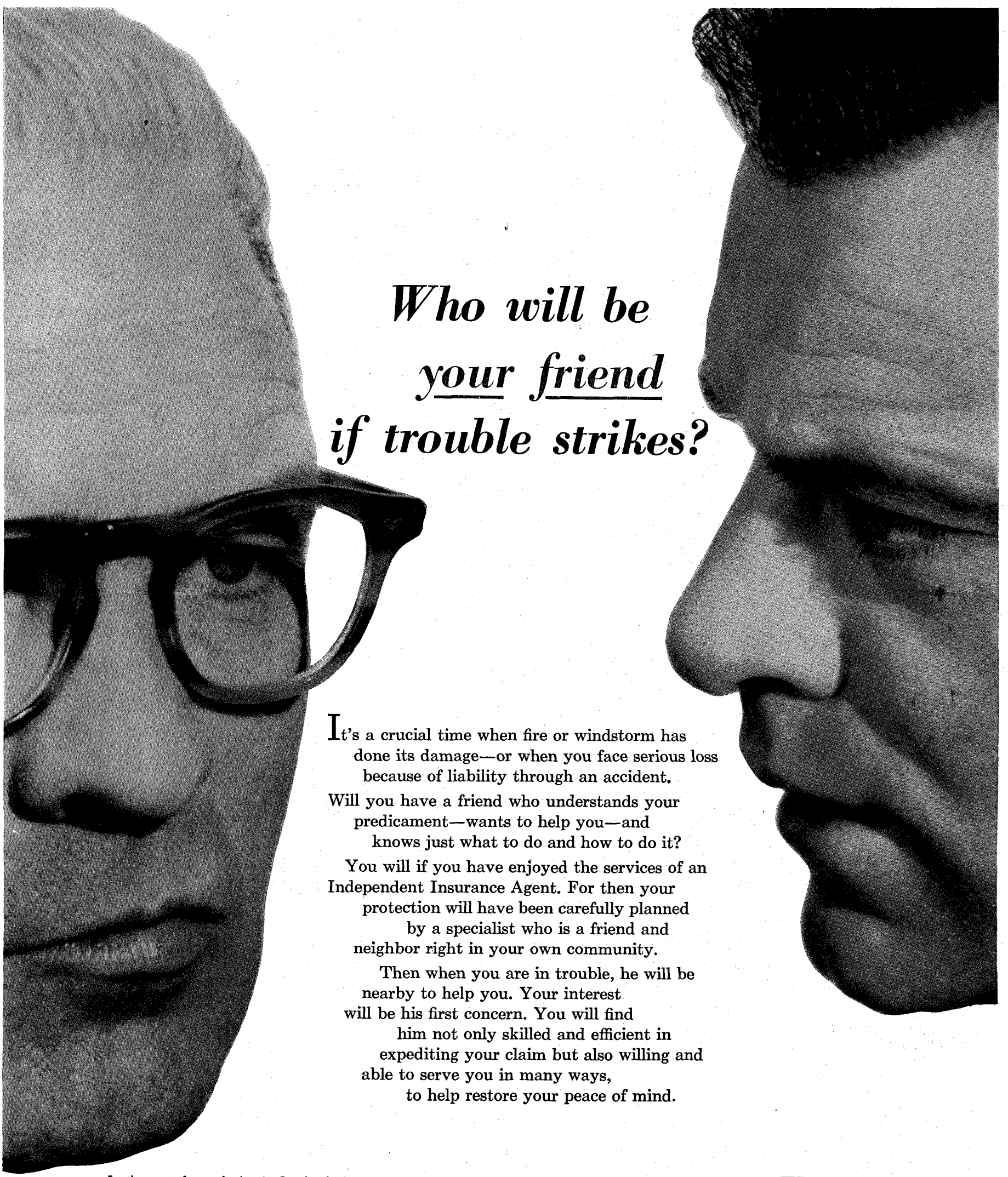

Who will be your friend if trouble strikes?

It's a crucial time when fire or windstorm has done its damage—or when you face serious loss because of liability through an accident.

Will you have a friend who understands your predicament—wants to help you—and knows just what to do and how to do it?

You will if you have enjoyed the services of an Independent Insurance Agent. For then your protection will have been carefully planned by a specialist who is a friend and neighbor right in your own community.

Then when you are in trouble, he will be nearby to help you. Your interest will be his first concern. You will find him not only skilled and efficient in expediting your claim but also willing and able to serve you in many ways, to help restore your peace of mind.

For the name of a nearby America Fore Loyalty Insurance Group agent, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

★ THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY
★ FIDELITY-PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
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TOASTMASTER

New toaster makes 3 perfect slices faster than most toasters make two!

No matter how many there are in your morning toast line, you'll be ready for them with this new toaster. It makes 3 slices at once—hot, crisp, ready to eat. Handles muffins and frozen waffles, too.

The heart of this toaster is the accurate Superflex Timer—automatically adjusts itself for each slice, toasts it just as you ordered. Even corrects for changes in your electrical current!

The Toast Control Dial lets you choose exactly the golden-brownness you want. The hinged crumb tray makes cleaning easy, and the heavy chrome finish will sparkle brightly for years.

Wonderful toast—and lots of it—will come from your new Toastmaster 3-Slice Automatic Toaster. Ask anyone who has one. Then give one to your family soon. Only $28.95.

It's another family friend from Toastmaster, a division of McGraw-Edison Company. Thirty divisions and subsidiaries, searching constantly, in the tradition of Thomas A. Edison, for better ways to serve you and your family.

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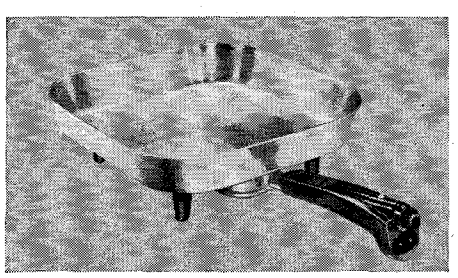
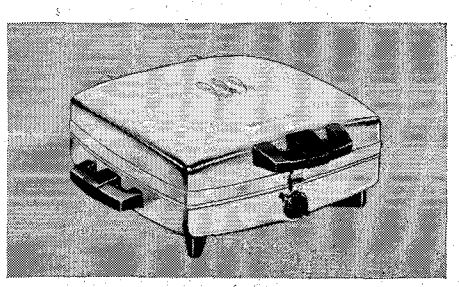


DIAL THE HEAT—SAVE THE FLAVOR!
Toastmaster Automatic Fry Pan—11″ size, $19.95; 12″ size, $24.95.



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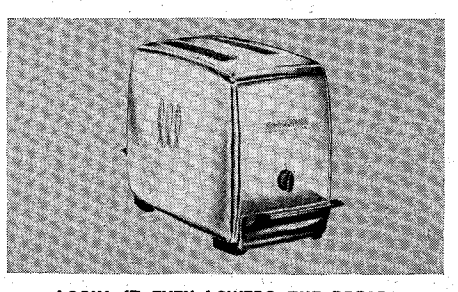
Toastmaster Automatic Grill & Waffle Baker, interchangeable grids, $34.95.



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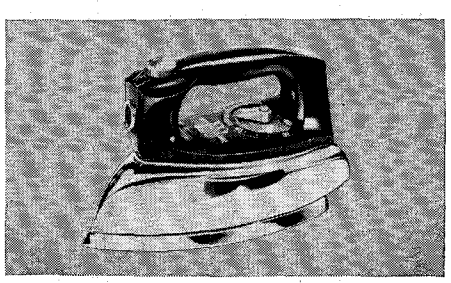
Toastmaster Powermatic Toaster, with exclusive Power Action, $28.95.



IRONS FAST—FREES YOU SOONER!
Toastmaster Automatic Steam & Dry Iron, two irons in one, $16.95.

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(*Continued from Page 90*) "And could I"—gasping, Evlalia Grigorievna dared say it—"could I ask not to be transferred over there?"

"Not go?" smiled Chubuk. "Nonsense! There's nothing for you to be afraid of over there. You'll see for yourself."

"But why me? Does it have to be me?"

"Certainly, certainly." He began to laugh. "You're just the one! Over there they need someone who knows French, so why shouldn't it be you? Don't worry, you'll find it easy enough," he added with a wink. Then, lowering his voice, he asked, "And how is Semenov? Is he well?"

"Is he well?" repeated Evlalia Grigorievna in a frightened voice. "Is he well?" Suddenly, from her apprehension and confusion, tears welled into her eyes.

Interpreting her embarrassment in his own way, Chubuk hastened to reassure her. "I understand—I understand," he said. "Don't worry now, citizeness; I understand everything. I'm a sympathetic, broad-minded person, you know. There's no reason to be afraid or ashamed in front of me. Well, when you see Semenov, remember me to him and tell him everything's in order. That's all."

Evlalia Grigorievna left Chubuk's office, not knowing what to think or what to do. Everything new always terrified her, and especially new people, because they always seemed so ill-disposed and full of hostility, but the Special Section was particularly terrifying. She knew little of what went on there—only that they made up life histories of each of the office workers and filed character notations on them. She knew that no one ever went into the Special Section without first having been summoned and that the person summoned would blanch and tremble. Evlalia Grigorievna had never visited this section, which was located a floor below. Once she had walked by it and had looked with fright at the door which led into it. There was even something special about the door. It was lined with thick felt and sealed with oilcloth at the top. She once asked why, and was told, "Soundproofing." Apparently the Special Section was a place that took pains never to let a person in nor even a sound out.

Early the next morning, her heart beating in apprehension, she went timidly into the Special Section to learn what work would be assigned her. But a strange and completely unexpected thing happened: the director, a little bald man named Voloshinets, told her that there was no work for her at the present time and that she could go home. He would summon her when necessary. Unlike Chubuk, he seemed completely disinterested in her. "Stay at home and wait. Perhaps a week, perhaps a month," he said vaguely. He then explained to her that she would draw a salary of four hundred rubles even though she would not be working. "A loafing period, so to speak, due to an error on the part of the administration."

"But I don't understand. How can that be?" asked Evlalia Grigorievna, thoroughly upset.

"You don't need to understand how," answered Voloshinets in a dry, businesslike way. "But get this: not a word to anyone." He looked up. "Do you hear? Not even to papa or mamma! Why you're staying at home, why you're not working—nothing. And in your office not a word to the secretaries either. If those magpies start questioning you, then you just send them to me for information. Understand?"

"I understand," replied Evlalia Grigorievna in a half whisper.

"That's all. You can go. Come back for your wages at the end of the month."

As Evlalia Grigorievna left the room, her head was spinning. She could not grasp any part of this new development, but she sensed instinctively that something foreboding was hidden beneath the surface, although outwardly there was nothing foreboding about it—simply, her salary had been raised and she would be on her own. Semenov must have arranged it. How he had done it or why, she did not know, but she was sure that he was behind it. Although she should have been grateful to him, she felt no gratitude, but only embarrassment and increasing fear.

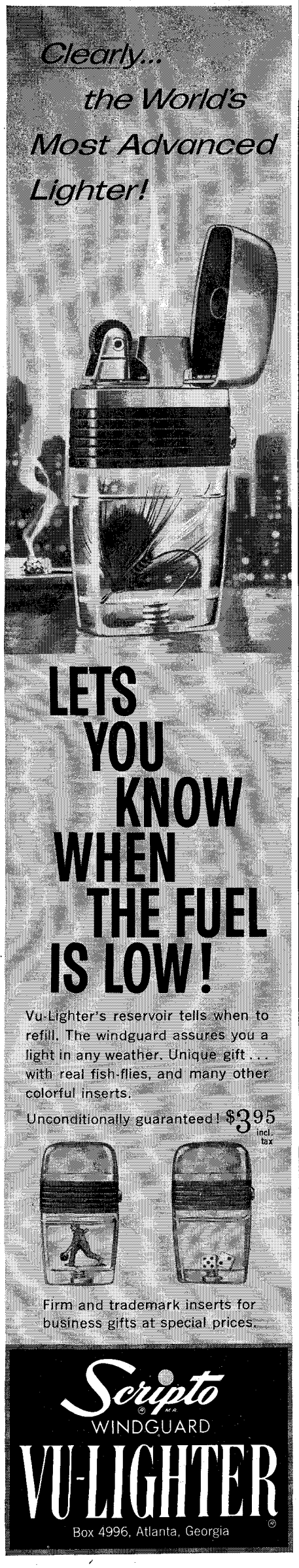
At home, she would naturally have to invent an explanation. She tried to concoct one, but finding it impossible, simply told the truth, leaving out the details: she had been transferred to another section, but there was no work for her there at present.

Sophia Dmitrievna did not conceal her joy. "Why, that is wonderful, Little Bluebird! You should take a good rest and forget your troubles for a while!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now can I join the circus?"

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •



Grigory Mikhailovich was not interested in the details, but approved in a melodious voice, "Excellent! Now you can type as much as you want for your Semenov! If he has a lot of work for you, then you can knock out a thousand rubles or more. Excellent! Excellent!"

Semenov did not come, but sent a messenger with several manuscripts and a short note: "Try to type these up in about three weeks. I will see you soon."

For a while, life went along peacefully. Evlalia Grigorievna might even have felt happy, but her sense of something foreboding grew and continued to plague her. Somewhere a game was being played, with her as a pawn, a helpless figure moved from square to square through no will of its own.

Grigory Mikhailovich also plagued her. Now that his daughter had money, he immediately thought of a hundred things he needed. She had given him a hundred rubles from her first earnings, but hardly a week elapsed before he said carelessly, "Let me have fifty rubles." And as if she were guilty of something, he added in an accusing tone, "I don't even have a cent for tobacco!"

With his various amours he very much enjoyed acting the role of a lavish lord of olden times. Whenever he called on them of an evening, he brought a bottle of Soviet champagne, or tea cookies, or candy. Each visit cost him twenty to thirty rubles.

And meanwhile Evlalia Grigorievna counted over her money, appalled at the thought that there was so little left for Shurik. Sophia Dmitrievna had taught her to make a tasty porridge from rice with whipped sour cream, eggs and sugar. Shurik ate this porridge with glee, and Evlalia Grigorievna was overcome with happiness when she watched him devour it. But the porridge was expensive. Evlalia Grigorievna thought with distress, *Papa is eating up Shurik's porridge*, and she did not know what to do.

But the following week, on the eighteenth of September, everything changed abruptly. During the night the doorbell vibrated with a sharp, commanding ring, and the heavy tread of boots clumped purposefully and ominously along the corridor.

In his bed, Grigory Mikhailovich woke and sat up in terror. Evlalia Grigorievna jumped up hastily, her legs snarled in the folds of her nightdress, and threw on a robe. At that moment a heavy knocking sounded on the door, the latch rattled, and they burst into the room—five of them, three in NKVD uniforms and two in civilian clothes.

One of them, apparently the elder, said in a quiet, even voice, "Where's your switch here? Turn on the light!"

Her hands trembling, Evlalia Grigorievna lighted her bedside lamp. One of the civilians swept his eyes around the room and, finding a wall switch, turned on the overhead light. The elder man noticed Grigory Mikhailovich. He was still sitting on his bed, twisting his blanket in his hand and foolishly looking from the newcomers to Evlalia Grigorievna and back. The elder man went up to him.

"Volodeev, Grigory Mikhailovich?"

Grigory Mikhailovich did not answer. He stared in fear and incomprehension.

"Get dressed!" The older man held out a sheet of paper.

Grigory Mikhailovich glanced at it blankly and saw two words written out by hand: "search" and "arrest." He was barely able to find voice enough to stammer, "But—but ——"

"Get dressed," the man repeated quietly in a dry, official tone.

The others had already begun the search. They opened the table drawers, the dresser, and dragged the laundry basket out from under a bed. One of the men went to Shurik's cot and looked down.

"A child—asleep!" Evlalia Grigorievna said quickly.

"The child doesn't interest us," he answered languidly and—it strangely seemed to her—almost sadly.

Grigory Mikhailovich, having managed to put on his clothes, stood motionless near the bed. He stared from one man to another. They were unhurriedly inspecting each article and scanning each paper they came across. At the back of the table drawer lay a small wooden box closed with a simple lock. The elder man took a letter opener from the table, shoved it under the lid and pressed down. The tiny nails flew out and the box opened.

"Is this yours?" the elder man asked Grigory Mikhailovich dryly. A series of pornographic picture post cards lay in the box. The elder man looked through them coldly, without expression. He put them back and turned around.

"Is this your wife?" he asked Grigory Mikhailovich, indicating Evlalia Grigorievna.

"My daughter."

"Ah, your daughter."

Finally, at four in the morning, the older man sat down sideways at the corner of the table, took out a pad with numbered blanks, inserted a carbon between the pages, and began writing something on the blank with a blunt pencil. He could easily have sat straight at the table, as one normally does when writing, but he chose to sit sideways at the corner, as though he felt himself outside normal conditions and consequently was obliged not to sit or write normally.

He wrote the necessary information on the blank and said very quietly over his shoulder to Grigory Mikhailovich, "Get ready. We're leaving now. You can take a blanket, a pillow and a towel, and a bar of soap. Yes, and a toothbrush too. Do you smoke? You can take tobacco."

"And money. Is money all right?" Evlalia Grigorievna managed to think of this in spite of herself.

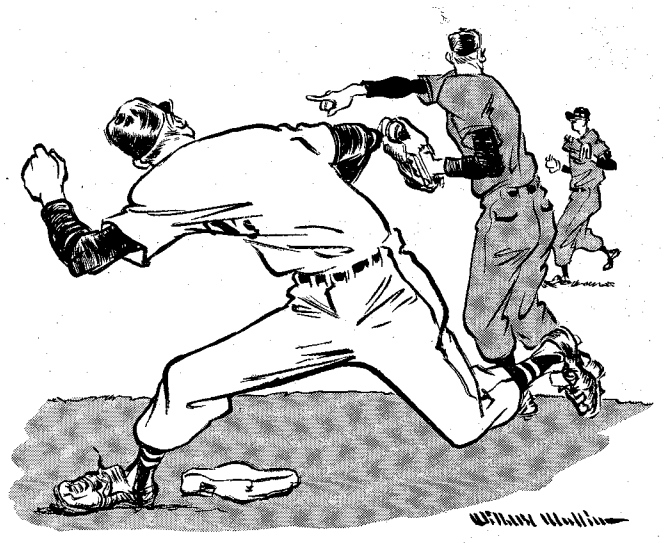
The elder man made a wry face. "Well, take twenty or thirty rubles. And pick up a spoon," he said. "And a mug."

"And food? Bread?" With effort Evlalia Grigorievna drew herself together and half-consciously went to seek the necessary articles. Shurik, now awake, followed, clinging to her.

"Give him a little. But don't worry; they'll feed him over there."

He stood up, pulled at his greatcoat, straightening it under his belt, and went on matter-of-factly, as if he were speaking of something normal and usual, "You can go to Number Five Rosa Luxembourg Street for information from twelve until four o'clock. But I don't advise you to go before a week. Whatever happens, they won't tell you anything before. Well, let's go."

Grigory Mikhailovich put on his overcoat and hat. He wore a dull, vacant expression on his face. He took a last look around, then went to the door. They all went out, clumping their boots deliberately again as they went along the corridor. Everyone in the building could hear how the doors slammed behind them in the vestibule, and how, two or three minutes later, (*Continued on Page 96*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A hot argument usually ensues when a runner fails to tag a base. Here, in synthetic major-league setting, is a play which is truly booby-trapped with trouble.

Say Kansas City trails Boston, 2–1, as the A's bat in the last of the ninth. With two out and the bases empty, the A's batter drills a screaming liner into right center.

It looks like a three-bagger. The runner rounds second without quite touching the base, however. The Red Sox centerfielder meanwhile retrieves the ball and looses a wild heave toward third. The throw ends up in the visitors' dugout, with the ball dead.

On an overthrow like this, the runner is entitled to two extra bases. (Section 7.05g) But as he neglected to touch second—a point which the Red Sox apparently failed to notice—should he be put on third or home base?

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

(See Page 96 for answer)

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LIFE'S A LOT EASIER FOR MOM WITH SOUND CONDITIONING BY SIMPSON!

Of course you don't want to ask your young cowboy to lay down his shootin' iron. And you don't have to—if you follow the lead of Designer Robert Pedigo (left) who wisely sound conditioned this attractive playroom with a ceiling of Simpson Forestone*. You see, Forestone not only adds a textured warmth and beauty to the ceiling; it also absorbs up to 70% of the sound that hits it. Forestone is just one of the many products Simpson makes—all of them aimed at a single goal: better family living.

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The Finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber; Acoustical, Insulating and Hardboard Products, Paper, Plywoods and Doors.

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(*Continued from Page 94*) the automobiles started up and roared away.

Hardly had they departed when all the neighbors came running out of their rooms. Not one of them had slept, and all had sat in their rooms, fully dressed, their hearts squeezed in panic. With the noise of the departing automobiles, the terrible enchantment was broken. Instantly everyone rushed into the corridor, babbling nervously, questioning one another without waiting for answers, and crazily gesticulating with their hands. At the same time everyone felt relieved and joyful to the point of giddiness. It was over!

Of one accord, they all dashed to Evlalia Grigorievna's room. They neither knocked nor requested permission to enter, but simply poured into the room. They felt freedom to enter as there is freedom to enter a room where a dead man lies in a coffin; the coffin permits even strangers to come in. They held their breath, creased their foreheads involuntarily, and tried to tread as quietly as possible. Suddenly, all of them felt that Evlalia Grigorievna had become close and dear, and that they absolutely must help her, even if there was no way to do it.

Terpugov, chief of the Investigative Section, sat in front of Lyubkin's table trying his best to maintain his composure. He realized that an abyss yawned before him, but he was not yet sure whether he would presently plunge into it or would manage to remain on the edge.

Lyubkin spoke calmly, never raising his voice. No one would have guessed that he, too, was fighting to control himself. During the past two weeks he had arrested four agents, and only yesterday the chief of the Administrative Section for sabotage. Today he had summoned Terpugov to report with all statistical data, although it was clear, during the conversation, that Lyubkin knew this data by heart.

"Globyshev has twenty-five investigative cases on his hands and only four have confessed! Mordovstev has seventeen cases and two have confessed! Fischman has five out of eighteen! And you think that's good enough? Well, it's not! And get this: I'm not going to lay the blame on your investigators. A fish's head always rots before the body, Terpugov, so I'll start at the head! What's the matter with your boys? Why does Smirnov have twenty-four confessions out of twenty-eight cases, and Globyshev only four out of twenty-five? How do you explain that?"

"It's a chance distribution of cases." Terpugov spread his hands.

Lyubkin shot him a look of contempt. "A chance distribution of cases! Objective circumstances! Is that the best you can think up?" He slapped his palm on the table. "Stop your sniveling! Have you talked with Smirnov?"

"What about?" The phrase caught in Terpugov's throat.

"What about?" Lyubkin shouted. "Why are his cases confessing? How does he happen to file his accusations correctly and on time? What are his methods? Is he laying it on, or what?"

"He is," replied Terpugov curtly.

"So, what are the others doing—moping? Are they waiting for me to get after them? I'll get after them, all right, and you'll be first!"

Terpugov sat up. Relief flashed into his mind. *He's only threatening. I'm not ruined yet.* "You're angry, Comrade Lyubkin." His tone implied that he was addressing a friend and was not at all apprehensive. "Judge for yourself. Would any man of mine be his own enemy? After all, he knows what will happen to him if he can't cope with a prisoner. My boys are doing their best, but they can't break granite with an awl."

"Well, if an awl won't do, take a chisel! If a chisel's not enough, find a sledge hammer. Get dynamite. Blow all hell loose, but get the job done! Don't you start a bottleneck on me! There's no room left in the cells now! Where am I going to put newcomers? If your boys are doing their best, then I can see that you're not able to inspire them as you should." He gave Terpugov a long, angry stare. "I'll give you exactly two weeks. Come back and report. And then you'll pass sentence on yourself, whether you'll stay or go. I mean what I say, you know that!"

Terpugov rose, smoothed the creases in his uniform, straightened his belt and held himself erect. "I'll get the job done, comrade director," he said with military crispness.

"We'll see," Lyubkin murmured skeptically.

Terpugov turned and left the office. Lyubkin sat for several minutes leaning back in his armchair, and then began reading the case lying before him. He had finished two pages when he suddenly realized that he was reading only with his eyes. The text left no imprint on his mind. The case facing him was a complicated one concerning a local organization of Trotskyites artificially organized on orders from Moscow. People arrested in connection with the case numbered in the hundreds, but the confused investigators were unable to co-ordinate their facts, and even traced these facts to different sources, so that contradictions arose and one fact denied another. Lyubkin knew that the investigation had gone awry and that he must formulate a comprehensive directive, but he could not solve the problem.

The investigators, driven to desperation, behaved with more and more sincere brutality toward the prisoners, in whom they genuinely saw enemies whose obduracy and stupidity could kill every agent in the department. Long since demoralized by their task, they were no longer able to prompt their victims to reveal the necessary evidence, but stubbornly insisted on one thing only: "Confess!" In a chaotic web of lies, in a congestion of deceit, they tried to find a center from which to spin at least an illusion of the truth. The accused prisoners, driven to desperation by fear and physical torture, tried to think up crimes, but their tales formed only a snarl of threads impossible to untangle.

Reality disappeared, giving way to a world of lies. The secret workers fabricated their denunciations; the investigators lied as they formulated the indictments; the witnesses lied, swearing to things that had never existed and could never exist; the accused lied, confessing to crimes which they had never committed. Real people were replaced by oscillating, elusive, shadowy phantoms. Men ceased to live in the minds of others and in their own as human beings, and became, instead, formless, wordless specters. And behind these specters stood a mysterious, senseless power which reigned not by expressing its will, but by simply existing.

As Lyubkin sat in his armchair trying to grasp the meaning of the Trotskyites' case, he thought, *Perhaps I ought to get good and drunk*. But to "get good and drunk" usually required two days, and he would need a third day to recover. He took up one of the telephones and dialed a number.

"Hello?" Elena Dmitrievna answered with studied charm.

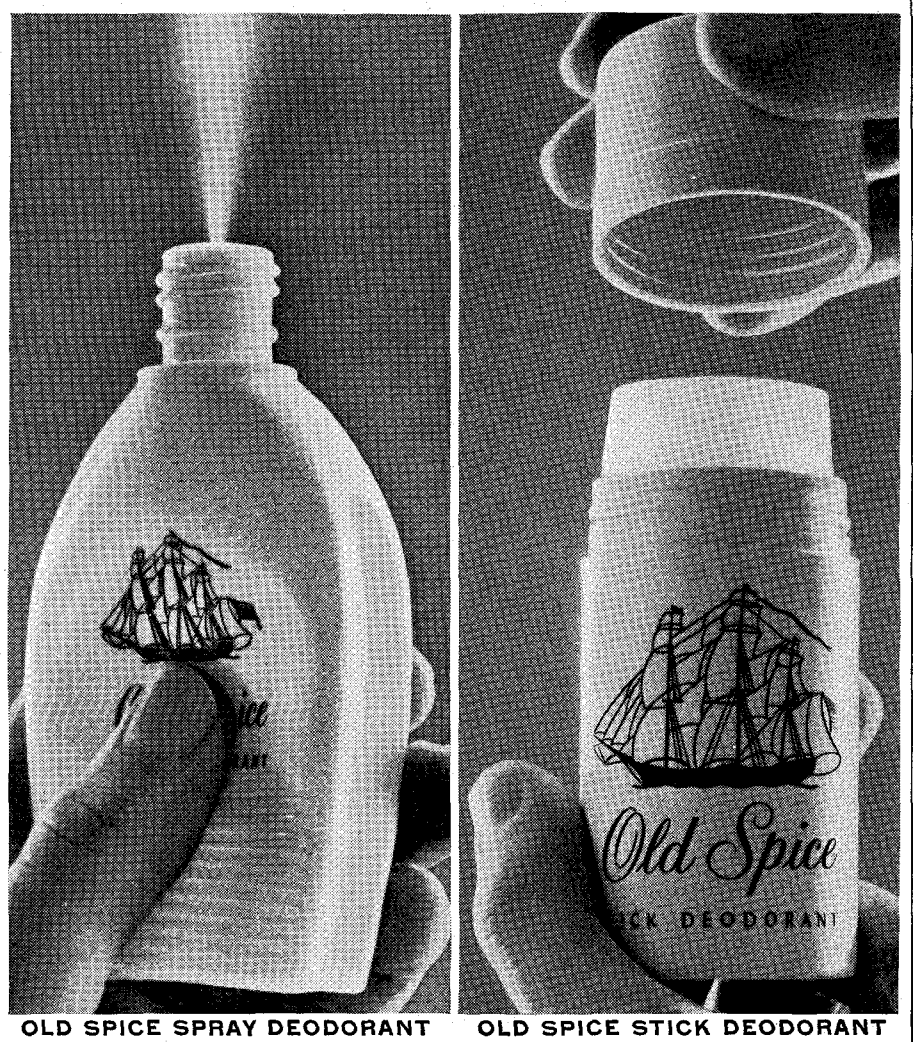
Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 94

Send him home.

To place him on third would tip off the defensive club that something is amiss and could lead to an appeal at second base. Sending him home does not eliminate the right to appeal, but does protect his team in case the missed base is overlooked.



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"I'm coming over," he ordered in a tone of official command. "I'm coming right away for an hour or so."

He put down the receiver and was about to put on his coat, but Suprunov entered. Lyubkin could see immediately in his face, in his whole bearing, and even in his gait that he had come to relate something important and unpleasant.

"You're going out?" Suprunov asked.

Lyubkin caught censure in his voice. "I am," he said curtly.

"Wait. A case has come up. An urgent one."

"Will it take long?"

"That remains to be seen."

"All right. Sit down. I'll be right with you."

Again he took the telephone receiver and again rang Elena Dmitrievna. "Listen," he snapped. "Go to bed. I'm not coming." And without waiting for a word of reply, he hung up.

"What's the story?" he asked Suprunov.

By way of answer, Suprunov took a sheet of paper from his briefcase and handed it across the desk. "Read it."

Lyubkin began reading. Suprunov smoked, looking fixedly at Lyubkin. He saw how the other's face grew darker and darker red, how he frowned, and how the veins stood out on his forehead.

Lyubkin read the paper all the way through, reread several parts, then laid it on the desk and raised his eyes.

"It's a serious business," Suprunov said quietly.

Lyubkin seized the paper firmly with clenched fingers, as though he wanted to crumple it up. It was a handwritten deposition from the president of the local town soviet, Variskin, arrested two months ago.

In the '20's Variskin had been a turner in the Hammer and Sickle Factory. He had joined the party at the time of the Lenin recruitment and had proved himself a most obedient executor of the commissions given to him by the district party committee. Usually he was charged with the most unpleasant assignments, which others undertook reluctantly, but he executed them all with such conscientiousness and even devotion that he was singled out and, as a reward, was admitted to membership in the town soviet. He was of little use to this body, but he bustled about so zealously, got so fervently excited, talked so garrulously and, most important, proved so obedient to the often contradictory demands of party policy that in 1925 he was made president of the town soviet.

Variskin soon became intoxicated with his power. He and his self-importance were laughed about in the town soviet; people called him a "turkey cock," but, quite rightly, he was judged harmless.

When he was arrested as a henchman of the enemy of the people, together with the second secretary of the regional committee, who had nominated him president of the town soviet, he was unfeigningly indignant. How dared they arrest him? The first time he was summoned to interrogation, he walked quickly, decisively, and muttered threateningly. He would show them with whom they were dealing!

But the unexpected happened. Yakhontov, the agent who had prepared all the preliminaries, looked at him imposingly and asked, "All right, now, confess. Why have we arrested you?"

Variskin had no notion how to answer. The question was too utterly astonishing. "You see, comrade interrogator. To speak plainly ——"

Yakhontov pounded his fist on the table with great force. "I am not comrade to you! Stand up! Heels together!"

Variskin was so overwhelmed that he remained seated, his mouth opened in bewilderment, his eyes blinking dumfoundedly.

Yakhontov jumped up from his place, ran around the table, and with all his might hit him twice on the cheeks, left and right. "Stand up when I tell you to!"

Variskin stood up in total incomprehension, and Yakhontov, without giving him a chance to speak, hit him again on the face, first with his fist and then with a stone paperweight.

Variskin cried out hoarsely and fell to the floor. His tormentor, in a fit of anger, kicked him with booted feet as he lay, trying for the stomach and the groin with the toe of the boot. At length Yakhontov stopped breathing heavily, and sat down.

Variskin stood on trembling legs, wiping the blood from his smashed face with his arm, and fell into a chair.

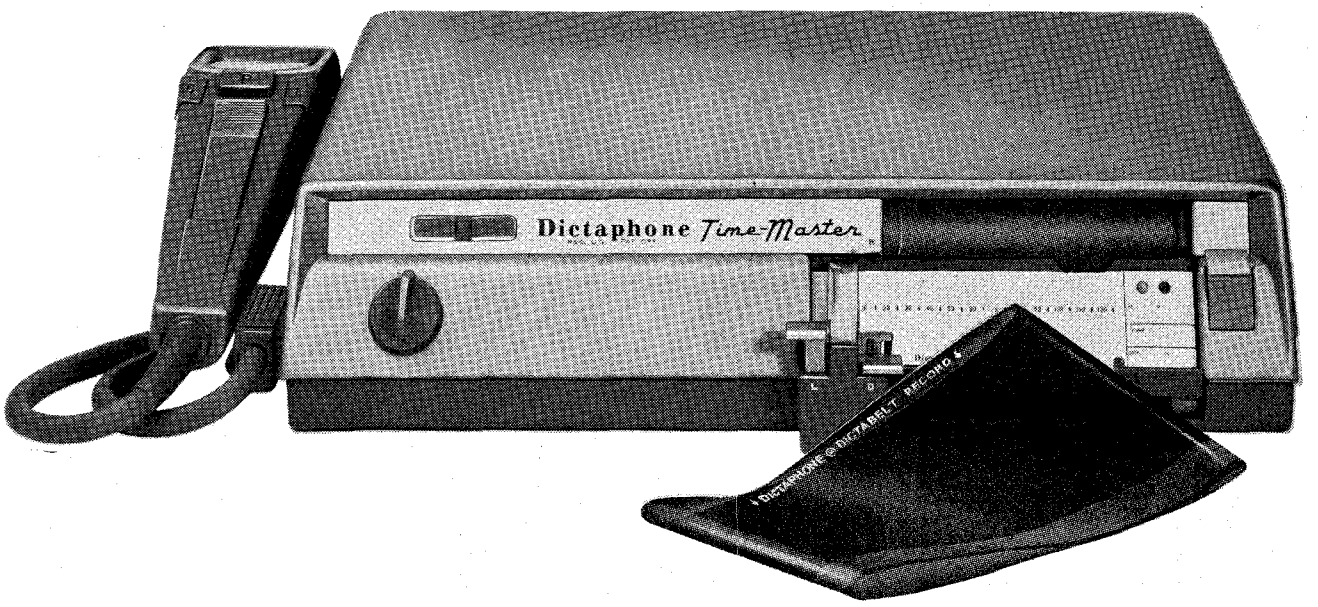
Yakhontov glared at him in rage. "We'll teach you, you snakes!" He ripped a sheet of paper off a pad and seized a pen. "Are you going to confess?"

Variskin stared back from his bloodied face. "But I —— Confess to what?"

"Confess to what!" Yakhontov raised his head. "All right, you, I'm going to hand you over to Zhorka! He'll refresh your memory!"

Variskin did not know who this Zhorka was, but when Yakhontov, in a breaking, panting voice, called Zhorka on the telephone, Variskin looked at Yakhontov with horror and entreaty, and tried to say something, but could not find the words.

Zhorka came in. He was a young fellow about twenty-five years old, thin, with a casual manner and even a certain free-and-easy coquettishness. He stopped in the doorway (*Continued on Page 100*)



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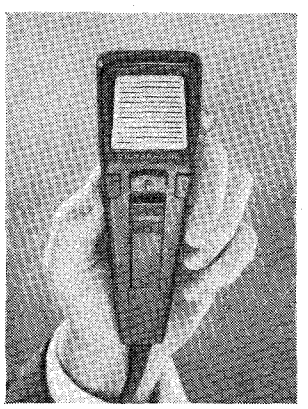

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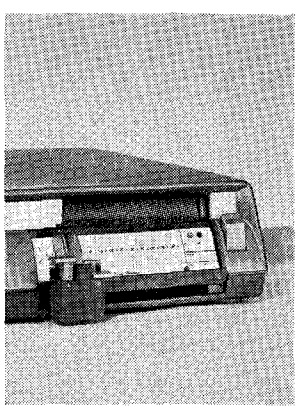

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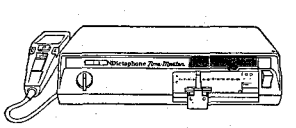
THE NEW **DICTAPHONE**  **TIME-MASTER**

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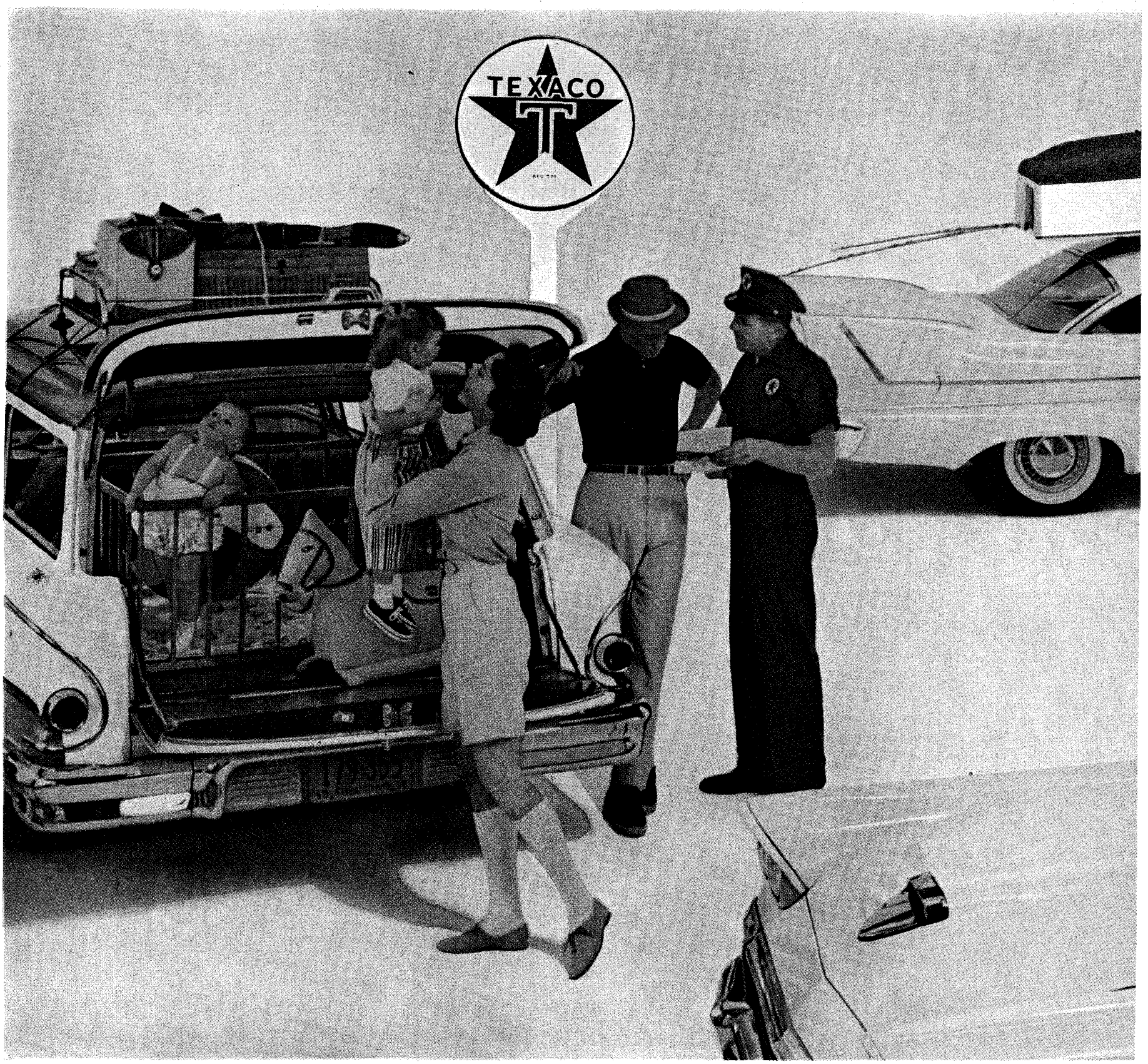

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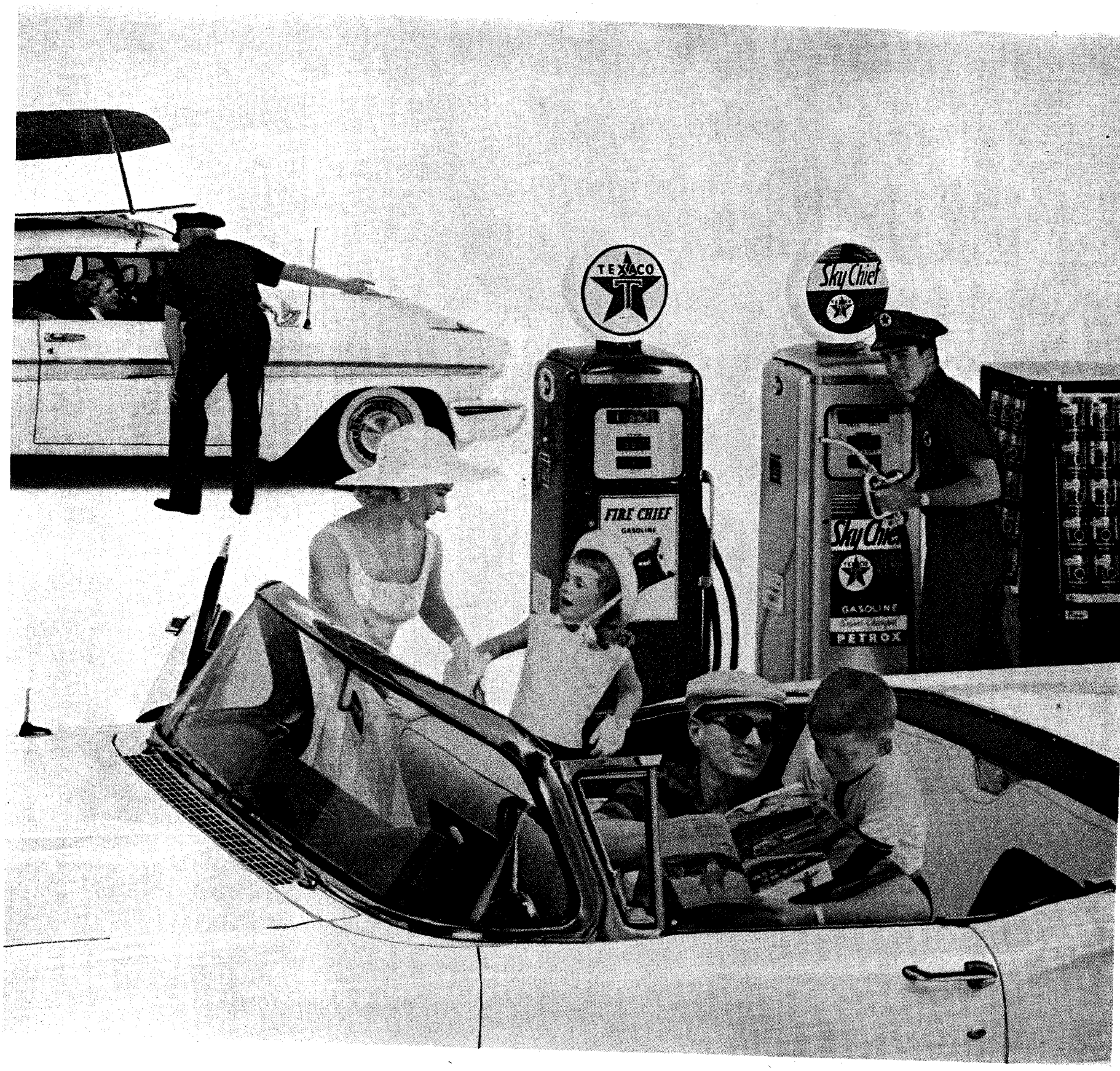

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(*Continued from Page 97*) and, displaying a grin which made his face twitch, bobbed his head at Variskin.

"You want to get acquainted? Then let's get acquainted!"

"Give him a taste of the box!" Yakhontov snapped, still out of breath.

"We can give him a little taste," Zhorka agreed soothingly, and nodded his head at Variskin. "Let's go."

Zhorka took him into a basement cell where there was no window and no furniture except an inexplicable cupboard in the corner—a cupboard about shoulder high. High under the ceiling burned a weak lamp covered with dust and cobwebs. Variskin shivered. The cell was cold and offensively dank.

"Strip!" ordered Zhorka. He smiled, and Variskin found his smile utterly terrifying.

Variskin took off his vest and, jumping on one foot, removed his trousers. When he was completely naked, Zhorka kicked him roughly from behind. "Get going!"

Variskin searched wildly. Where was he to go and what was he to do? Zhorka shoved him toward the cupboard in the corner. Variskin saw now that it was not even a cupboard, but a sort of box made of unpainted boards, roughly half a yard in breadth and a little less than that in length. In height it reached up to Variskin's neck. The box was open at the top and the stony floor of the cell served for a bottom. The rear wall was a door, which Zhorka opened.

"Get in!"

Variskin went in, more baffled and terrified than ever. Zhorka slammed the door behind him and locked it with a simple bolt. Variskin found himself in a tight enclosure. He looked over the boards surrounding him on four sides, thinking all the while to himself, *What is it? What is it?* As he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, something sharp stabbed painfully into his shoulder blade. He cried out and instinctively jerked forward, instantly pricking himself in the chest. He shrieked.

"Aha!" shouted Zhorka from outside. "Now you see what a fix you're in!"

But Variskin could not see anything. His head stuck up over the top of the box. Fearing to move his body again, he squinted downward and somehow made out that the part of the box in front of him had nails pounded into it from the outside. Pointed nails protruded from all the walls of the box from top to bottom. The slightest movement would drive a nail into his flesh. He began to tremble.

Zhorka broke into his impudent laugh again. "Have you figured it out? It's got little nails! Stand straight or you might get stuck!" He went out. The door closed. Everything grew silent.

Variskin could only move his neck and head. He stood motionless, every muscle rigid.

At first, in his agitation and fright, he had not noticed the cold. But when Zhorka had gone and ten minutes had passed, he began to shiver, more and more violently. Soon his whole body began to shake. Once his arm jumped in a sudden spasm, and he was scratched so severely from the shoulder to the elbow that he could not contain himself and cried out. His teeth began chattering and the noise rang in his ears. His trembling became convulsive.

A terrible weariness came over him. His desire to lean against something became intolerable. Duping himself, he moved back a tiny bit, carefully testing the points of the nails. For a fraction of a second, he felt an easing in the small of his back and relaxed a little. At once several nails sank into the flesh. He jerked up and froze in the one position.

He began to lose all sense of time. Had an hour gone by or five hours? He could not move, he could not get out, he could not fall. Could he die? Depression and annihilation grew in him, and pushed out all thinking. He, Variskin, ceased to be. There was only silence and his tired, trembling muscles.

Suddenly the outside bolt grated. Variskin tensed in terror. What was coming now? Zhorka came in. Without closing the door behind him, he walked into the chamber and stopped. He looked at Variskin, and Variskin looked at him. He went up to Variskin and, without saying a word, gave him a powerful back-hand blow in the mouth with his fist. Once. Twice. Variskin flinched backward, running his back up against the nails. He shrieked, but the blood in his mouth gurgled, muffling the sound. Zhorka punched him once again. Variskin tottered, moaned and spat out a tooth.

Zhorka took a half step backward and looked at him. "There you are!" he said. "Now stand some more, you swine! You've stood five hours! Stand some more!" He went out, clanking the bolt.

Variskin could not remember what happened after that. A swirling delirium clouded his consciousness. The chilling cramps threw his body up against the nails. His deadened legs gave way, an unspeakable anguish squeezed his heart in a vise, his open mouth no longer could take in any air.

Zhorka kept him in the box twelve hours. This was the first portion. Zhorka would have enjoyed it had he been ordered to administer a double portion. But rarely did he get the chance, for after the first portion the accused always confessed and signed monstrous accusations against himself and against countless others.

Variskin could not remember. Did he dress himself when Zhorka let him out of the box or did Zhorka dress him? Did he go to his solitary cell by himself or was he carried there? Barefoot—his swollen, lacerated legs would not go into his boots—he fell onto his bunk and plunged instantly into unknown depths.

On the third day, Yakhontov summoned him for interrogation. As Variskin was half led, half carried into the office, Yakhontov looked at him appraisingly. "Now will you confess? Or do I have to call Zhorka again?"

When Variskin heard the name of Zhorka he started to tremble. He tried to speak, but could not. With thickened tongue and open, quivering mouth, he looked at Yakhontov dully. At last it came out. "I'll—I'll confess!" he wheezed, his voice breaking.

"Good!" Yakhontov exclaimed. "Well, start talking! Let's have it!"

But Variskin was unable to say anything. His (*Continued on Page 102*)

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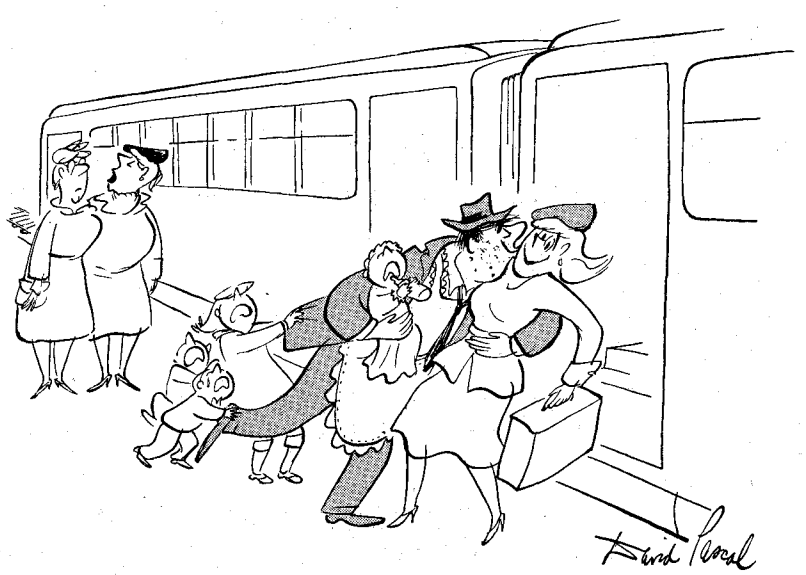

"She's been gone a week."

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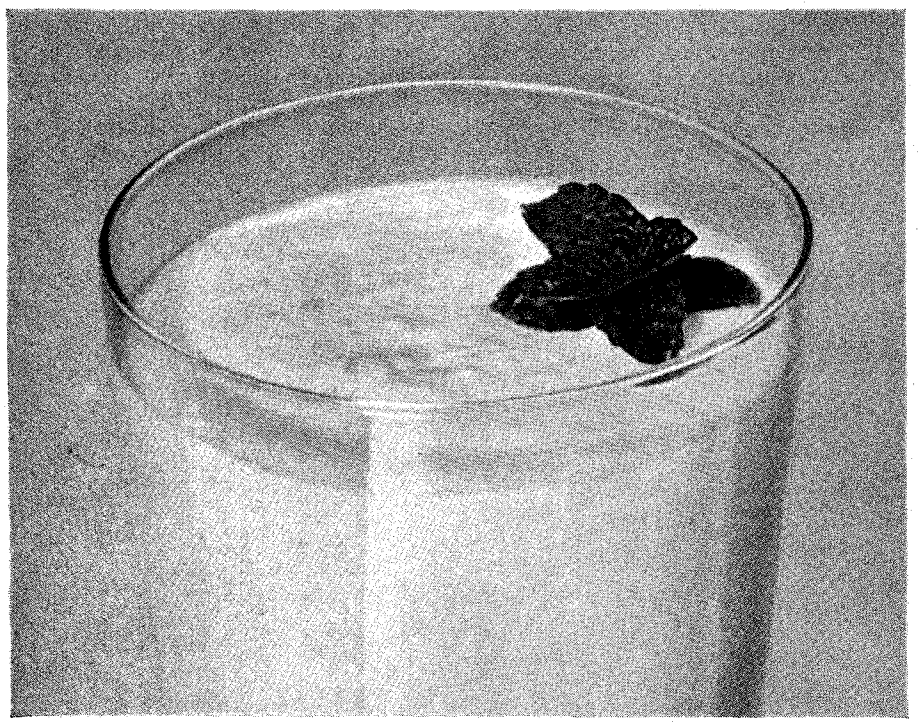
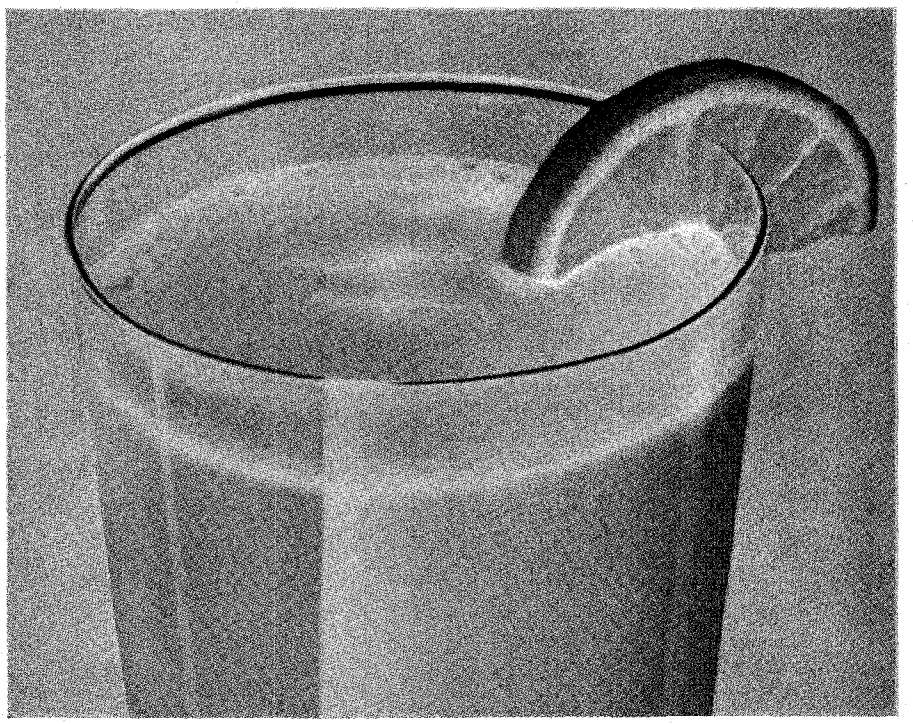
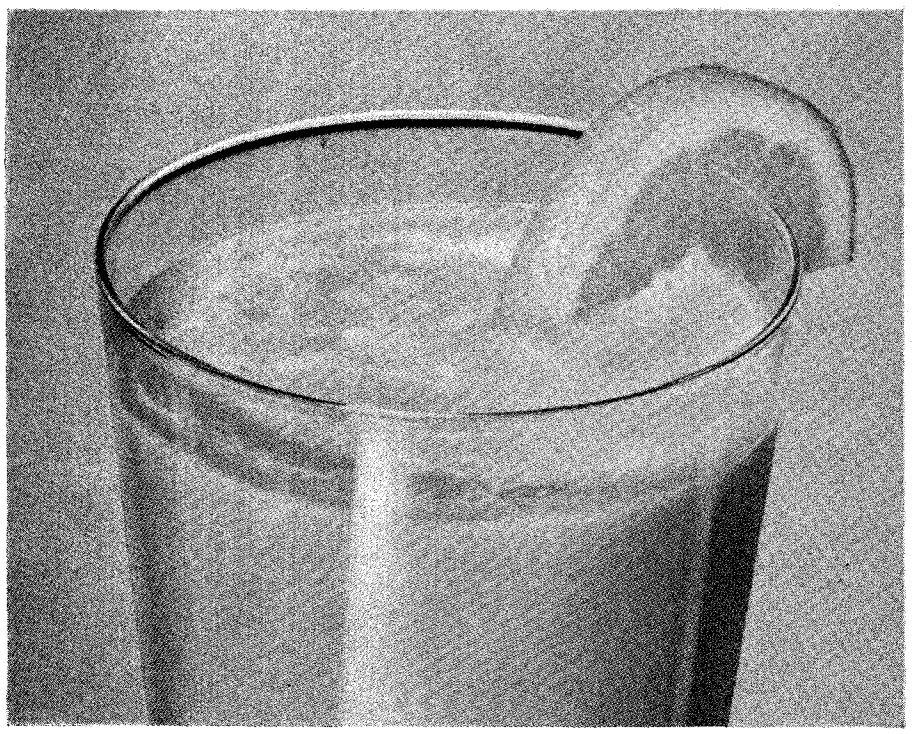


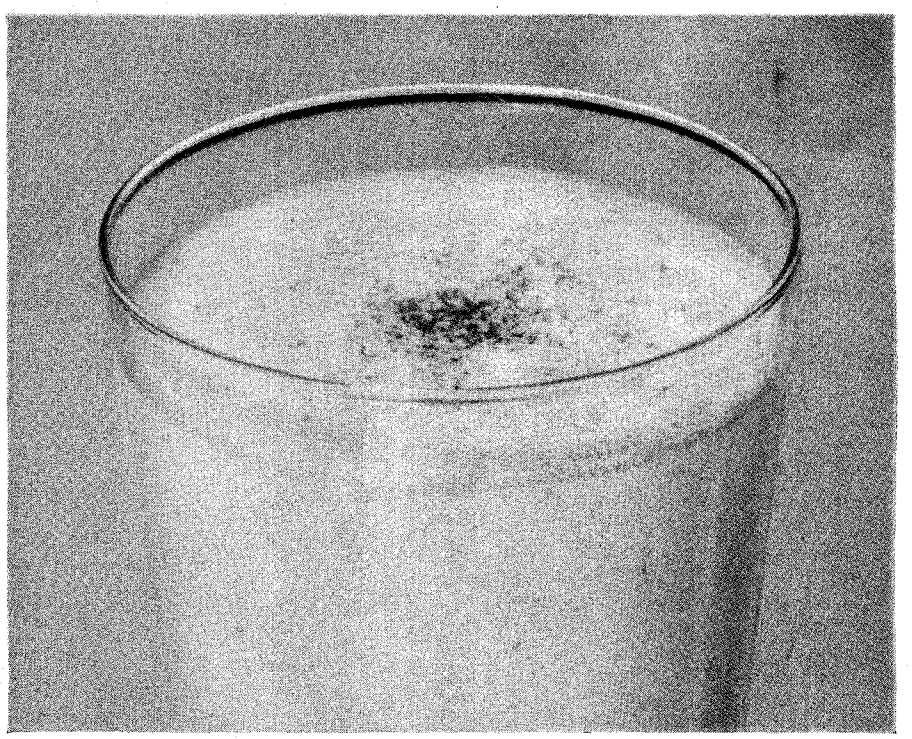
PINEAPPLE Quickie Cooler. Cooling as a South Sea breeze! It's simply tangy Foremost buttermilk mixed half-and-half with canned pineapple juice, and topped off with a perky sprig of fresh mint.



TOMATO Quickie Cooler. Wonderful waker-upper! Just fill a glass half full with Foremost buttermilk; add tomato juice and stir. (Like extra zing? Simply add a dash or two of Worcestershire sauce.)



LEMON Quickie Cooler. Ever so good—and ever so easy! Just add a small can of frozen lemonade concentrate to a quart of Foremost buttermilk; shake 'til blended. (Extra pretty with *pink* lemonade!)



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(*Continued from Page 100*) mouth opened, but made no sound. Looking at him, Yakhontov understood his impotence. *He ought to be given a breathing space or otherwise we'll get as much sense from him as milk from a buck goat*, he thought.

"If you're going to act nicely," he said, "then so can I. Go back now to your place and think everything over. Try to recollect everything, put your mind to it. Understand? I'm going to give you a breathing space—two or three days—and then I'm going to call you again and you're going to expose your entire organization—who drew you into it, whom you have drawn in. Recall everyone by name—addresses, meetings, passwords. And your purposes. And your foreign contacts."

As Variskin lay on his bunk in the solitary cell, gingerly moving his swollen legs, he longed to think up the required indictment. Futilely he racked his brain. *What should I tell that devil?* he thought dully and unavailingly. *What should I tell him?*

Yakhontov knew that he had broken Variskin, but a broken Variskin was not enough. Now he had to be made useful. Yakhontov pondered. A man like Variskin would be attracted by something which was at once simple and coarse, and yet dazzling and striking to the eyes. He waited several days to allow Variskin to recuperate before putting his plan into effect.

On the evening of the fifth day another prisoner was brought into Variskin's cell—a man about forty years old, with well-developed jaws and keen, darting eyes. He came in empty-handed and looked around. "You're in solitary, then," he said abruptly.

"Solitary!" Variskin answered him gruffly, but looking at him with curiosity.

"Well, now, I used to be in solitary." He pulled up a stool and sat down, took out a pack of cheap tobacco and started to roll a cigarette. "Are you alone all the time?"

"Alone."

"Too bad. They won't be keeping me here, you see. They brought me for interrogation. Probably the interrogator is busy, so they put me here to wait. With me it is a big case, you see. I'm from the Bulakan District. Petrukhin's the name. You haven't heard of me? I was the director of grain supply." He peered at Variskin and suddenly raised his eyebrows. "But aren't you Comrade Variskin? Of course, you are. From the town soviet."

He spoke assuredly, categorically, as if he knew all about prison procedure. He took a couple of drags from his cigarette, leaned toward Variskin and, lowering his voice, asked in a quick whisper, "Are they beating you?"

Variskin gave a start. He wanted badly to pour out his heart about everything, but he was ashamed to tell how he, Variskin, the president of the town soviet, had been beaten by Yakhontov, and how Zhorka had put him naked into a box with nails. He looked up, but remained silent.

"Don't be ashamed, Variskin." Petrukhin encouragingly shifted over to the familiar "thou." "I know they're beating you. I was beaten myself. And I've been a member of the party since 1929. But that's why I was beaten!" he finished incomprehensibly.

"I ——" Variskin stared, bewildered, but interested.

"Yes, you know what they are doing, all right, but do you know why they're arresting loyal Stalinists like you and me, and are turning the heat on them? Do you?"

"Well, why?"

Petrukhin moved over quickly and, sitting on the bunk beside Variskin, spoke softly. "Since you're a party man, I can tell you. There's something big starting, my friend. There's a selection going on."

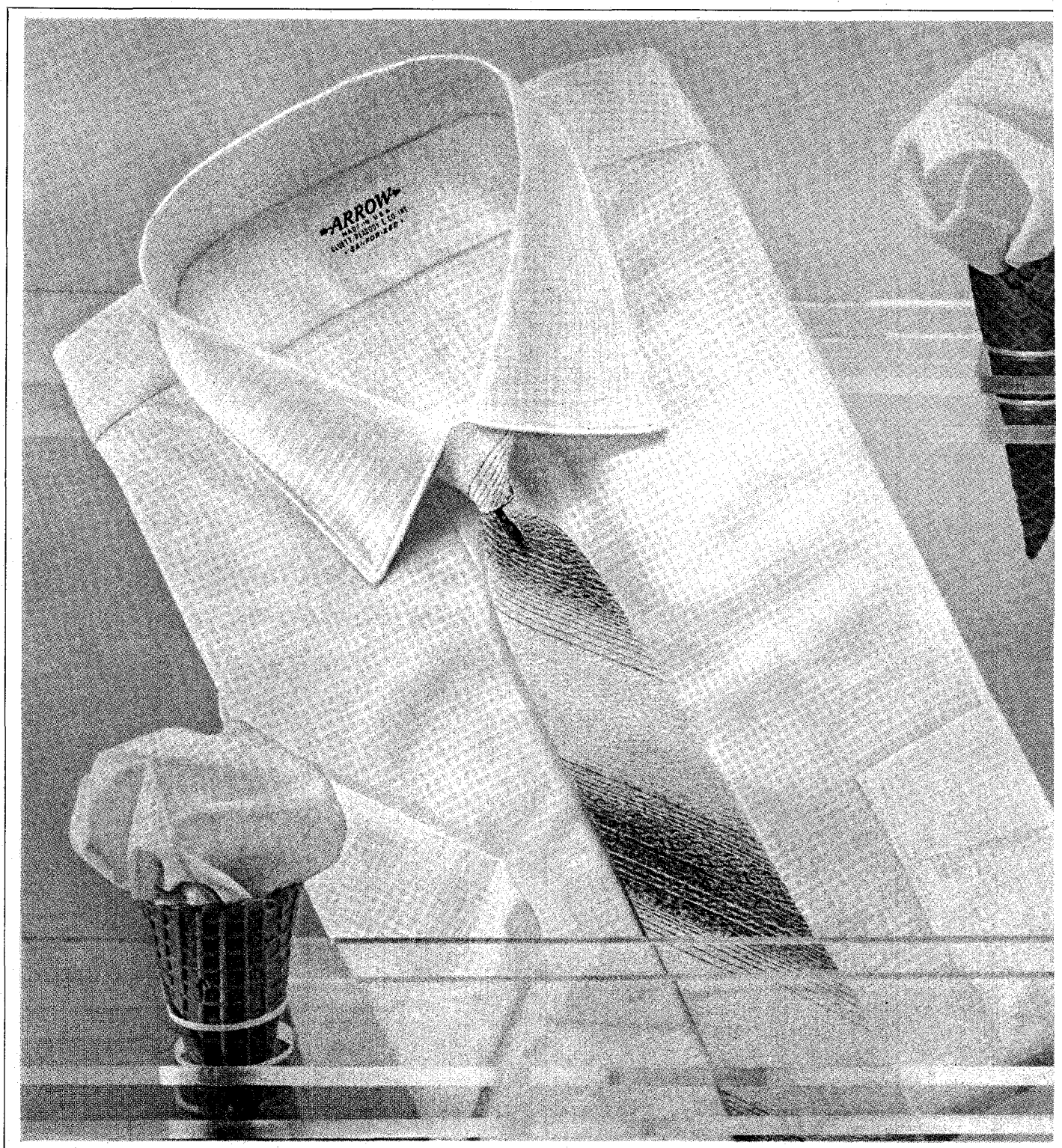
Variskin became alarmed. "Selection" seemed sinister to him; it reminded him of "purge." He glanced at Petrukhin. "What kind of a selection?" he asked sullenly.

"A really important selection!" Petrukhin leaned so close to him that Variskin could smell his breath. "Of course, they're keeping this completely secret, and it couldn't be otherwise. But it would make your eyes bulge to see the people I have seen right here in these cells. Big shots, from the highest level! They know all about it! And they've let me in on it, see? 'Sit tight, Petrukhin,' they said, 'and it'll be worth more than the price to you.'"

"What kind of a selection?"

Petrukhin stared with wide eyes. "They're preparing an action in the Central Committee. And they need ten thousand loyal party members. You understand, Variskin—loyal! The ones who can be relied on one hundred per cent. And how can you recognize them? Well, in Moscow they've thought it all out. Comrade Yezhov proposed it: 'Allow me, Comrade Stalin, I'll carry out this test without fail. Just have one or two hundred thousand loyal party members, picked out from all the Union Regional Committees, and I'll put them to the test in the NKVD. I'll put them all through the meat grinder. Then we'll find out who is who!"

"Find out how?" Variskin was now burning with a terrible curiosity.



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"Very simple! Anyone with thin party guts won't hold up. He'll start to shriek curses at the first twist: at Soviet power, at the party, at Comrade Stalin himself. That kind of fellow, you see, can only be a Communist as long as Communism strokes his head and makes him the president of the town soviet. But if Communism starts to curl up like a hedgehog against him, then he'll curse it for all he's worth. Isn't that right? But if he's actually loyal and devoted to the work of Lenin and Stalin, then he'll bear up under everything. You understand, Variskin? 'Have you plotted against Comrade Molotov's life?' 'I have!' 'Well, we're standing you up against the wall for it right now, you swine.' 'As long as it's for the party, put me against the wall if you want; and if the party finds it necessary for me to slander myself and others, then I won't refuse, because I'll do anything for the party. I'll denounce my own father, my friends, my comrades. I wouldn't spare anyone, for the party's sake!' Do you understand? Do you understand? Then you name as many as possible, from the highest level. Don't be shy. Name the most responsible party men, and then they'll find out who's who! Prove that you're loyal and devoted and that you can be relied upon, and you'll be taken into the ten thousand!"

Variskin listened with fixed eyes, hardly breathing. Since the time of his arrest he had been in the dark. Why the arrest? Why the beatings? Why Zhorka's box? Why the terrible demand for self-accusation? But now, all of a sudden, everything was clear—joyfully clear. He saw no improbability in Petrukhin's words, because he had seen absolutely no probability in his arrest. *That's cunningly thought up*, he thought with admiration. *They're clever, the boys in Moscow. I should have guessed something like this.*

"Then," he asked Petrukhin in a whisper, "then, it's a test? A selection?"

"Well, what did you think?" Petrukhin looked at him condescendingly. "They're gathering up hundreds of thousands of party men right now. They're grabbing such aces that it'd make your head swim! And now I'll tell you something, Variskin. It's a good thing you've been arrested. That means they count you worthy of testing. So hold on!"

"But I —— What do you mean!" said Variskin. "I'll hold on! I—am I blaming anyone or, let's say, cursing anyone? The party knows what it's doing!"

"If you pass the test," Petrukhin whispered, "if you get into the ten thousand, you'll get things you've never dreamed of!

... ...

Tanglewood Island

By Ethel Jacobson

The stream divided for a
space
And there the island lay,
Birch boughs arching
overhead,
Etched in pewter gray,
Willows fringing banks that
rimmed
A wilderness bouquet—
The gold and flame of
columbine,
Wild garlic cameos,
The monkey flower's saucy
face,
Blue hoods where lupine
grows,
The purple of the pea-vine
bloom,
The pink of brambled rose—
All in a tangle, pathless
there
Between blue water and
blue air.

... ...

They'll make you the president of a soviet people's committee on the republic level. They might give you a villa in the Crimea. You could have a garage full of automobiles. A street will be named after you, if not the district center!"

Variskin was fascinated. "And the policemen, when I go by, they will have to salute me," he prompted.

"That goes without saying! You may even review the May Day parade!"

Variskin could not contain his emotion. He sat up and swung his legs off the bunk. "In the interrogations, now"—he was all aflutter—"now I'm going to—everything! All I can! Why should I hold back? As long as there's going to be a selection, then I ——"

"That's it—that's it! That's exactly it! You've hit it on the head, Variskin!"

Sitting right up next to him, Petrukhin continued to dazzle him with the career of a "ten-thousandist." But Petrukhin stressed that to get into the ten thousand would require unusual effort. "Do your best then, Variskin! They ask for accusations? Well, think up something unusual! Something to make them sit up and take notice, understand?"

Variskin nodded his head and smiled blissfully. "I'm ready—ready for everything!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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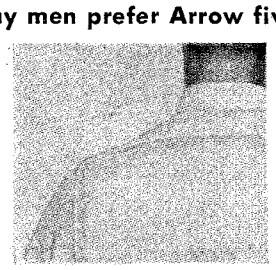
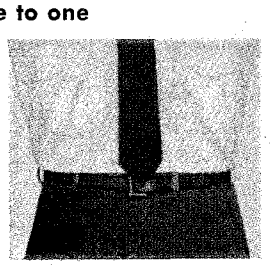


2. The Perfect Shoulder—Slopes from the collar in a neat, unwrinkled line that follows your own shoulder line perfectly.



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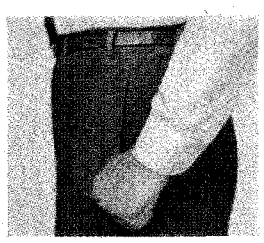

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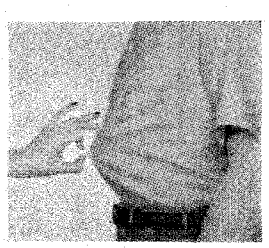

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Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

We Danced 300,000 Miles

(Continued from Page 35)

Chausson *Poème* for that evening's show. Suddenly the theater manager came running down the aisle with the news that within the hour a military curfew would be imposed upon the city. We were told to go to our hotel and await further developments. The musicians threw their instruments into their cases and scrambled toward the exits.

My wife, Mary—companion of my many foreign tours and sharer of my most unusual experiences—and I barely reached the lobby before the huge iron gates of the theater were clanged shut. Outside, on the main avenue, we faced a frantic crowd, thousands of the city's workers, pushing and shoving toward the subways. By staying close to the buildings, we managed to fight our way against the swirling mob until we reached the safety of our hotel, the Claridge, four blocks away.

The revolution was on, and our company was locked in "protective custody" in the Claridge, along with the other guests. For six days we waited, living on oranges and cold cuts. There were no hot meals; the gasworks had been destroyed. Planes bombed the harbor, battleships appeared on the horizon, and short-wave radios told of bloody battles raging in the nearby province of Córdoba. One black night we all cowered in the basement of our hotel while rebel tanks poured flaming death into the Alianza Building, three blocks away. When the battle was over, in the fitful dawn of September twenty-second, Argentina found that Perón's rule of almost ten years had been broken.

The city went wild with joy. Soldiers were embraced and hoisted on willing shoulders and strangers kissed one another, laughing and shouting "*Viva la libertad!*"

That night we reopened at the Teatro Opera before a delirious audience. Their emotions ran dangerously high. When Ruth Ann Koesun, dancing Lisette in La Fille Mal Gardée, came onstage carrying a blue-and-white ribbon in her hands, the entire house rose to its feet, roaring "*La bandera!*"

My concertmaster whispered that white and blue were the colors of the Argentinian flag. The orchestra spontaneously began to play the national anthem. The ballet came to a stop, the dancers stood at attention on the stage, and I led the orchestra and audience in the singing of the patriotic hymn of Argentina. After this dramatic interruption, the performance continued.

We ran into trouble of a different sort in Guatemala City. My entrance to the podium on opening night at the Capitol Theater was the signal for a full-scale riot to break out in the gallery. The yelling was deafening, and I supposed it to be the equivalent of "Yankee, go home."

It took all my courage to give the downbeat, as I expected to go down under a barrage of tropical fruit. The uproar increased in volume when the curtain went up, but we carried on with Swan Lake as best we could amid the bedlam.

Later we learned what was behind the outburst. It was not an anti-American demonstration at all. Scalpers had double-sold the seats in the balcony, and eager balletomanes were fighting over their rightful ownership. It took the harassed manager the rest of the evening to redistribute these enthusiasts to various parts of the auditorium.

We seemed to have a knack of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. In the fall of 1956 we were in the Middle East, midway on a six months' good-will tour, again sponsored by ANTA and the President's program. We were preparing to open in Beirut, Lebanon, when we learned that the Israeli Army was marching toward the Suez Canal. The entire Middle East threatened to explode; neighboring Syria blew up European-owned pipe lines. English and French warships appeared, jet planes screamed high over the desert, and Beirut became the evacuation center for Europeans caught in the area. The Beirut newspapers called for vengeance, and we never knew when local animosity would spill over onto our American company, good-will tour or not.

By the end of our week's engagement, word came through that the remainder of our tour of the Middle East was canceled. Anatole Heller, our European manager, announced that we were to go back to Europe and safety.

After a great amount of difficulty, a chartered plane was made available for our company's departure. The scene that greeted our eyes when we arrived at Beirut's airport was past description. Hundreds of displaced persons were packed into the waiting room, all overcome with the despair that comes with war. There were refugees from Damascus, entire families with all their belongings. Grownups as well as children were in tears. It was a heartbreaking sight.

Our emergency destination was Rome. After an uncomfortable eight-hour flight in a nonpressurized Lebanese plane, escorted part way by fighter planes, and running out of gas just as our wheels touched the runway of Rome's Ciampino airport, we finally emerged into the fragrant Italian air.

In Rome the political upheavals of the world again affected our lives, but this time to our advantage. Because of the Soviet intervention in Hungary, Italian officials had canceled a forthcoming appearance of a Russian folk-dance company. This left the magnificent Teatro dell' Opera open, and we were invited to appear there.

We were coming in without advance notice, and there was time only to get a terse announcement in the newspapers and to have posters hastily plastered on the city's walls. But, overnight, the word spread that an American ballet company had unexpectedly arrived. When we reached the theater early on opening night, we found taxis pulled up in front of the lobby and a stream of people pouring inside. By curtain time the Opera was filled to overflowing with a mink-draped, elegantly gowned audience, buzzing with excitement.

Onstage the dancers were tying their toe-slipper ribbons and patting their hair into classical place. I paused to wish them good luck, and stood by for my cue to go down into the orchestra pit. The amber spotlights flooded the stage with their magic warmth, and soon all was ready.

Once in a lifetime there occurs an experience that stands alone in memory. Such a glorious moment was mine when I walked toward the podium in the tremendous pit of the Opera House in Rome. The ninety men of the Opera orchestra rose in silent respect until I made my way to the podium. Behind me an expectant audience waited for the house lights to dim and the performance to begin.

I glanced at the golden forest of fifty-two strings on my left, and at the shining army of brass and woodwinds to my right, and with the deepest satisfaction I have ever known, raised my arms and gave the downbeat.

In the eighteen years of the American Ballet Theater's history, I doubt if there was ever a performance to equal that night. Dancers did incredible things. As the program progressed, I felt the orchestra being swept into a crescendo of cascading sound as strong young bodies thrust into space, defying gravity, in the sheer joy of the dance.

It was a night never to be forgotten, a night when American artists stood proudly in the spotlight of an Italian opera house of hallowed tradition and received Rome's unstinted ovation.

Besides the Rome Opera, it has been my good fortune to conduct some of the greatest (*Continued on Page 106*)

"Kind of slow. How are things with you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FINE LAWN? *Six* blades on the reel of the 20-inch Toro Sportlawn (most mowers have only five) give extra-smooth cut. Self-propelled. $144.50*

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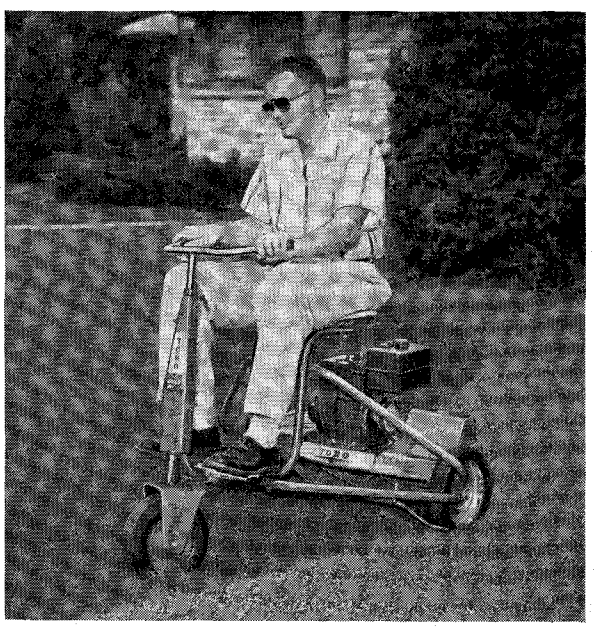
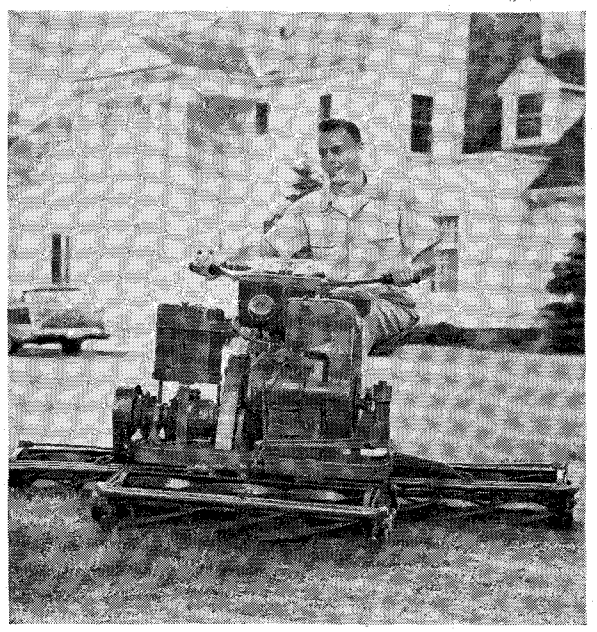


LARGE LAWN? Ride along as the Toro Colt cuts a path 25-inches wide. Welded heavy tubular-steel frame. Powerful 4-cycle engine. $209.95*

GRASS AND WEEDS? This self-propelled Toro Whirlwind 20-inch rotary takes them both in stride. Separate engine and traction controls. $139.95*



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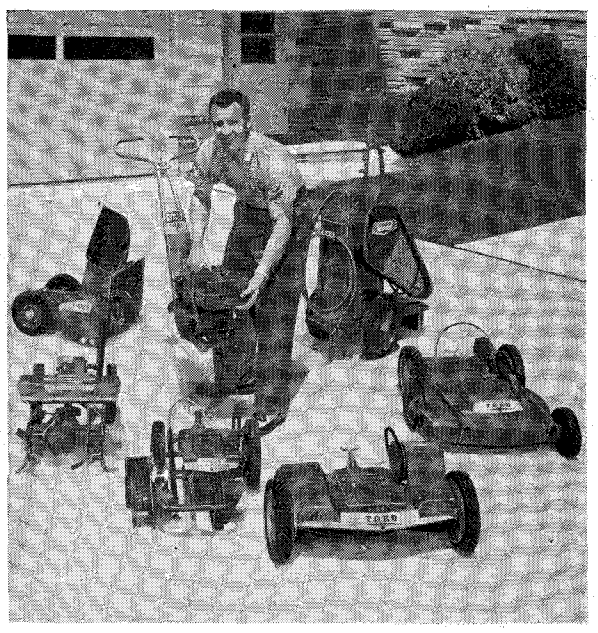

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(*Continued from Page 104*) orchestras of the theatrical world—the Suisse Romande of Geneva, Covent Garden of London, the Paris Conservatoire, the Scottish National, and the superb opera orchestras of Vienna, Lisbon, Brussels, Naples, Venice, Florence, Monte Carlo, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, Montevideo, Santiago, Ankara, Lima, Athens and Madrid.

It is not the magnificent performances that most frequently come to my mind, however. What I recall vividly are half-amateur orchestras struggling against overwhelming odds to reach the high standard demanded of them. For example I was in despair when we arrived in Beirut and found no symphony orchestra at all. The only solution was to comb the night clubs for possible talent. As a result, the local impresario furnished me with some of the hottest hepcats in the Near East. It was my very interesting task to whip these men into a group that could handle scores by Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Copland, Strauss and Bernstein. I was aided by some phenomenally good instrumentalists in the persons of the first-clarinet and first-trumpet players. My concertmaster was an Egyptian who played tenor sax in the Kit Kat Klub. Somewhere along his career he had studied the violin, and he gave a most creditable account of himself in the many solos he was called upon to play. By the end of our performances, I was very proud of my little "Beirut Combo." They in turn were so thrilled over their new-found ability to play like an orchestra that they decided to stay together after I had gone, as Beirut's first little symphony.

From time to time I have been asked why I do not use my own Capitol recordings of the ballets when there is difficulty in gathering an orchestra. While it is true that a dancer follows the music, it is no less true that a ballet conductor watches the dancer and modifies the tempo, however slightly, to match the steps on the stage. This cannot be accomplished with records.

There are other considerations, of course. Something unexpected is always happening. I remember one performance of Black Swan with Alicia Alonso and Igor Youskevitch. Igor's entrance was delayed by a jammed zipper in his blouse. Using the music to cover his absence, I had reached the middle of the composition before a slightly agitated Igor appeared on stage.

Our eyes met over the footlights, and I signaled the orchestra to begin this particular piece again. Igor understood my meaning and, with my downbeat, soared into the air with one of his incredible leaps. It went so smoothly that few people in the audience knew anything unusual had occurred. Chalk up another victory for live music over records!

I am amused when some of my friends shake my hand and sigh, "My, how glamorous your life is!" How I wish they could have been with me the night we played Guayaquil, Ecuador!

There was a setting for an Alfred Hitchcock thriller! Guayaquil is a jungle waterfront town, fascinatingly complete, down to dark alleyways, shrunken heads in the junk shops, and disreputable characters lounging in doorways. We arrived in the morning and were scheduled to open that evening at the Nueve de Octubre, a movie house which supposedly had been converted into a theater suitable for our troupe of fifty dancers. The stage was so small that a string quartet would have been crowded for elbowroom. There were no "lines" from which to hang our backdrops. There were no light panels, no spotlights.

My biggest enemy was lack of time. I had only three hours of rehearsal to familiarize the local musicians with our difficult program. As there was no dress rehearsal scheduled with the company, the first time the orchestra would play together with the dancers would be at the performance itself. All co-ordination between pit and stage was left in the conductor's hands.

When it came time to start the rehearsal, we found that there were no music stands and not a chair in the building. In fact, there was not even an orchestra pit—just a gaping hole in front of the stage, filled with old lumber.

Taking off my coat and tie, I rolled up my sleeves and was soon working side by side with the musicians who were trying to clear the pit of the lumber. My associate conductor at that time was Jaime Leon; he was able to locate wooden chairs from a nearby funeral parlor and music stands from the local conservatory. The electricians were warned that lights for the music stands would be needed by curtain time. We finished our rehearsal on schedule. Then in quick succession, there was a stage call for hanging the scenery, a rehearsal for stage lighting, and a company call for the dancers themselves.

Locating my wardrobe trunk that evening was a bit difficult because of all the confusion, but I eventually stumbled upon it in a hallway filmy with cobwebs. I shook out my full-dress suit and tried not to think of the tropical insect life that might be nesting in my trousers legs. I dressed, gave my white tie a final pat and went down to the orchestra pit to see to the final touches. Through the pit door I noticed the audience already taking their places, talking rapidly in Spanish and rattling their programs. I was also horrified to see that not one music stand had a light. Hurrying back to the stage, I found the electrician, sweating profusely, still working on the stage lights.

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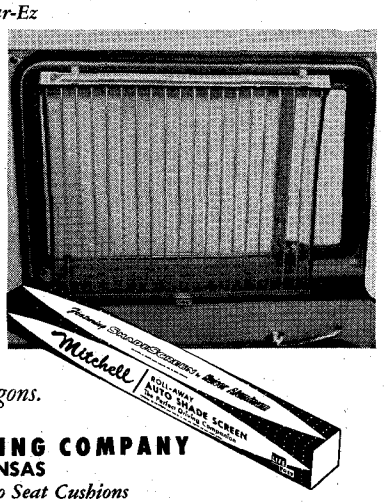

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"*Por favor,*" I pleaded. "The orchestra cannot play without lights."

"*Sí, Maestro, luz inmediatamente!*" the electrician panted, grabbing a handful of light bulbs, wires attached to light sockets, and a knife and heading toward the pit. He had a system which was undeniably fast, but so fraught with potential danger that I could only watch his progress with horrified fascination.

With frenzied haste he separated the double-strand electric wires, peeled their ends down to the bare copper and plunged them into outlets. He then handed light bulbs, burning brightly, to the musicians. Most of the orchestra men wound the cords clumsily around the top of their music stands. The bulbs then lay directly on the paper, and after a few minutes their heat began to scorch the music.

Just then I was given the signal to begin the performance. Lights or no lights, live wires, smoking music stands—I had no choice. We had come 3000 miles to bring joy and beauty to the people of Guayaquil and nothing was going to stop us!

Climbing on the orange crate which served as my podium, I surveyed my little kingdom. If the Chicago Symphony could see me now! Visions of the elegance and comfort of our performances in Ravinia Park in Chicago a few weeks before floated for a tantalizing moment before my eyes.

I was in a philosophical mood. Behind me were twelve years of arduous study at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia with my beloved teacher, Josef Hofmann, with Fritz Reiner, Artur Rodzinski and Wanda Landowska, and a lifetime of conducting. Of what use was all that training if I didn't keep my head in a situation such as this!

At this moment, the Ecuadorian musicians were petrified at the thought of having to play the difficult music on their stands. I gave them a broad smile, beaming confidence and courage. I raised my hands, the musicians placed their instruments in position, and gently, like a father, I led them.

Midway in the performance a tropical storm broke; the rain pounded on the roof with monotonous persistence. Seven times during the evening the overloaded electrical board rebelled at its outrageous amperage and blew out every light in the house.

Directly in front of me was the piano at which my wife, Mary, was playing. During the last ballet, Graduation Ball, I was startled to see her disappear from view, and a few seconds later fling her shoes to the back of the pit. Conducting like a man in a trance, I watched her actions with disbelief. In a moment two nylon stockings flew through the air to join the shoes.

Then the concertmaster began to behave queerly. As he played his violin, he raised one foot off the floor, then the other. The rest of the violinists followed suit, and soon the entire section had their legs stuck straight out in front of them, like wooden soldiers. By this time I was sure I was in the midst of a bad dream.

Then I saw the water. The heavy rains had flooded the plumbing system, and the water, obeying the laws of gravity, was flowing to the lowest level of the theater—where else but into the orchestra pit!

I had no wish to drown—baton, tails, white tie and all—in the midst of Graduation Ball. Somehow the music did not seem appropriate.

The orchestra finished as best it could, the water rising higher with each measure. As the curtain fell and the audience applauded enthusiastically, I splashed my way over to Mary, who, along with the orchestra men, was picking her way barefooted to higher ground.

The wiring was now thoroughly soaked. I still don't know why we were not all electrocuted on the spot. Perhaps the patron saint of ballet dancers had led us unscathed through this nightmare of catastrophe in return for the dazzling exhibition of pirouettes and *pas de bourrées* in the jungles of Ecuador.

Sometimes the human element can cause as much anguish as physical hardships. How well I remember Paris, its charms, and its "substitute" system!

In France it is common practice for orchestra men to accept any number of musical engagements, even if they occur simultaneously. The original job is filled with a substitute if something else comes along which pays better. As long as a body is sitting in the right chair, playing the right instrument at the right time, who should care if he is a substitute?

I was conducting the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra at the subterranean Palais de Chaillot, near the Eiffel Tower, when I was first victimized by this musical "sub" system. At one of the performances, after bowing to acknowledge the applause of the audience, I turned back toward the orchestra and was thunderstruck to see a strange group of musicians sitting behind the music stands.

Quickly I spotted fourteen new men who had not attended my rehearsals and had never seen the music before. To add to the tension, Alicia Markova, the great English ballerina, was appearing on the program in Giselle, and I had spent much rehearsal time going over her particular variations. All wasted now! I signaled the orchestra to start.

Luckily the men were good sight readers, but much of the music needed

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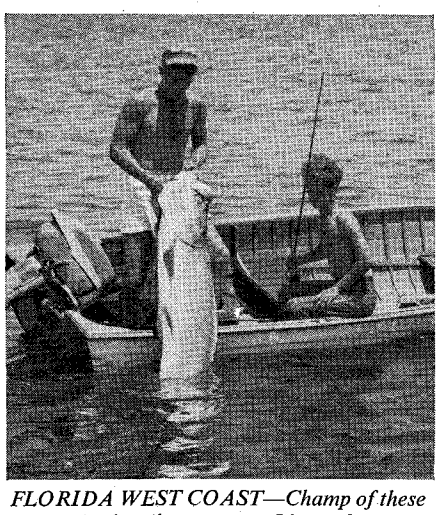

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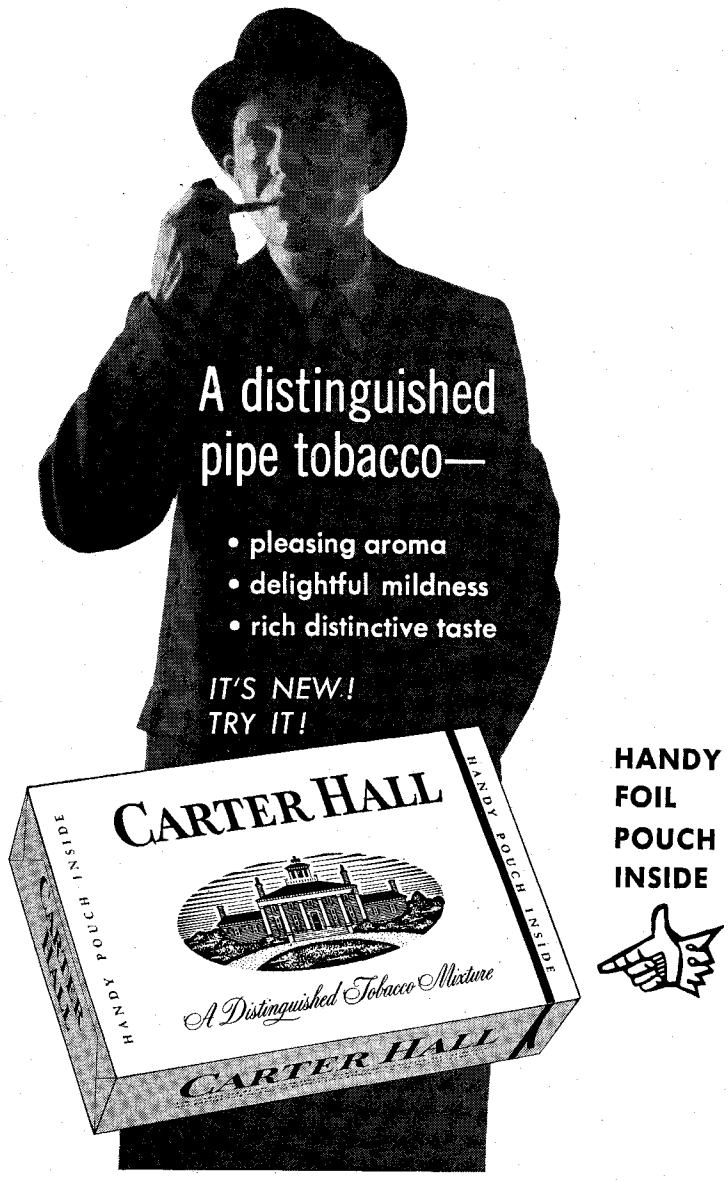

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oral explanation. As I could not talk during the performance, I could only show my wishes by using the musical sign language known to all conductors and musicians. Mary told me later that I looked like a gendarme directing traffic on the Champs-Élysées during rush hour.

It is an experience like this that makes me long for the no-substitute, no-nonsense behavior of our American orchestras. Such a thing would never happen, say, in the Hollywood Bowl, where I had the pleasure of conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic a few summers back. American orchestras are invariably prompt and carry on their tasks without the flashing temperament indulged in by some of our brother orchestras in other lands, and they don't send last-minute substitutes! The Symphony of the Air, the National, the Chicago and Denver symphonies, the Stadium Orchestra of New York never for a moment gave me anything but the most businesslike support.

One way to have fine personal relations with foreign orchestras, I have learned, is to try to speak their language. Traveling about as I do, I have picked up working vocabularies not only of the standard tongues, like French, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, but also the offbeat languages like Turkish, Greek and Dutch. I shall never forget the look of astonishment on the faces of the Opera Orchestra in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, when I began my first rehearsal there with a pleasant observation on the weather—in Serbo-Croatian. I had studied half the night figuring out the grammar. If there were any anti-American feelings among the musicians, they melted away right then and there. In subsequent rehearsals, when I fell short on pronunciation, seventy helpful voices called out the correct words.

In Istanbul, under the shadow of St. Sophia's exotic domes, I had to master enough Turkish to teach the members of the Istanbul Philharmonic to play Aaron Copland's Billy the Kid and Leonard Bernstein's Fancy Free. For hours we tried to play these American scores without slipping into the semitones of their own oriental scale. It was like jamming the wave length of the muezzin's prayer call to play such music which rang of Broadway, of the prairies, of the excitement and vitality of the new world.

The opening performance in Istanbul was punctuated by frequent murmurs of "inshallah" from the musicians, a moslem prayer I had come to recognize as "Allah protect me." I said a few inshallahs myself that night.

I recall one incident when the dancers had reason to breathe a few prayers of their own, this time in the beautiful open-air amphitheater at Nervi, on the Italian Riviera. It was at the end of an enjoyable evening's program, and the dancers were giving their utmost onstage.

Sitting quietly in the front row of the audience was a local newspaper photographer. His camera was vintage 1890, and attached to it was a large pan of flash powder waiting to be ignited.

As the ballet reached its climax, there was a stupefying explosion. A mushroomlike cloud rose majestically over the heads of the stunned audience. Borne on a gentle Mediterranean breeze, it moved gracefully toward the stage, completely obscuring the orchestra in a gray haze and coming to rest around the dancers.

Onstage there was pandemonium. Blinded by the flash, strangling and coughing in the acrid smoke, the dancers strove to continue, unseen by either audience or partners. Stepping on one another's toes, bumping head on in the heavy fog, they nevertheless kept bravely on, in their age-old tradition of "the show must go on." I hope the photographer got a good picture.

My wife, Mary, never knows what to expect when we go touring. In our thirteen years together, she has been swept into service as pianist, librarian, copyist, secretary and valet. I wouldn't be surprised if, each morning, she awoke saying to herself, "Today I must be flexible." Her indispensability has been proved over and over, as witness one night in Leghorn, Italy.

Just before curtain time I was informed that the timpani player had not arrived. With minutes to spare, there was only one person who could help. I searched the theater until I located Mary sitting backstage on a trunk, copying music.

"Quick," I told her. "Tonight, you'll have to play the timpani."

"Play wha-a-a-t?" she asked blankly, as I steered her toward the orchestra pit.

"Timpani," I repeated. "You'll have to do Fall River Legend and Interplay."

A few minutes later when I stepped onto the podium, I thought it rather nice to see my wife's eyes watching me from behind the kettledrum. I gave her a big wink, turned toward the percussion section, and with a ferocious downbeat signaled the blood-curdling beginning of Fall River Legend, the Agnes de Mille-Morton Gould ballet based on the tale of Lizzie Borden who "took an ax and gave her mother forty whacks."

Mary, who knows that the cardinal rule of orchestral playing is to count, was evidently counting as she never had before, because she came in right on cue. By the end of the ballet she played her final timpani role with a flourish that fairly drowned out the rest of the orchestra. The musicians, who at first had been uneasy, jumped to their feet gallantly and cried, "*Brava, signóra*"; the violinists tapped their instruments with the tips of their bows.

We have come to learn that touring with the ballet entails much more than merely performing before the public. In the course of fulfilling our duties we have passed out in the rarefied atmosphere of Quito, Ecuador. We have succumbed to pneumonia in Madrid; been stranded in Berlin in the dead of winter; shivered with apprehension during an earthquake in San José, Costa Rica, and suffered untold miseries from numerous cases of dysentery.

We have learned what it means to live out of a suitcase for months on end; to work eighteen hours a day in an unheated theater, preparing for a performance, only to repeat the whole process over again in the next city; to do without the creature comforts of warm baths, good drinking water and sanitary food; and of looking at all times as glamorous as people in the spotlight are expected to appear.

And yet, from Ankara to Santiago, from Vancouver to Madrid, I have seen the warm reception given to the America who sends as emissaries her singers, her orchestras, her drama groups, her opera companies and her ballet troupes.

Quietly, devotedly, the artists of America have been proving to an ever-widening group of people that our culture has come of age. As part of the United States Cultural Exchange Program, performers like Isaac Stern, Benny Goodman, Helen Hayes, José Limon, and the New York City Ballet Company, the Boston Symphony, Oklahoma!, Martha Graham, Porgy and Bess, as well as the American Ballet Theater and many others, have made millions of friends for America. I have been proud to be one of these diplomats of the arts. For all of us it has been a labor of love. THE END

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Why Wives Make Funny Faces

(Continued from Page 53)

I can't even find out what was wrong when we're driving home, because my wife isn't speaking.

It goes without saying that a husband cannot be permitted to act entirely on his own at a party. Some coaching from the bench is necessary to keep him out of trouble all evening. The trick is to catch his eye across the room without letting the other wives pick up the bunt sign. Properly directed, a steady glance will lead him past an attractive blonde as effectively as though a rope were attached to a ring in his nose. My wife can deflect my hand from a third martini just by widening her eyes slightly.

The manager in the dugout is under constant enemy scrutiny, of course, so she has to transmit her instructions by some innocent-seeming gesture, such as puffing rapidly on a cigarette. The trouble is that the average husband can't read smoke signals. When he sees his wife making faces at him from the other end of the table, in an effort to alert him not to cut the slices so thick or there won't be enough to go around, he is apt to stop carving and inquire in a loud voice why she keeps looking at him in that funny way. This is why so many husbands are traded off at the end of the season.

When a number of wives at a party start signaling at the same time, husbands who are caught in the cross fire lose all track of which signals are meant for whom, and their only recourse is to retreat in a body to the cellar and look over the host's new heating unit. The sound of feminine feet tapping overhead always reminds me of rain on a tin roof.

This lack of communication can lead to all sorts of complications. Take the case of a husband I know who was helping his wife entertain some guests for cocktails, and who seated himself innocently in her best antique chair. He was conscious that she was staring at him intently across the room, but he assumed she was enjoying a joke he was telling. Naturally he was flattered by her rapt attention, and he began to embellish his joke with appropriate gestures, bouncing up and down in the chair to show how the horse galloped—it was a racing joke—or leaning way back on the rear legs and yelling "Whoa!" The harder his wife stared, the more he was carried away with his evident success as a raconteur, and he doubled with laughter at the climax of his story and banged forward to slap his thighs. At this point his wife interrupted in a strangled voice to ask him to get her a glass of water, and as soon as he was out of the chair, she ran over and sat down in it herself. It promptly collapsed, and he is still trying to figure out why it was all his fault.

These secret wigwags can be just as frustrating to husbands. The other night at a bridge game a friend of mine had his wife for a partner, and he noticed that she was peering at him over her cards, nodding her head and rolling her eyeballs back and forth. He assumed she was signaling him that she held a strong hand, so he took the bid, and it turned out she had nothing above a ten. On the next deal, he saw her frowning at him and gnawing her lip and making a little humming sound between her teeth. This time he figured it meant she didn't have anything, so he let the bid go, and she came up with a pianola. It cost him $11.53 before the game was over, and afterward she explained she was only trying to tell him he had a spot of dry shaving cream on his cheek.

The worst of it is that the same gestures work differently with men and women. When my wife wants to signal me that it's time to start home, she glances at her watch and clears her throat and says, "Well ——" This is my cue to get my hat and coat and proceed to the front door, where I wait for the next three quarters of an hour while she bids good-by to the hostess. If I glance at my watch or clear my throat or say "Well ——", she informs me later that she was never so mortified in her life, it was perfectly obvious the way I acted that I was bored stiff, and we'll never get invited back again.

All this confusion could be avoided, I think, if we had some sort of family communications code. Here are a few standard signals and their corresponding meanings, for example, which any husband should be able to follow. All he has to do is persuade his wife to follow them too:

1. Lowering both eyebrows and shaking head left to right:
Don't ask the Alvords to stay for dinner; there isn't anything in the icebox.

2. Elevating eyebrows and indicating spot on face with tip of forefinger:
On your chin, George. . . . No, a little higher. . . . No, over on the other side.

3. Holding head at angle, rolling eyes to right:
Talk a little louder; that's mother's deaf ear.

4. Holding head at opposite angle, rolling eyes left:
I think the Rev. Mr. Bardwell's plate is empty.

5. Moving head from side to side and pointing with chin:
That's the spoon to serve the mashed potatoes; there's a separate one for the squash.

6. Lowering head, scowling intently at table, and gathering crumbs beside plate into a little pile:
You're putting too much brandy on the plum pudding.

7. Gazing steadily at ceiling, finger tips fitted together resignedly:
I'm sure everybody's heard that one before, dear.

8. Inhaling breath quickly in a sharp gasp:
Don't offer a highball to Mr. Furbish; his wife just got him to join A.A.

9. Letting out breath very slowly, no sound:
That doddering imbecile, as you refer to him, happens to be a brother-in-law of Mrs. Kelp, who's sitting right next to you.

10. Eyes narrowed, tapping right foot slowly 1, 2, 3, 4:
Just because you don't like string quartets is no excuse to wriggle around in your chair and keep tugging at your collar.

11. Eyes widened, fingers rigid, foot tapping rapidly 1234, 1234:
Not that slide, George; that's the one when I was sun-bathing that I didn't know you were taking.

12. Smiling with clenched teeth:
Put your coat back on the right way and get down off that piano.

13. Arms folded, lips compressed, staring straight ahead:
It's no use to apologize, George; I kept trying *to catch your eye.*

If this little guide for husbands is successful, I may work out a similar one for wives. This would be shorter, because husbands as a rule have only one expression. It consists of wrinkling the forehead, elevating both eyebrows to a peak, and lowering the corners of the mouth in an inverted U, and its meaning is: "Now what did I do wrong?"

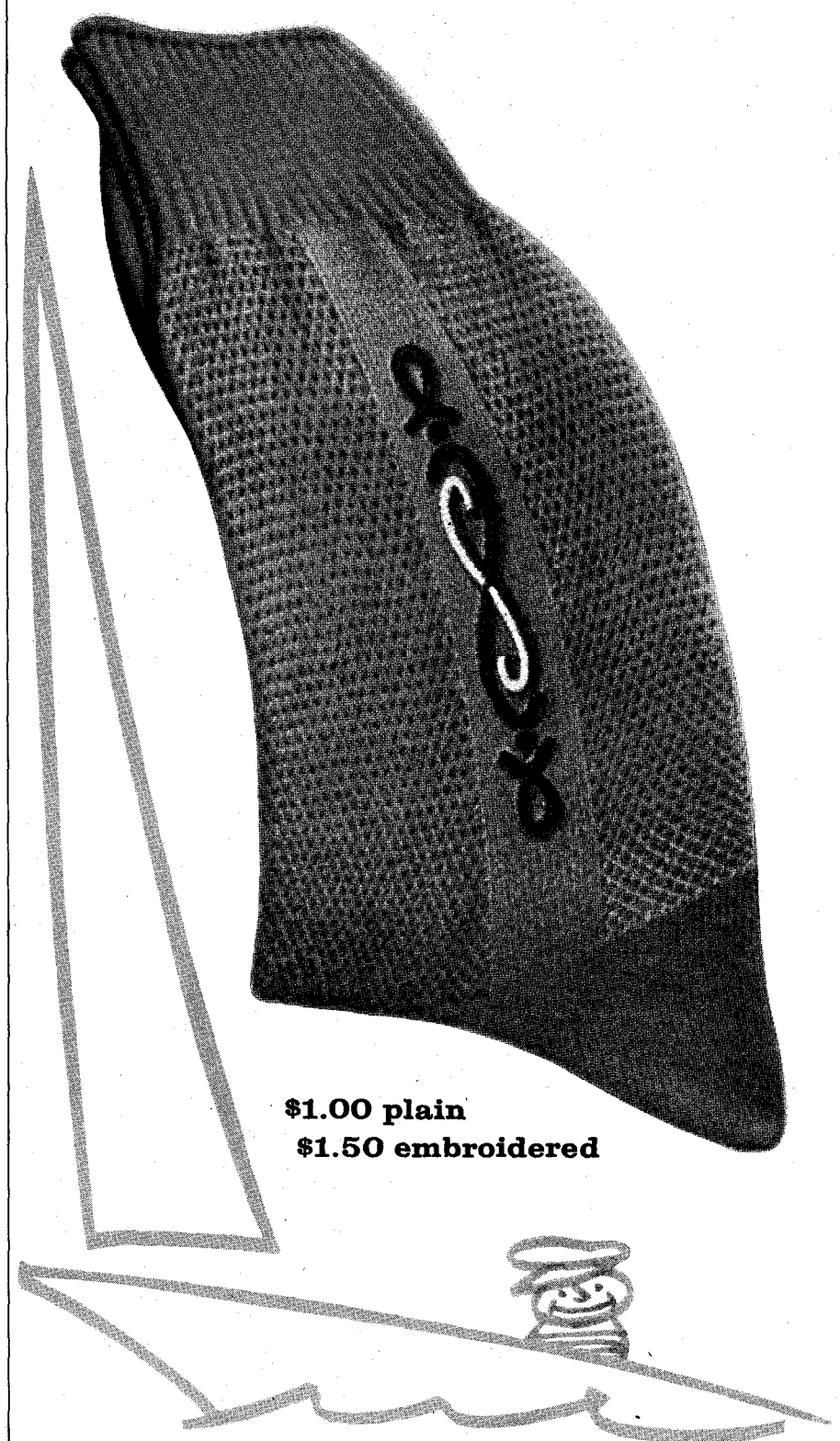
I'll be wearing it myself if my wife ever gets hold of this article. THE END

No Laughing Matter

The speaker's facts are past
refute,
But still he's not a hit,
For while he may know
what is what,
He can't tell what is wit.

R. H. Grenville

Father's Day is June 15



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Is He the Next Great Yankee?

(Continued from Page 37)

took me years to learn how to play center field," Mickey admits, "and he went out there and owned it from the first day."

Even Casey Stengel, who seemed to have adopted the policy of low-grading his stars this spring, could not stay cool on Kubek for long. Tony is Casey's boy, the only player ever to have been brought to his pretraining acceleration school four consecutive years. Nobody else has been invited down more than twice.

"I can't say he hurt us any last year, since we finished first, but maybe we'd have finished first anyway," Stengel starts off, gruffly enough. But as he rambles on, in his special free-floating syntax, Casey finds himself saying, "I know he won one World Series game all by hisself. And I know he can go from first to third for me and break up the double play for me and hit behind the runner for me, all of which you will not find in the record book, if you open it up, along with his age and height and weight." Finally, in the attitude of a man getting to the heart of the matter, Stengel says, "He hit last year—what?—.297. He was over .300 most of the year, though. I know he can be that real good .300 hitter, which how many are there around like that today?"

George Weiss, the Yankees master builder, still refuses to commit himself on the twenty-one-year-old Kubek. "I don't consider Kubek a star yet," Weiss maintains. "Nobody is a star until he has put two real good years together. But, oh, what potentialities he has of becoming a star!"

Tony was off to a troublesome start this year, however. Four days before the opening game, he pulled a muscle in his left thigh as he was rounding first base during an exhibition game in Richmond. As a result he missed the first two and a half weeks.

While the Yankees were opening without him, an Army major in Kubek's hometown of Milwaukee caused a stir by announcing that Tony had enlisted for a six-month hitch in the Army Reserve and would report for active duty in May. Tony, who had just taken a routine, if somewhat secretive, physical exam back in Milwaukee, answered that he had no intention of volunteering for active duty until the season was over. This seemed logical enough, since Milwaukee was not drafting anybody under twenty-two, and Tony will not reach that age until a couple of weeks after the end of the season.

On May fifth, however, Kubek flew to Milwaukee again to be sworn in by the same major. Tony has a 120-day grace period which expires September second, and he can be called up any time thereafter. In practice, though, the Army generally has allowed professional athletes to finish out their seasons first. An extension seemed quite possible in Kubek's case.

Meanwhile no one doubts that long-jawed, crew-cut Tony Kubek is the best Yankee prospect since Mickey Mantle bulged onto the scene. Like Mantle, Tony started at the bottom of the ladder, in Class D, at the age of seventeen, and he swept through the minors almost as quickly—three years, compared with Mickey's two and a fraction.

The impression has arisen that Kubek, like Mantle and Bob Feller and so many others, was trained from the cradle to be a ballplayer. He grew up on Milwaukee's South Side, where he still makes his home with his family. His father, Anthony Christopher Kubek, Sr., had been a hard-hitting outfielder with the old Milwaukee Brewers, of the American Association—he hit .351 one year. His mother's brothers, John and Roman Olen, who lived with the Kubeks, also were minor-league ballplayers.

Tony was the Kubeks' only son—he has two sisters, both of whom became nurses. He is at great pains to emphasize, however, that there was never any ritual of playing catch in the back yard, never any family campaign to mold him into a ballplayer. In fact, there was a conscious effort to avoid that kind of thing. Tony's father, a short, chunky man who now works as a postal clerk, explains, "It became obvious very early that Tony was such a natural athlete that he would probably end up in some branch of sports. But I didn't want him to feel there was any pressure on him to fulfill any dreams I might have had for myself. I wanted him to be completely free to follow his own inclinations."

When Tony first started to swing a bat, Mr. Kubek did get him to hit left-handed—an obvious advantage to any hitter. Otherwise he left his son pretty much on his own.

"My father would play catch with me if I pestered him enough," Tony remembers. "And when I was very young he let me be the bat boy for a semipro team he was managing. Once in a while he might stop off at the corner lot to give all of us a few tips. That was all, though. I picked out shortstop myself and, until now, I thought I had just naturally begun to bat left-handed."

At Bay View High School, Tony was best known as an all-state football end and an all-city basketball player. The school had dropped baseball after his freshman year. Scholarship offers poured in from the big football colleges. Tony undoubtedly would have gone to Notre Dame if he had not attracted the attention of the major-league scouts while representing Milwaukee in the Hearst all-star sand-lot game at Yankee Stadium in New York.

Despite his prominence as an athlete, Tony has always been an extremely quiet, shy young man. A devout Polish Catholic, he still does not drink, smoke, swear or gamble. In the clubhouse and on the bench he is so silent that he is all but invisible. "Here's a boy which he sits on the bench without opening his mouth so you'll know which side he's on," Stengel has said playfully. "But—you know something?—when he goes out on the field, you know."

Mickey Mantle has also exhibited a certain reticence with outsiders, but Mickey was never a man to sit by the fireside while there were good times to be had. Kubek, on the other hand, almost never leaves his hotel room. Bill Skowron, who roomed with him on the road last season, doubts whether Tony has as much as seen the downtown areas of many of the big-league cities. Tony didn't even turn out for the Yankees' victory celebration after they clinched the pennant last year.

On the rare occasions when he does go out with a group of teammates, he will sip a soft drink while others are having highballs or cocktails. "And then," says one of them, "he'll try to pay for every round. He's a good, generous kid—a real big tipper. He'll grow out of that."

In the Yankee clubhouse last year, Tony was a natural butt for the goatish kidding that shy rookies are almost always subjected to—especially when it is discovered that the rookie can be made to blush. Tony would stand there until they were finished with him, a half-quizzical, slightly embarrassed smile on his lips. Then he would shrug and walk away.

When Kubek originally was signed, the one reservation in the scouting report was that he might not be rough enough to battle his way through the minors. A successful first year in Class D did not wholly erase this fear.

"I've heard that business about my not being aggressive enough," Tony admits. "But I never could understand what they meant by it. I always ran hard, slid hard and barreled in to break up double plays"—he slams into a base at top speed and jackknifes immediately to his feet, ready to keep moving if the throw has got past the fielder. "If that's what aggressiveness means, then I think I have always been a very aggressive player. If it means making a lot of noise, I guess I'm not."

Anyway, the Yankee brass breathed more easily in Tony's second year, when he became the hero of a bean-ball and bat-throwing rhubarb between Quincy and Waterloo in the Three-I League. While the rest of the players milled around aimlessly, Tony pulled the big Waterloo catcher off a smaller teammate and battled him himself.

At Denver the following season he got thrown out of a game for the only time in his life—a play-off game, at that. The trouble started when Omaha pitcher Frank Barnes, now with the Cardinals, expressed his displeasure over the previous batter's home run by throwing his next pitch at Kubek's head. Feeling was running high anyway, because Omaha had beaten Denver the previous day by the humiliating score of 22–3. When Kubek next hit a foul ball down the first-base line, coach Tom LaSorda fired it back at Barnes' shins. The ball rolled to third baseman Stan Jok, who fired it right back at LaSorda. Players came scrambling out of both dugouts. When order was restored, Barnes showed his contempt for the quiet life by making Kubek hit the dirt again.

> Too many people hit the hay when they should be pitching it.
>
> DAN BENNETT

With the Denver dugout egging him on, Tony took a couple of steps toward the mound and exchanged a few heated words with the pitcher. The batter's classic method of retaliation—dating back to the days of Ty Cobb—has been to drop a bunt down the first-base line in such a way as to lure the pitcher directly into his path. It is a tactic only rarely attempted these days and almost never carried off. Kubek carried it off. Although the ball rolled foul just as Barnes was reaching for it, Tony was able to crash into him, football-style, with a liberal application of shoulder and elbow.

Tony's ability to execute the classic maneuvers was shown again at Yankee Stadium last season. Most appropriately, the demonstration took place on Old-Timers' Day. With such Hall-of-Famers as Ty Cobb himself, Mickey Cochrane, Charley Gehringer and Joe DiMaggio in the stands, Tony beat Detroit with a perfect squeeze bunt in the last of the ninth.

Although people no longer question Kubek's aggressiveness as a ballplayer, off the field he has remained as retiring as ever. The Yankees' Speakers' Bureau has found it impossible to get him to make any appearances, even though publicity man Bob Fishel keeps telling him, "You're in New York, where you can make yourself a lot of extra money. You don't have to be a personality boy. All you have to do is get up on your feet, say a few words and answer questions."

No one knows Tony much better than Mark Freeman, the big pitcher who roomed with him at Denver. They became especially close because Freeman, who was engaged to be married, was quite content to stay home nights. They would sit around in their room and talk baseball by the hour. Freeman, who was graduated from the University of South Carolina as a psychology major, is a literate man. Tony became quite interested in some of Freeman's books, particularly a vocabulary book, which he all but committed to memory.

For all the time they spent together, Freeman left at the end of the season without feeling that he knew very much about Tony, beyond the fact that he had a much better mind than he was willing to display. However, Freeman—who was with Denver again at the start of this season—has a point to make about Tony's "shyness." He says, "There's a pent-up aggression underneath that quietness and good nature, and I think it comes out in his tremendous drive on the field."

The one thing Tony has not done yet has been to hit with power. Last year he had only three home runs during the season, plus two in the World Series. This is rather surprising when you realize that he stands six-three and weighs a good 190 pounds. The Yankee power hitters—Mantle, Berra, Skowron—are all at least three inches shorter, although heavier. Tony is a line-drive hitter who hits the ball where it is pitched. His nickname in the minors was "the Rope"—from the ballplayers' description of a zinging liner as a "frozen rope."

With Yogi Berra scheduled to get much more rest this year, the Yankee management was looking hopefully toward Kubek to replace some of Yogi's power. There even was talk of getting Kubek to adapt his left-handed swing to the Stadium's short right-field wall, as was done so successfully a generation ago with Charley Keller, who also came to the majors as a percentage hitter.

Stengel finally decided against the idea. "Why fool around with a .300 hitter?" he explains. "You might coach him, but you don't change him."

For his part, Kubek has no intention of changing his batting style unless Casey does ask him to. "I am not a slap hitter," he states firmly. "I do not just try to meet the ball. I swing as hard as I can. The reason I don't hit a longer ball is because I don't put my whole body into it. I just swing from the elbows down."

All this discussion of converting him into a power hitter rather amuses Tony, because he has already been through the process in reverse. When he first reported to the Yankee instructional school fresh off the sand lots, Tony did face toward right field and swing for distance. Bill Dickey, then the Yankee batting coach, changed his stance—Tony now stands with his front foot slightly closer to the plate than his rear foot—and advised him to hit with the pitch.

"Dickey told me I didn't have the strength to pull the good pitchers," Tony says, "and he was right. Skowron and Mantle are so strong that they can pull an outside pitch into the stands. I'd ground the same pitch to second base."

What Tony fails to take into consideration is that he came to the school as a seventeen-year-old whose growth had far outraced his strength. At twenty-one he is just beginning to come to physical maturity. Mickey Mantle, who obviously

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has discussed the situation with Tony, observes most perceptively, "Kubek hits singles and doubles because he thinks of himself as a single and double hitter. As soon as he begins to think of himself as a long-ball hitter, he'll get his home runs. He has the power right now."

Stan Musial, who didn't develop into a real home-run hitter himself until after he had been up a half-dozen years, holds that all good young hitters develop power as they gain confidence. "Kubek pulls as much right now as I did in my first couple of years. Give him another year or two to find out a little more about the pitchers, and he'll find the homers coming."

A less thoughtful athlete than Kubek would hardly have to be coaxed to go for the fences, for most ballplayers subscribe to the adage that long-ball hitters get the biggest salaries. Kubek does not believe it is necessarily so. "Nellie Fox makes pretty good money," he points out. "You get paid according to your worth to the club, and I think I'm worth more to the club just getting on base."

To Tony, the whole meaning of being a big-league baseball player is involved here. "Money is a part of it—I wouldn't deny that," he says; "especially when you get married—as I hope to—and assume family responsibilities. But to me so far it has been the enjoyment of playing ball that has been most important. When I started in D ball, I'd have paid them to let me on the field, that's how much it meant to me. And how many people wouldn't pay to be able to play in a World Series?"

Kubek says his greatest thrill was the World Series practice session in Milwaukee Stadium last fall. He was working out in left field, and his uncles and friends were pressed against the temporary wire fence behind him, shouting their greetings.

"There they were, the good old friends I'd grown up with and played corner-lot ball with. They were all yelling, 'Hey, Tony!' and I was waving and yelling back. I still don't remember what. Tony Kubek from the neighborhood, standing there in a Yankee uniform, getting ready to play in a World Series. How much money would it cost to buy that?"

Due to a weird mix-up, Kubek became a phantom holdout for a couple of weeks last winter. He wasn't really a holdout for as much as a minute. His 1958 contract came to him just as he was about to leave on a hunting trip, and although it called for $1000 less than he had hoped for, he decided not to make an issue of it. Then he put it in a drawer and, astonishingly, forgot all about it.

In due time there came a call from Lee MacPhail, the Yankees' director of player personnel. "Are you satisfied with the contract?" MacPhail asked.

"Well ——" said Kubek.

"What's the matter?"

Tony then named the figure he had hoped to reach—probably around $12,000—and MacPhail said, "That sounds fair enough. Send back the other contract and we'll send you a new one."

By coincidence, a local United Press man called the same day to ask Kubek whether he had signed yet. Tony told him he had. When the story broke, MacPhail jumped back on the phone to remind Tony that the Yankees were supposed to release all such information—as stipulated in the contract itself—to accord with their own publicity needs. So Kubek issued a statement—which was true enough as far as it went—that he had sent back his contract unsigned. The story then went over the wires that he had agreed to sign, but had changed his mind—a natural, if somewhat inaccurate, conclusion.

Kubek's greatest triumph last year came, of course, in the third World Series game. It was the first ever played in his home town of Milwaukee—the Yanks and Braves had split the opening two in New York—and Tony was the second man to come to bat. So he stepped right up there before his fellow townsmen and hit himself a home run—and was greeted by an almost absolute silence.

"It didn't surprise me," Tony insists. "I knew they didn't cheer enemy players in Milwaukee, and I expected to be treated as an enemy player. In one way, I'm glad it happened like that. It was so unnatural—running around the bases in that silence—that it made the home run stand out even more."

Later in the game he hit a second home run. This time the silence was ruffled chiefly by scattered boos.

The Kubek family in Milwaukee had already received a few crank calls about the disloyalty of a native son. After he hit the home runs, a sign was nailed to the door reading, GET OUT OF TOWN. When the sports writers tried to question Tony about it the next day, he kept saying, "I have nothing to say," an answer which did not prove entirely satisfactory. At last he was told, "You're gonna be around a long time, kid, so you better start finding things to say. This is legitimate news."

Tony flushed heavily, but his only answer was, "Look, I've got to live in this town."

As a matter of fact, Tony Kubek did work out with the home-town club a couple of times during the Braves' first year in Milwaukee. The Braves gave him a quick brush-off. The Yankees, on the other hand, were eager to sign him. In September of 1953 Lou Maguolo brought Tony and his father down to Chicago on a three-day junket, so that Tony could work out at shortstop with the Yanks at Comiskey Park. Jerry Coleman, drawn and gaunt from his second hitch with the marines, rejoined the team the same day Tony arrived. Coleman and Frank Crosetti worked out with Tony in a burning 110-degree heat. Afterward they all went out and ate together.

Tony was vastly impressed. "They were big-leaguers, and they treated me like I was one of them. So did all the players. The Yankees might look like a cold organization from the outside, but inside it is a very warm one."

At the end of the three days Tony was signed with his father's approval. The boy got $3000. He had not asked for a sum big enough to subject him to the restrictive bonus-player rules then in force because he wanted to learn his trade in the minors, not sit on a big-league bench.

Both Tony and his father had been predisposed toward the Yankees all along, they say, because it was obvious to them that the Yanks would soon be needing a shortstop to replace Phil Rizzuto. However, when Tony first came under Casey Stengel's eye at the Yankee rookie school, Casey said, "I see an outfielder there."

Stengel filed this mystic thought about Kubek in the back of his head until 1956, which was Tony's third year of spring training. Then Casey suddenly found himself with outfielders Mantle, Siebern, Bauer and Cerv all on the casualty list during the exhibition trip north. Just before the start of a game, Stengel asked Tony if he thought he could go out and play center field.

"Sure," said Tony. He remarks now, "What are you going to say, no?"

When Mantle returned to the line-up, Kubek was shifted to left field. He immediately saved an exhibition game against the Phils by making a tremendous running, leaping catch with the bases loaded in the eighth inning.

However, the front office continued to look upon Kubek as the Yankees' next shortstop, especially since Gil McDougald had not yet shown how great he could be at that position. Nineteen-year-old Tony wound up with Denver in 1956—a big jump from Class B the year before. He joined Marv Throneberry, Bobby Richardson and Woody Held in what many consider to be the best minor-league infield of all time.

In 1957 spring training the battle was joined. Stengel kept calling Kubek his top candidate for left field, but General Manager Weiss signed Tony to a Denver contract and maintained that he needed another year's seasoning in the minors—and not as an outfielder, but as a shortstop.

Says Stengel, "The front office always plays it safe. They're always saying a young player needs another year of seasoning. And the minor-league managers will always agree with them, because—why not?—they'd like to get the boy back for another year. The manager always has to fight everybody for the boy he wants."

Stengel fought and Stengel won. Two days before the season opened, Kubek was given a contract with the Yankees. Weiss was not through yet, though. When he gave up Billy Martin in June in a trade with (*Continued on Page 114*)

NEXT WEEK

MY SON WAS BLINDED AT BIRTH

By William J. McKee

How a Child's Handicap and a Father's Bitterness Were Overcome

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND · 6

The Lost Dimension in Religion

By Paul Tillich

BAD LITTLE BAD GIRL

Brigitte Bardot of the French Films

A Visit With Ty Cobb

New Chapter in the Life of Baseball's Stormiest Star

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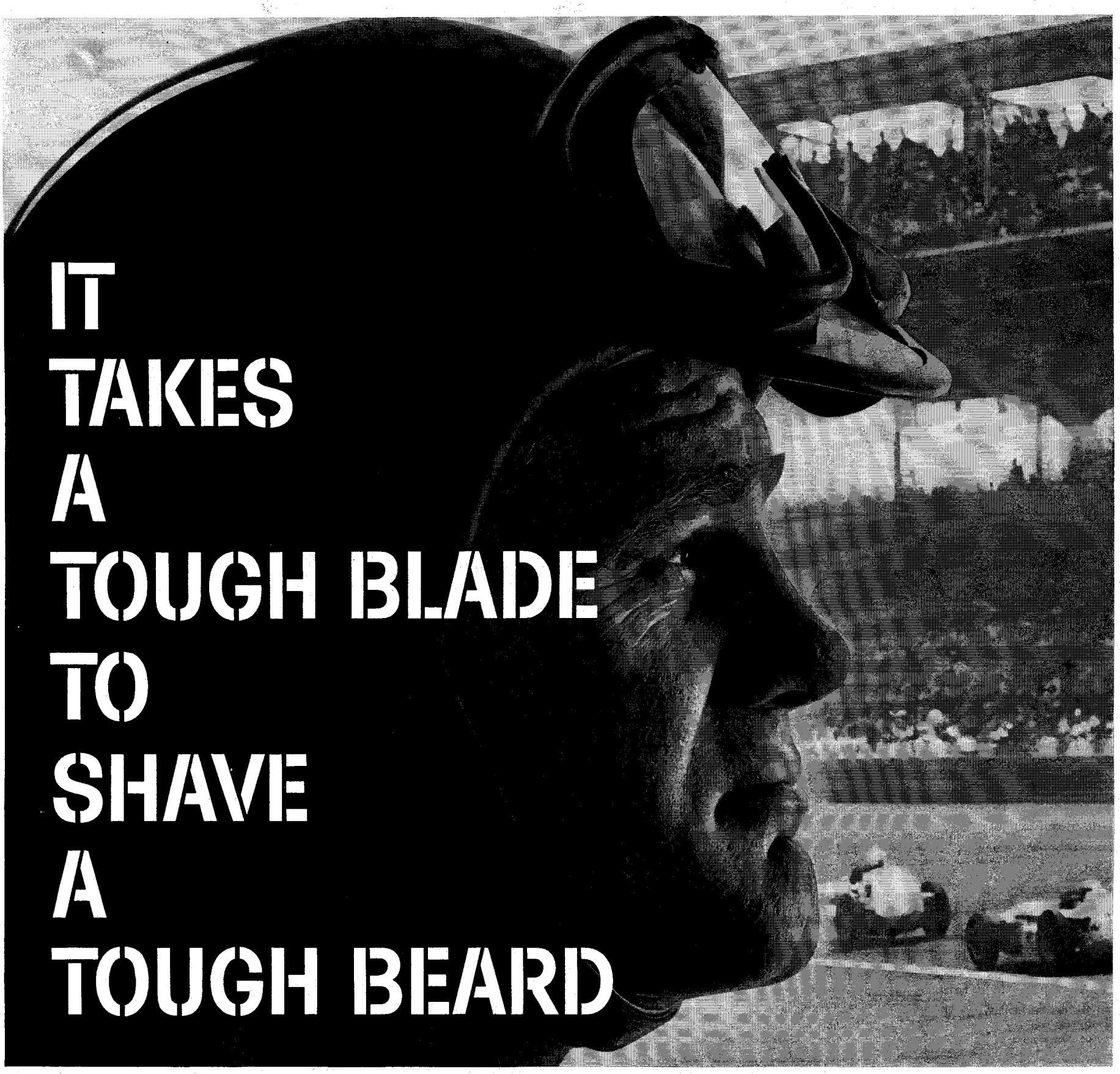

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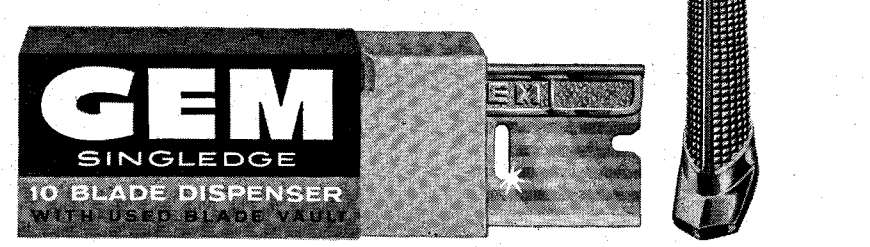

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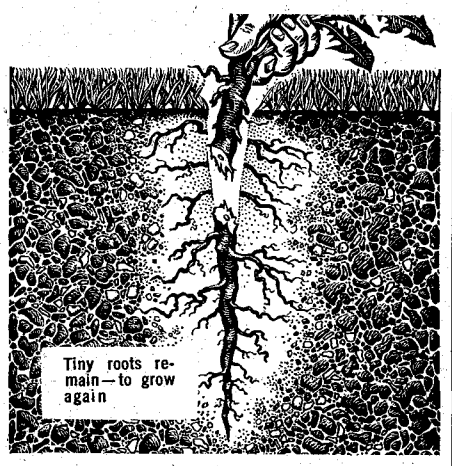

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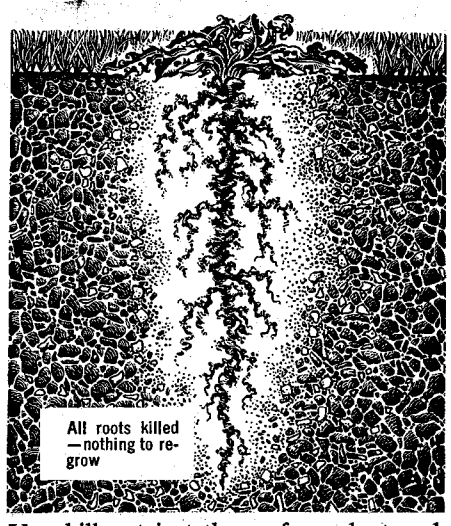

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(*Continued from Page 112*) Kansas City which brought Harry Simpson to the Yankees, Weiss was not only getting rid of a player he had no fondness for, he was also giving Stengel another left-hand-hitting outfielder and taking away one of his infielders. Kubek was almost immediately brought in from the outfield to play third base.

From then on, Tony played mostly in the infield until Mantle's legs gave out late in the season. Over the year Kubek started in left field thirty times, center field fourteen times, third base thirty-seven times and shortstop thirty-five times. In twelve of these games he played more than one position—once moving to yet a fifth position, second base. And in four games he played both the infield and the outfield.

When he got off to his delayed 1958 start with the Yankees last month, the initial pattern was the same. First Tony took over center field for Mantle, who had an ankle sprain. Next he spelled Bauer in right field for a couple of games. Then he moved in at shortstop when McDougald hurt his knee. Upon McDougald's return Kubek shifted to second base.

Players have been shifted around before, but probably no man of Kubek's ability and potentiality has ever been subjected to so much of it as Tony was last year. He says he has no complaints. "Getting put in the outfield was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he declares, "because it got me up into the majors a year earlier." He does concede, though, that the constant changing of position brings on a certain mental weariness. This can reflect itself even more at the plate than in the field.

The difficulty is best stated by Jerry Coleman, a man who hopped around the infield more than a little himself. "When you're at one position long enough, you get to operate on your reflexes. When you move from position to position, what would normally be a reflex action becomes a thought action. You have to constantly ask yourself, 'Now, just what do I do if this happens or this happens or this happens?' At best it's an added mental chore. At worst there can be some confusion."

The disastrous throwing error Tony made in the final game of the 1957 World Series may have been caused in part by this kind of confusion. Tony opened the Series in left field, went to third base in the second game, then played the next four games in left and center. In the final game, when Stengel pressed Mantle into service, Tony moved back in to take over third base.

In the third inning Johnny Logan hit a one-skip ground ball to Tony's left which should have resulted in an easy inning-ending double play. But Kubek threw badly to second and everybody was safe. The Braves went on to score four runs and, to all practical purposes, wrap up the world championship.

As a regular infielder, Kubek automatically would have made a mental notation that since Logan was not a particularly fast runner there was plenty of time to get his throw away. But Tony, who was playing with a case of the Asian flu anyway, failed to think about it at all. "I had so much time that I could have run over to second and got the runner myself," Tony says. "Instead I got rid of the ball as if my life depended on it. Jerry wasn't even there yet."

Such things do little to build up the confidence of great young prospects. This no doubt was precisely the kind of thing that Weiss had been trying to guard against. Kubek was so broken up about it that he dressed hurriedly after the game, ducked out of the park and went right to the airport to catch a plane home.

Tony maintains that he got over it quickly enough, though. "There's no sense lying in bed trying to make it come out different. It happened and that's that."

During spring training this year it looked as if Tony's wandering days were just about over. He was installed at shortstop, and Stengel said Tony probably would remain there.

But the leg injury changed all that. After Kubek's return to the line-up, Stengel said, "He plays very good shortstop, but he plays four or five other positions too. So whatever comes up, that's where he's gonna play."

Says Kubek himself, "Anywhere is all right with me. I prefer shortstop, but so does Gil McDougald, and he's the best in the business. The important thing, as far as I'm concerned, is just to keep playing regularly for the New York Yankees."

On this point, even Casey Stengel and George Weiss can agree.

The Glittering Mr. Goldwater (Continued from Page 39)

variety. His grandparents, Michael and Sarah Goldwater (then Goldwasser) and a paternal great-uncle, Joseph, followed the gold rush to California in 1852, where they ran a general store and saloon in the Mother Lode country of Sonora. Later, when gold was discovered along the Gila River in what is now Arizona, Russia-born Mike Goldwater drove wagons of goods from Los Angeles across the desert to become an itinerant peddler in the mining camps. In 1862 the Goldwaters opened an adobe store and founded the town of Ehrenberg. The store offered everything from gunpowder and whisky to calico and lace, and also served as city hall, post office and jail.

Then the Goldwaters began building a chain of stores—a venture involving more than commercial risk at a time when travel between towns literally could be a hair-raising adventure. Mike and Joe were badly wounded in a brush with Apache Indians in a place aptly named Skull Valley. The Goldwaters opened the second of their stores in Prescott with the help of two of Mike's sons, Morris and Baron—who was to become Barry's father. Two other sons, Ben and Sam, forsook the hazards of frontier mercantile life in favor of the comparatively quiet occupation of faro dealing up and down the West Coast. The Arizona Goldwaters proceeded to expand their stores to Phoenix, Tombstone and Bisbee—their establishment in the latter town was the site of the famous Bisbee massacre in 1883, when bandits held up Joe and shot down five passers-by who tried to sound an alarm. The bandits were later caught by a posse and five of them were convicted and hanged. A sixth member of the gang was sentenced to twenty years, but the citizenry disagreed with the verdict and strung him up with a rope from Goldwaters'.

Politics got into Barry Goldwater's blood when he was a boy. His Uncle Morris had helped found the Democratic Party in Arizona Territory, was mayor of Prescott, and served in the state legislature as Speaker of the House and President of the Senate. Morris took his nephew with him on his political rounds and had a profound influence on the boy, although not enough to make a Democrat out of him. When Barry and his brother, Bob, took over the family stores after the death of their father in 1929, they decided that one of them should be a Republican for business reasons, and Barry registered as such.

Barry greatly admired his mother, the former Josephine Williams, a Nebraska descendant of Roger Williams, an Episcopalian and a Republican. Mrs. Goldwater raised her two sons and daughter, Carolyn, as Episcopalians.

Barry Goldwater also seems to have taken after his mother in his supercharged energy. Weighing less than 100 pounds, she was a crack shot with rifle and shotgun, and skilled her sons in her favorite sport, deer hunting.

Few men expend themselves in so many directions as Barry Goldwater. He needs remarkably little rest, which he attributes to the fact that he never overeats and has never smoked or drunk coffee. Six feet tall, his weight has remained a muscular 185 pounds for thirty years. He is handsomely square-jawed, with curly gray hair, and usually is suntanned. His nose was broken when he played center on the University of Arizona football team and he bears a small scar on his forehead, a souvenir from a wrestling match. A disgruntled fan hurled the top of a stool and Goldwater happened to be in the line of fire.

When he is not questioning Reuther, Goldwater radiates a boundless geniality, an earthy, self-deprecating sense of humor, and disarming candor. One A.F.L.-C.I.O. representative who has dealt directly with Goldwater sums him up as a "charming scoundrel." Union officials complain that Goldwater either does not understand labor-union practices or deliberately distorts them. The kindest term they apply to him is "playboy," apparently a reference to the fact that the senator and his wife, Peggy, travel in a transcontinental social set.

Goldwater's faults, like his talents, are gaudy. He has a tendency to take extreme positions, to speak out impetuously and too often, and to jumble facts or handle them loosely. He is gradually developing a degree of patience, but he feels it has been sorely tried.

Goldwater believes in calling a spade a spade, but in the heat of his arguments it is more likely to sound like a power shovel. Having previously called Reuther "the most dangerous man in America," he got carried away with this theme in a Detroit speech on the Salute-to-Eisenhower program last January. Filling out his air time, he ad-libbed that Reuther was "more dangerous than the Sputniks or anything Russia might do."

This time Reuther blew his top. Three days later he told a cheering U.A.W. convention that Goldwater was "this country's No. 1 political fanatic, its No. 1 antilabor baiter, its No. 1 peddler of class hatred." He cried that if Goldwater believed what he said he was "mentally unbalanced and needs a psychiatrist."

Privately, Goldwater commented: "I knew he'd crack, and he did it when I went into his back yard and started bitin' at him."

Reuther and Goldwater have been challenging each other to a showdown debate for two years, but they have yet to

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arrange a face-to-face argument outside a Senate committee room. On last February twenty-seventh Reuther stormed Capitol Hill and denounced Goldwater as a "political hypocrite" and a "moral coward" during a noon recess of the Senate rackets-committee hearings on the U.A.W. strike against the Kohler plumbing-fixtures company. Goldwater and the three other Republicans on the committee had blocked Reuther in his determination to be the first witness in the hearings. Reuther charged that Goldwater had "run out" every time there was a chance for a confrontation.

This time Goldwater blew his top. On the Senate floor he said that Reuther was a "liar" and various other reprehensible things. He recalled that he had accepted a challenge to debate the U.A.W. leader over the radio in Detroit in June, 1957, provided the union allowed him to pay half the cost of the program. Ten days before the event, Reuther canceled out because of a schedule conflict. Nonetheless, Goldwater related, he agreed to debate a U.A.W. vice president, Leonard Woodcock, instead. He said the union meanwhile had expanded the program into a half-hour television show and, all in all, it had cost him approximately $1000 to get insulted in Detroit.

In calmer moments, Goldwater often looks askance at his own quixotic nature.

"There are words of mine floating around in the ether that I would like to reach up at, grab and eat," he said recently. "I'm sorry I called Reuther a liar. He did me a favor by cussing me out. You see, Westerners are proud of their people and they don't like outsiders telling them they have an S.O.B.

"My differences with Reuther are purely philosophical," he continued mildly. "He's not a *bad* guy. He's a churchman and good to his family. But I think he's a devoted Socialist. And I don't like what he does with his union. I don't like him taking dues money from Republicans and Democrats and using it to help elect Democrats.

"Reuther's not a labor leader, he's become a politician. When he was re-elected president of his union in 1948, he said that 'political action shall have the first call upon my time and energy.' He's made a conquest of the Democratic Party in Michigan and has made the U.A.W., with its 1,500,000 members, the greatest, strongest political machine this country has ever known. If he isn't stopped, Reuther will control this country's politics by 1960."

Goldwater is frank to admit he wishes the Republicans had a party adjunct as potent as the U.A.W. "I'd rather have 1000 men working for me on Election Day than $10,000," he explains.

Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the U.A.W., keeps a file on Goldwater, but it is not nearly as large as Goldwater's 254-page file on Reuther. The senator flips through it, reading Reutherisms at random, whenever he wants to be stimulated.

Significantly, none of Goldwater's G.O.P. Senate colleagues have enlisted in his running battle with the nimble Reuther, whose emotional forensic torrents invariably drown out his opponents. But it is accepted among Republicans that "Barry's got all the guts in the world." He can always be counted on to take a difficult speaking assignment for the party.

A former Republican official of the Senate says that first-termer Goldwater "has more leadership potential than any of the younger men I saw on our side of the aisle in ten years. All he needs is more maturity—not to let himself get so riled by his adversaries."

It is a tribute to Goldwater's charm that he is personally popular in the Senate cloakroom, even with those who disagree with him the most violently. He is respected for his sincerity and is considered a "good horse trader." However, many Democrats feel he went to unfair lengths in a vain attempt to "get Reuther" in the Kohler strike hearings. At one point in the hearings, Goldwater cryptically cited a Bureau of Labor statistic to the effect that thirty-seven deaths were caused by C.I.O. strikes in the period 1936–47. This stirred up a Democratic hornets' nest in the Senate. Sen. Paul Douglas pointed out that thirty-two of the thirty-seven killed were strikers or strike sympathizers and that only one of these was killed in a U.A.W. strike.

Goldwater also hurt himself through his association with the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. They had been friends since McCarthy had come to Arizona for his health in the early 1940's. Though they had some fundamental disagreements, Goldwater voted against McCarthy's "condemnation" by the Senate in 1954 on the ground that it would be a dangerous precedent to set limits on a senator's right to express himself. He pleaded in several speeches that McCarthy's transgressions at least were "mistakes of zeal and not of timidity." He said that the Republicans were committing "cannibalism" on the Senate floor, but not enjoying their "Irish stew."

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. annually grades Goldwater zero or close to it in a box score of whether members of Congress voted "right" or "wrong" on selected issues. Goldwater agrees that he should be placed about as far out on the edge of the right wing as any senator.

While he was pro-Eisenhower at the 1952 G.O.P. convention in Arizona, he has not had the slightest desire to take the veil as a so-called "modern Republican." He says he has retained his admiration for the President and they have remained personal friends. Ironically, though, he has not played golf or bridge with Eisenhower, while his brother, Bob, has done both.

The senator is opposed to foreign aid and the welfare state. He is in favor of State rights, drastic Government economy and lower taxes. He says his critics ignore the fact that he is just as opposed to big business as he is to big government and big labor. He considers all three as inherently dangerous to a free-enterprise system. And he thinks the world is upside down when a "modern" and a "liberal" is one who supports centralized bureaucracy, which limits human freedom.

"Just what does it mean to be 'modern' anyway?" he asked plaintively on the Senate floor in 1957. "I think of myself as modern in the true meaning as outlined in the dictionaries. My brother and I have just built a new store. I am building a new home. I fly an airplane. I like new things and new gadgets."

Goldwater is the most versatile member of the Senate. He has taken off and landed in nine of the Air Force's jet models, including the F-104 fighter and the new KC-135 Stratotanker, and over the years has flown seventy different types of aircraft. He is an associate of the Royal Photographic Society of London, having qualified with his portrait studies of old Indians. He helped build the first radio station in Phoenix when he was twelve years old, now builds and installs his own hi-fi sets, and reputedly can "fix anything mechanical."

He is a devotee of Dixieland music and once taught himself to play the saxophone, clarinet and trombone.

Goldwater is an authority on Arizona's 90,000 native Indians, among whom he is

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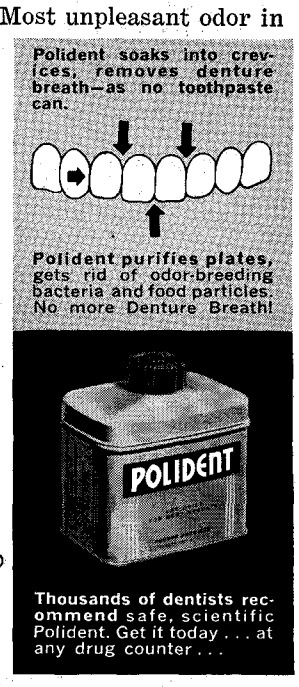
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variously known as "Barry Sundust," "Barry One Salt," and "Curly Head." He has a valuable collection of 350 Kochina dolls, the famous masked religious figures made by the old Hopis. He also collects primary historical material on the Southwest and has taken some 8000 photographs illustrating the more remote areas of the state and the customs of its twelve Indian tribes.

Goldwater has explored every sector of Arizona, the fifth largest state, and knows the Grand Canyon intimately. In 1940, when the feat was still rare, he navigated 700 miles of the Colorado River in a three-week trip in a wooden boat—from the Green River in Utah to Boulder Dam through the Grand Canyon. He has shown movies of his river expeditions all over the state.

Cruising by air over the Grand Canyon one morning in 1951, Goldwater noticed deep down in Nankoweap Canyon the shadow of a natural bridge whose existence was not known. He returned later and made a complete aerial reconnaissance to be sure it was not a hallucination. Then he got a helicopter pilot to take him down into Nankoweap, clambered 2000 feet, mostly upward, to the site of his geological discovery, and photographed it.

In 1934 Goldwater married attractive Peggy Johnson, whose father, Ray Prescott Johnson, and uncle, Charles S. Davis, were two of the heads of the Borg-Warner Corporation. One of the guests at the wedding in Muncie, Indiana, was G. Mennen Williams, now better known as "Soapy" and the fifth-term Democratic governor of Michigan. The senator still kids his wife about the days when Williams—then at Princeton—dated her and presented her with poetry. Goldwater has never taken dead aim at the governor, whom he regards as a junior partner of Reuther, but he denies that this is due to gallantry toward Peggy's ex-beau.

The Goldwaters have four good-looking children—Joanne, now Mrs. Thomas Ross, living in Salt Lake City; Barry, Jr., a freshman at the University of Colorado and three-time all-American interscholastic diver; Michael, a student at Staunton, Virginia, Military Academy; and Peggy, a student at the Judson School in Scottsdale, Arizona.

They have a spectacular new modern house on a mountain just outside Phoenix and overlooking the Valley of the Sun. Built of Northern Arizona sandstone and redwood, it is complete with steam bath, hi-fi speaker in every room, built-in movie projector, a photography darkroom, a gallery of Western paintings and a collection of early Western firearms. The Goldwaters also have a summer home overlooking the Pacific at La Jolla, California, and an apartment in Washington, D.C., that is strikingly decorated in a desert motif.

The old Goldwater home, where Barry was born on January 1, 1909, was headquarters for the active young people of Phoenix when he was growing up. The three Goldwater children were open-handed, fun-loving and utterly uninhibited. Mrs. Baron Goldwater, now a salty septuagenarian, recalls: "I always let them do what they pleased, but I taught them what was right and wrong. I told them I'd rather they'd steal than tell a lie."

Barry was graduated from Staunton Military Academy and went on to the University of Arizona. After his freshman year his father died. Somebody had to mind the store. Barry told Bob that "one of us has got to get educated, and it better be you." Bob, though eighteen months younger than Barry, had brilliantly skipped several grades and passed him in school. Barry was never a scholar.

When Bob later joined Barry in the store, they made an imaginative pair of merchandisers. They imported the smartest styles from New York and expanded the business ten times over. Today, Goldwater's, Inc., is a cross between an elegant department store and a high-fashion women's-specialty store. It includes four stores in Phoenix, one in suburban Scottsdale, and one in Prescott. The combined annual gross is approximately $6,500,000.

Like most of the stores in Phoenix, Goldwater's has not been organized by unions. The senator says, "I wish we could pay our people more." But he points out that their 550 employees have long enjoyed a thirty-seven-hour week, a liberal profit-sharing plan and company-paid life insurance. During World War II, the Goldwaters bought a farm in order to supply their employees with milk, vegetables and meat.

Senator Goldwater still likes to talk about the days when he was, as he puts it, "selling pants." He says he has sold everything but shoes and brassières. One day before Christmas he set a record in the store by ringing up 204 individual sales.

He is convinced that salesmanship is largely a matter of initiative and is compiling an on-the-spot documentary to instruct salesmen in how-not-to-sell. As he travels about the country, he makes a point of dropping into the local department store with a wire recorder concealed under his coat. He approaches the cosmetics counter and innocently asks for razor blades. He has privately committed himself to buy, without resistance, any other items the girl suggests up to five dollars. To his disappointment, most of the clerks simply direct him to the razor-blade counter instead.

> It comes as no surprise to some women that man's best friend leads a dog's life.
>
> KEN & PAT KRAFT

"Only one girl—in a drugstore in Oklahoma City—got all my five dollars," Goldwater says. "I told her, 'Honey, if you ever need a job, come to Phoenix.'"

Goldwater learned to fly in 1930, but when the war started, the Army Air Corps turned him down because of his age—thirty-two—and astigmatism. Having been in the National Guard, he wangled an assignment as an infantry officer assigned to the Air Corps as a ground-school instructor in gunnery. He next made a deal with training pilots to take their photographs in flight—Goldwater and his camera would ride in the rear cockpit of one of the planes and would snap the pilots as they flew by. In return, the pilots gave him after-hours flying time, enough so that he eventually qualified as a ferry pilot. In August, 1943, he participated in the first—and last—flight of fighters, P-47 Thunderbolts, to cross the Atlantic during the war.

Goldwater spent the rest of the war overseas with the Air Transport Command. He became a chief pilot on the "pony-express runs" supplying the B-29 bases in India via the Azores and Casablanca. One moonlit night in Calcutta, Goldwater and a buddy, Major (now Colonel) Hap Croswell, climaxed a private celebration by having a ricksha race down the main street, carrying the ricksha boys as passengers. Returning late to his quarters, Goldwater found a radiogram reading: "By first available aircraft you return to United States." He rounded up a crew, climbed into a C-54, and was air-borne by four A.M. When he arrived back at ATC headquarters, he was greeted with: "What the hell are you doing in the States?" It developed that three words had been left off the message in transmission. It should have read: "Inform Maj. Croswell by first available aircraft you return to United States." So Goldwater immediately flew the 13,000 miles back to India, completing perhaps the longest unnecessary trip of World War II.

A lieutenant colonel when the war ended, he organized the Air National Guard in Arizona and retained an active status in the Air Force Reserve, which requires him to fly Air Force planes 100 hours a year. In more than 6000 hours of piloting, Goldwater has had only one minor crackup.

One of his most surprising passengers was the late Willie Bioff, the labor racketeer who was convicted of extortion and pandering. Bioff had made Goldwater's acquaintance while hiding out in Phoenix under an alias. Late one night in 1955, after making a speech in Las Vegas, Nevada, the senator and his wife ran into Mr. and Mrs. Bioff at the airport. The Bioffs' flight had been canceled and they asked if they could hitch a ride back to Phoenix in the Goldwaters' four-seat private plane. The senator obliged. He does not apologize for knowing Bioff, who, he says, gave him firsthand knowledge of gangsterism in the labor movement. Shortly after that, Bioff was dynamited in his car in Phoenix.

In 1949 Goldwater was elected to the first of two terms in the Phoenix city council on a reform ticket. He led his seven-man slate in balloting each time. In 1950 he covered 50,000 air miles as campaign manager and pilot for Republican Howard Pyle's successful bid for the governorship of Arizona. Thus stimulated, he ran for the United States Senate in 1952 and defeated Ernest McFarland, the Democratic incumbent. This was no small feat, even though Goldwater had the benefit of Eisenhower's coattails, and his margin of victory was less than 1 per cent. After all, McFarland was the Senate Majority Leader and only once previously in its history had Arizona elected a Republican to the Senate.

In Washington, Goldwater has worked for Arizona's interests by shrewdly cooperating as much as possible with its powerful senior senator, Carl Hayden, a Democrat and long a family friend. Goldwater is a member of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, where his knowledge of Indians, forestry, water and mining is valuable, and of the controversial Labor and Public Welfare Committee, where, as a nonlawyer, he had a lot to learn. But, as usual, he jumped in feet first where most senators fear to tread. By 1955 he was needling Reuther. He has been in demand as a speaker before business, farm and professional groups all over the country ever since.

Today Goldwater is not so controversial inside Arizona as he is outside it. A great many Arizonans say they are proud of him and some Phoenix businessmen have begun calling him the most outstanding all-around citizen the state has produced. In these circles there is hope that he can capitalize on his opposition by union leaders as successfully as the late Senator Taft did in Ohio in 1950.

Vice President Nixon hinted at this line in a speech on February fifteenth in Phoenix, when he said of Goldwater: "I predict the voters of Arizona will show their resentment of Walter Reuther's attempt to purge him from public life."

Aside from the union spokesmen, a vociferous minority of white-collar liberals in Arizona can't stand Goldwater. The state's 1,070,000 population includes only 1000 U.A.W. members and 32,000 union members in all, but the word is being passed that labor will go "all the way" to knock off Goldwater in November. Labor's spokesmen, including Walter Reuther's brother, Roy, have come into Arizona in recent years and pictured Goldwater as one of the most "hated" men among working people.

Paul Theiss, regional director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in Phoenix, told me disgustedly in April, "With all the big issues facing our people—life-and-death matters—our senator is out shadowboxing with Reuther."

Goldwater shrugs off such shafts with a smile. He points to his daily avalanche of mail, which is full of bitter anti-Reuther sentiment and encouragement from working people. He says he believes the right to strike is basic, but that forcing a man to join a union in thirty days under a union-shop contract is a violation of constitutional rights under the First, Fifth, Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments.

Goldwater will pitch his campaign primarily on this issue, which is safe ground in his state. Arizona was the second of eighteen states to pass a right-to-work act, by popular referendum back in 1947, and since has put teeth in the law.

McFarland, finishing his second term as governor of Arizona, is burning with an ambition to regain his Senate seat from Goldwater. A lawyer, a lifelong politician and a transplanted Oklahoman, the red-faced, sixty-four-year-old governor looks and acts like a farmer. Though his platform manner is customarily described as "bumbling," his common touch is his strength. He is considered formidable as a "down-the-street handshaker" in an election campaign.

The Republicans are counting on the Goldwater glitter once again to put McFarland in the shade. They hope to hook the slow-spoken governor into a debate with the fast-talking senator. McFarland is regarded as the strongest Democrat who could be run against Goldwater, but he is not exactly the liberals' delight. Politically, he has always been in the middle of the road, sometimes trying to straddle it.

In the spring, local A.F.L.-C.I.O. officials as well as Goldwater himself were estimating his re-election chances at about 50-50. There were two unknown factors in the speculation. One was the recession, which at that time had barely touched Arizona. After a record winter-tourist boom, the state was feeling prosperous. But there were increasing layoffs in the copper mines, one of Arizona's four major industries, and if unemployment should spread generally, Goldwater's stock would drop.

The other question mark was the political complexion of the 300,000 to 400,000 new people who have settled in the state since Goldwater's election. The G.O.P. thinks the great majority of them are Republicans because so many hail from the rural Midwest. Some forecasters predict the election will be decided by less than 1000 votes. Summing up, William R. Mathews, publisher of the Arizona Daily Star in Tucson, said that "Mac has been a good, conservative governor, and Barry has enhanced his popularity because out here we like a courageously outspoken fighter." Mathews mused on this and added exultantly: "Whoopee, it's going to be a campaign! Whew!"

THE END

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Night of Horror (Continued from Page 40)

except for the tiny spiders that used to float off on their little threads when their egg pods burst; and they were never very high. Childhood images and ideas still stick with us, though, long after we have learned that they are completely false, and pop up from our subconscious without our realizing it. Idols of the cave, old Francis Bacon called them.

There weren't any cobwebs anywhere any more, when I got down to it. The last of them had gone eight or ten years ago, soon after the insects that they had been built to catch. If I should read Danny the Mother Goose rhyme about the old lady who went to sweep the cobwebs off the moon, it would have no associations for him at all. No memories, when he grew up, of lacy nets spread out on the grass in summer dawns, looking like patches of frost with the dew on them, which a barefoot boy was careful to avoid; nor of the geometrically perfect webs of black-and-yellow argiopid spiders strung from bush to bush in back-yard gardens, with their four rays of laddered silk, and of gathering around one with a gang of other kids, thrusting out a long branch to tear the sticky threads, then running frantically in all directions, in terror that the tiger-striped demon of the web was after them. No memories of dusty hay barns, with cobwebs festooned down from the rafters and hanging in thick triangular sheets in the corners, where dark bloated bodies crouched in the depths of their tunnels, waiting to leap upon their prey. And I was glad he wouldn't.

Once when I had been about five myself I had gone into Grandfather Prettyman's barn at dusk, hunting for eggs which some of his wandering hens might have laid in the hay, and one of those festoons had dropped down on me, as big as a pillowcase. I would never forget stumbling and fighting my way out through the wide doorway, stifled with horror, clawing the sticky hay-wisped sheet from my eyelids and lips and hair. Even today, it was all I could do to go beneath a tree hanging with Spanish moss.

Coming that way from far-off lands and skies full of different stars, the airliner made me think of the garbled report from Brazil that had been on the kitchen radio early this morning, while I was trying a couple of shells from my new box in my shotgun, waiting for the coffee to perk, with Irene still getting Danny dressed upstairs.

It had been about a town called Iniquillos, up a tributary of the Amazon from Manaus. A small city of about four thousand people, rubber hunters, tannery workers and rivermen, Indian and white, with electricity and telephones and a radio station, which had been inexplicably cut off from communication. A plane had been sent from Manaus to investigate, with a network correspondent aboard who had phoned back a report, relayed on the radio hookup, about the town being all hidden beneath a silvery gray carpet.

His broadcast hadn't been very intelligible, fading out and getting mixed with other things; and maybe after half a minute he had been cut off, with an apology by the network commentator for the poor quality of the signal. The commentator had gone on to explain that the town was apparently hidden in morning river mist, although the reporter might have meant that it had been submerged in a flood; and they would try to have a full account later. There had been a report from Washington then about the Mars rocket, followed by a car dealer's spiel and the weather forecast. But the Manaus correspondent's thin voice had sounded excited, almost hysterical, and I wished there had been a little more of his story.

My car radio was out of commission, and I hadn't seen a newspaper all day, over at Rehoboth, Delaware, repairing the roof of the judge's beach house after Hurricane Claribel. Three hours up, and the same back, with more than ten hours of steady shingle-patching and tarring in between, wanting to get the job finished in one day.

Lights shone from the windows of the houses scattered along the road. There is something about the lights of houses in an autumn night in the country—with the day's work done and the school-age kids doing their lessons around the dining table, the little ones in bed—that is snug and homy. It makes you glad you belong to the human race, and live in a civilized age and country. Cave men had their damp rock dens to cower in from the sabertooth, it might be, and other animals have their nests or lairs. But there is nothing like a modern man's own safe, warm, lighted home when night has come and the weather is turning cool.

The Kings' weather-beaten shingle cottage across the road from our place was all dark inside, though. Their gooseneck floodlight was on above the open doors of their old garage-shed beside the house, and their car was out. A five-gallon gasoline can was standing against one of the doors—with a potato stuck on its spout instead (*Continued on Page 120*)

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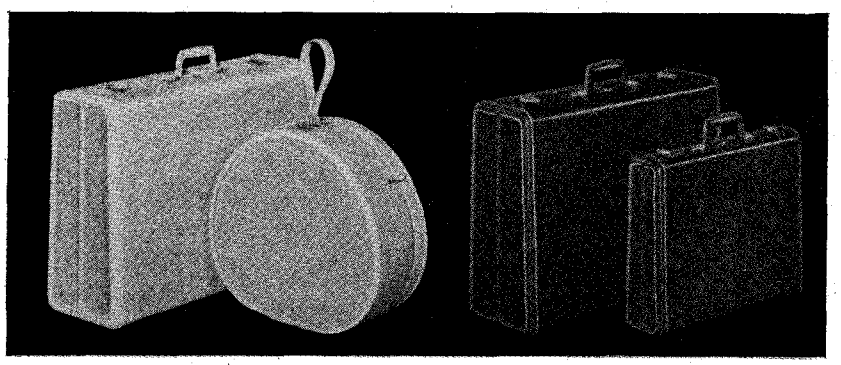

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(*Continued from Page 117*) of a lost cap—that Lem King had brought home for their kitchen stove and been too lazy to take in. The light shone inside the shed on the oil-soaked floor, a tangle of tire chains, old gunny sacks, and the big smoked ham they had won at the raffle last week, all hanging from the center rafter. It shone on a jumble of old boxes, broken chairs, a busted baby carriage and worn-out tires piled up at the back; and over their pitted driveway and weedy lawn and broken-down picket fence in front.

Lem was a lazy mechanic, and his wife a slattern housekeeper. Irene and I, between ourselves, referred to their house as "the Kings' palace." There wasn't any need of any human beings' letting a place get all run down like that. But maybe there are individuals and families of every zoological class that are just naturally attracted to dirt and disorder and prefer it.

Their little Nancy's window up in the attic dormer was open, I saw. They had put her to bed, and left her alone again while they went out to have themselves another ball down at the Four Corners bar. The way they neglected her was a crime. She wasn't any older than Danny. Only an ordinary kid, it might be, with an ordinary hundred to hundred and twenty I.Q., but pretty as anything, with curly light brown hair and big pansy eyes and the sweetest smile. Irene thought they probably beat her, from the bruises she sometimes had, but we didn't know. We had never heard her cry.

There wasn't anything that could happen to her, of course. She wasn't the kind of kid who plays with matches. There weren't any burglars or child molesters anywhere in the county, like maybe in a city. No bear or panther was going to climb in and get her; the only wild animals we had were squirrels and rabbits, raccoons and skunks and a few possums, and maybe a deer or two over in Barnes' woods.

Still, a five-year-old kid oughtn't to be left alone in a house at night, no matter how safe. Maybe they wake up and see something stirring just outside the window, like a vine or tree branch, and they don't know what it is. Or they hear a little sound, like a stair tread that gives a creak with a change of temperature, or a water faucet dripping, and they think it's something creeping to get them, making bubbles with its breath.

I swung in our driveway and parked in front of the garage. I took my lunch box from the seat beside me as I got out. I left my ladders and stuff in the back of the wagon, having another roof job tomorrow over in Griffinsville.

Light from the downstairs windows shone out on the flagstones to the kitchen door. Danny's window upstairs in front was dark, I saw, and open a couple of inches from the bottom. His bedtime was nine o'clock, and Irene always kept him to a strict schedule. She was college-educated, with a major in child psychology, and she thought it was even more important for him than for an ordinary kid to have everything just so. Though, as she had to admit herself, even the smartest professors didn't know about kids like him, and there was nothing to guide us.

From just above the fringes of my eyebrows, as I was glancing up, I caught the movement of something dropping down on the roof overhead, it looked like, out of the night sky. Just a kind of sprawling shadow, blotting out the stars over the house an instant. I stopped a couple of paces from the kitchen stoop, lifting my eyes straight up to where the roof ridge and the square center chimney cut the sky.

A little pale smoke was coming up out of the chimney mouth from the oil furnace. That could have been what had caught my eye. Or it might have been a fall of leaves from the old hundred-foot oak, in front, that went back before the Revolution, and maybe before Columbus, that was called the Lord Protector Oak, though nobody knew why. It shed an awful lot of leaves. Lem King even complained that they sometimes fell across the road onto his own roof. Two or three times every fall I had to put a ladder up and clean them out of our gutters. There was a bunch of them on the roof now, so far as I could tell, in a flat pile humped up against the chimney.

I turned the knob of the kitchen door and went in. "Hi, Irene!" I called out as I closed it behind me.

The kitchen was filled with the smell of cooked Concord grapes. A couple of big pots with rims of pink froth were on the sink drainboard, with a colander full of seeds and grapeskins and a purple-stained cheesecloth straining bag. There was an empty pan lined with paraffin for the tops of jelly glasses. She must have made a raft of it today. Every fall she filled the shelves of the big preserve closet down in the basement with all kinds of things she put up.

Some man was talking on the TV in the living room, kind of low. I took off my jacket and hat, hanging them on the hook on the back of the basement door, which was standing part-way open.

"Irene?" I called down the stairs.

But it was dark down there. She had taken her jelly glasses down, but had neglected to bolt the door again when she came back up, it looked like. It was likely to swing open that way unless you did. I closed it and threw the bolt.

She couldn't be watching a program so hard that she hadn't heard me. She was probably upstairs looking at Danny's thermometer by the light from the hall, deciding whether she ought to open his window another inch or close it another inch, I figured, and would be down directly.

She had set out a plate and knife and fork on the table for me, with my napkin. I opened the oven door and saw a casserole that she had put back to keep warm. I set it out on the table and got some butter and homemade bread and poured a big glass of milk. I thought I might as well get the evening paper to look at while I was eating.

On the window ledge, between the geranium pots, I caught sight of my box of shotgun shells that I had laid there this morning; and my gun still standing against the wall that I had got out from the closet under the front stairs. Irene was always petrified of guns. I was going to have an awful argument when Danny was old enough to go hunting with me.

I picked up the shells and gun to put away, and went into the living room with them. The evening paper was lying on the couch. On the TV screen a man with owlish glasses was sitting talking at a table.

"Two major mutations in one species, doctor?" I heard him say. "A great increase in size, and an even more tremendous increase in intelligence?"

They were having another one of these discussion programs, it looked like, about biology and the changes they figured were due to radiation, like they had been having for the past ten years, ever since the insects began not having eyes and died out over all the world. I sat down on the arm of the couch a minute to see if they would say anything new about the kids like Danny.

"We are very far from having any adequate data yet on the variety and extent of mutations during the past decade, doctor," a man with big ears and a bald, domelike head said, leaning on his elbows. "We can only assume that nothing is impossible in the forms that life may take. It is conceivable that mutations of one sort or another, meaningful or meaningless, infinitesimal or staggering in their proportions, beneficial or destructive to the species, may have occurred by the scores of thousands among various families and orders of all the great phyla of animals. In the ocean deeps, in the unknown jungles ——"

"The human mutation is the most significant to us as men, don't you think, doctor?" someone else said.

A man with a beard, wearing a clerical collar, was on the screen. "The extraordinary increase in intellectual capacity of so many of our recent children, I mean," he said. "Seven- and even five-year-olds who think in terms of quantum variables and elementary particles, so far as their thought processes can be assayed, and are endowed with extrasensory perceptions for which we have no name. I believe that zoology regards them as a true mutation, pointing to the establishment, within the comparatively brief span of another six or ten generations, of a race of super-homo as far advanced over modern man as he is over the shaggy clam digger of the kitchen middens, or perhaps Austroanthropos."

Danny, I thought, and the others like him. He would live in a world beyond all my understanding, beyond imagination. He would be tall and shining, wonderfully clear in his thinking, a million years farther from all the scars of old dark terrors, all the idols of the cave. I would be only a flat-skulled gibbering club wielder to him, an ignorant thing of the night and the forests, who strangely had fathered him. But on me, because of him, the glory of that future world shone in a thin crack through the door.

"Quite, doctor," the big bald man was saying. "Unquestionably an incalculable intellectual leap has occurred in a proportion of the offspring of our species, increasing at a geometric rate each year. The first primitive human intelligence itself, which according to the best evidence developed suddenly in various scattered groups of small-brained, insect-eating, lemurlike mammals hunted as prey by the great saurian carnivores, in all likelihood was such a mutation, occurring in an era of great genetic whirlpool such as ours seems also to be, caused possibly by an unprecedented flood of cosmic radiation."

"Man is always most significant to himself," said the man with owlish glasses. "The question before us, however, doctor, is whether a species of another order, of a quite different class and phylum, an invertebrate, whose members have disappeared completely in our own country due to lack of sustenance, may have survived in other parts of the world and have developed a vastly larger size, with an intelligence comparable at least to man's early tribal intelligence in communication and co-operative effort in the hunt. And with unknown prospects of possibly surpassing even our own super-homo at some not too distant date."

I didn't know what they were talking about. They weren't talking about Danny though, any more. I felt a little weak.

The big man was back again. He picked up a pencil and broke it in his hands.

"The conclusion seems inescapable, doctor," he said. "Certainly not all members of the order were comparatively minuscule in size, nor solely dependent on insects for their food, like those we knew. There were, specifically, the much larger so-called birdeaters and other lesser-known giant species of the equatorial jungles. Undeniably they would have had time to establish through several generations their (*Continued on Page 122*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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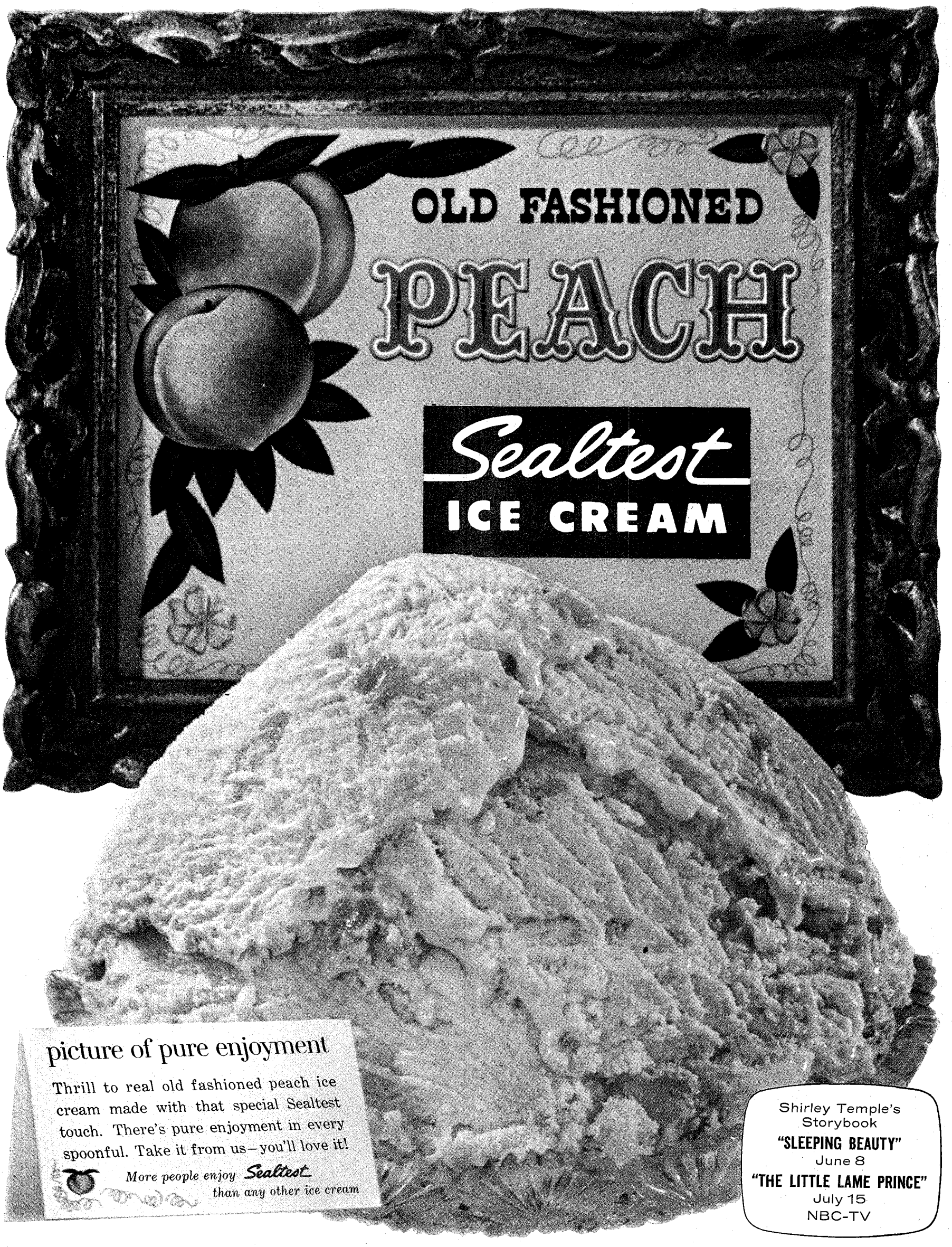
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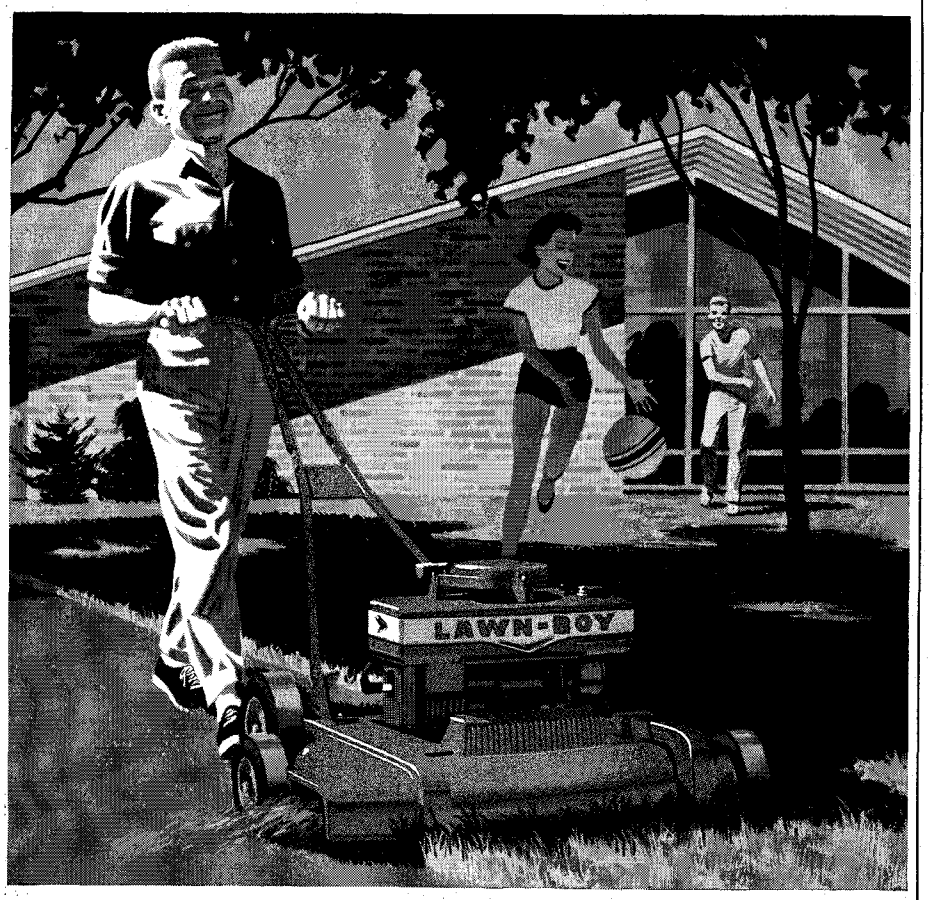

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LAWN-BOY, LAMAR, MO. DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORP.: JOHNSON, EVINRUDE OUTBOARD MOTORS.
See Yellow Pages for nearest LAWN-BOY dealer. Or call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

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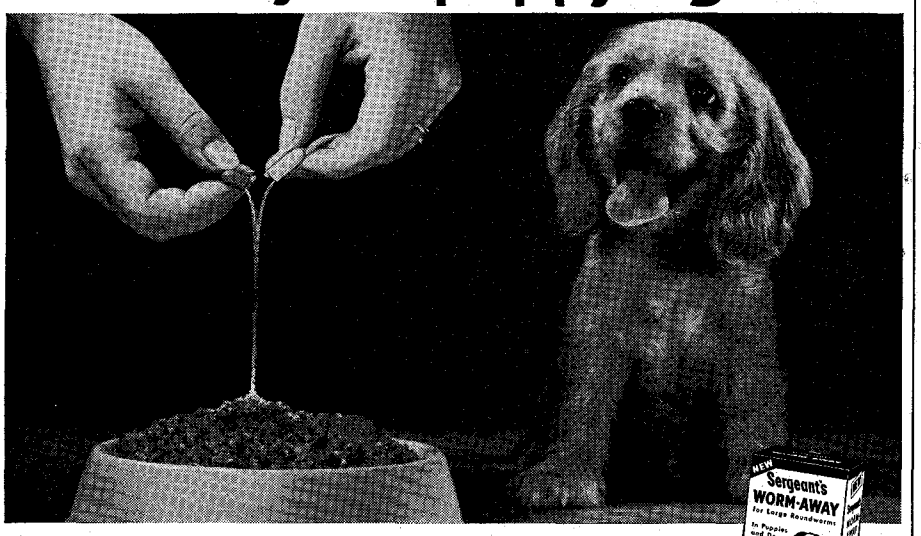

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Sergeant's® NEW WORM-AWAY

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Sergeant's® Richmond 20, Va. *the best for man's best friend*

(*Continued from Page 120*) own mutations, if such have occurred, including an increase in size, an adaptability to changed environment and conceivably a high humanlike intelligence. At times over the past several years we have had the apparently fantastic stories from the interior of Brazil about solitary Indian hunters, and even whole jungle families in their huts, who have been overwhelmed by groups of the fabled Tigre Aranha working in concert ——"

I turned to lay my gun and shells down on the couch beside me.

"—stories heretofore all completely discounted by science," the big man's voice was going on. "However, today we have been confronted by the reports of the tragedy of Iniquillos, and the crash of the airliner from Manaus less than three hours ago ——"

The black headlines of the paper on the couch were beneath my eyes. And I was stumbling out of grandfather's barn again, clawing at my hair and face.

"Giant Spiders ——"

Somewhere in the house there was a faint thudding which was not the thudding of my heart.

"Dan! Dan!"

From the kitchen! I threw two shells into my gun. Don't ask me why. I went back out there at a stumbling run. "Irene! Where are you?"

"Dan! Oh, please!"

I threw the bolt of the basement door and jerked it open. I caught her against me as she sprawled forward from the top step, with her dark hair matted and blood trickling down her face.

"The chair I was standing on! It tilted beneath me, Dan!" she said in gasps. "I grabbed the preserve closet, and it toppled forward on me as I fell. I think a corner of it must have hit my head and given me a concussion. It must have smashed the light bulb too. I was lying down there on the floor in the dark, everything around me all sharp and squashy! I had a terrible time finding the steps! Oh, Dan! What a dreadful day!"

Her scalp had a deep cut back of the hairline, and her palms and the knees of her brown corduroy slacks were covered with pieces of glass smeared with jelly. She had hurt her right leg too. I couldn't tell how badly.

"How long ago did it happen, girl?"

"I don't know. They were about to have a program with a lot of important scientists discussing the ghastly thing down in Brazil. I thought I'd just have time to take the last load down before it began. I guess I was in too much of a rush."

"It must have been only a minute or two before I got back," I said. "I thought you were upstairs with Danny."

"I put him to bed a little before his regular time," she said, still dazed. "I tried to keep him from hearing the news all day. He's so intelligent, but in so many ways he's even more helpless, and a baby, and needs even more to be protected from fear and shock. What are you doing with your gun, Dan?"

"I was just putting it away."

I helped her over to the sink and ran lukewarm water for her to hold her hands under, to rinse off as much as possible of the glass. There wasn't any doctor who would come out so far, so late, for anything short of death. I might have to wake up Danny and take him along in to the hospital. I mopped the blood and muck from her face with wet paper towels, and tried to get some of it out of her hair.

"It's still bleeding," I said. "Let me get you on the couch in the living room while I see how bad your knee and ankle are. I haven't heard anything, Irene, all day. Just something over the radio this morning about a gray carpet."

"A whole town!" she gasped. "They must have planned it a long time, all working together. Thousands of them, as big as the biggest octopuses! It's believed to have happened two nights ago. There's no human life left beneath the carpet—only shadows moving. The government is sending army planes over to drop gas and fragmentation bombs. They say it's the only thing to do. Thousands of them now! Soon there may be millions, covering the whole earth! You know the way they breed."

"It's a terrible thing," I told her, feeling the sickness still and the remembrance of the film over my face. "But don't let yourself go to pieces. Terrible things have happened since the world began. The great scaly dinosaurs in the giant reeds beside the river, when we had to go down to drink, and nine-tenths of us would die. The tigers' bloody jaws seizing our parents and our brothers and sisters, and only we were left deep in the cave. But we have survived. They aren't going to cover the whole earth with their filthy cities and feed on us like flies. They can be destroyed, and all their nests and lairs, now that we know they exist, before they multiply too much or become still more intelligent and evil, even if a million square miles of living green hell have to be mushroom-bombed as dead as the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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moon. It's natural for everybody everywhere to be horrified, I know, but there's no reason for us to go to pieces. Get hold of yourself, Irene. They are all a long way away."

"The Magdalena!" she said. "The big S.C.A. liner that took off today from Manaus. Down, in the Everglades!"

"Down?" I said. "I saw one of the big regular evening S.C.A. liners heading up for New York when I was turning onto Goodhaven Road only a little while ago. They're safer than a railroad train. There's nothing that could get one down."

"That must have been the Don, from Buenos Aires," she said. "The Magdalena! A hundred and eighty passengers aboard it, and all the crew! Oh, Dan!"

I had got her into the living room, to the couch. I snatched the newspaper off and dropped it over the back, out of sight, as I helped her to ease down. There was a wirephoto on it that I didn't want to look at.

On the TV screen they were still having their discussion, talking about arthropods and arachnids and araneids, phyla and classes and orders, about genes and biomolecules and some kind of nucleic acid that was maybe the key to life and intelligence. I knelt and took her shoe off, rolled up the leg of her slacks above her swollen knee, with my gun on the floor at my feet.

"No broken bones, I don't think," I said. "When you've rested, maybe I can get you upstairs and into a hot tub, after I've bandaged up your head. What about the Magdalena in the Everglades?"

"We are interrupting our panel discussion," said an announcer on the TV, "to bring you a special interview from Idlewild Airport in New York City with Captain Mackland of the Southern Cross airship Don, just landed from South America, who was in communication with the Magdalena, a sister ship, for a half hour before it went down in the Everglades, and who flew low over it after its crash."

A tall lean man, with a drawn face beneath an officer's peaked cap, and a short hatless man with rumpled hair, holding a mike, were standing in the foreground of the screen then. There was a great confusion of voices and other sounds. Behind them, and at the edges of the floodlit scene, policemen were pushing back a crowd. In the background were the landing ramp and passenger doorway of a giant plane; and at the top of the screen, above the two men, was the tip of one of its wings, with the shadow of a thin rope swaying as it hung down.

It was the plane that I had seen in the bright moonlight. It had landed up there, two hundred miles away, in little more time than it had taken me to putter a couple of miles home.

"You saw the Magdalena crash, I understand, captain," said the man with the rumpled hair. "Will you tell us about it?"

The tall lean man wet his lips, bending to the mike which the rumpled man thrust at him.

"We took off from Buenos Aires," he said. "A stop at Rio. A normal flight. Over the Caribbean I was talking to the Magdalena, which had taken off from Valparaiso and put down at Manaus on the way, and was then about a hundred miles, about ten minutes, behind us. Bill—Captain Norjac, her skipper—told me about all the hysteria at Manaus, and how swarms of army planes had been taking off for Iniquillos up at the edge of the jungle, which these Tigres Aranhas were supposed to have enwrapped. I don't think he quite believed it had happened. He joked about how he had been radioed by the tower after he left there that a swarm of giant striped things had been seen leaping from the treetops as he cleared the end of the field, and that a bunch of them had fastened on his wings. They advised him to put down at the nearest field if he couldn't shake them off. He thought they were nuts at Manaus. Or if there had been such things, that they must have been frozen and swept off at his altitude and speed. He kidded me that if he could only bring one back alive, maybe he could sell it to the Bronx Zoo for a million bucks. Right afterward ——"

The lean man wet his lips again.

"Go on, captain!" the rumpled man urged. "A hundred million people want to know."

"Right afterward I heard him report that a gray curtain had suddenly been dropped over all his windows, and he had lost all visibility. He was going down in a vertical sideslip, trying to shake it off. I heard him report then that he had straightened out, having been unable to get rid of it after a succession of half-rolls and other maneuvers, and was proceeding blind on instruments. I was up off Fort Lauderdale. I hauled around to rendezvous with him and see him home. I sighted him as he came in over the Everglades, down to eight thousand feet. He was calling then that his controls were jammed or cut. I saw him going down in a wide, loose, left spin, all tangled ——"

"Go on, captain."

"I flew over, low," the lean man said. "Not more than fifty feet. The terrain was all swamp hummocks and silver water. It was like a gray fallen tent, with things leaping. I made another pass over, but there couldn't have been any survivors of the crash itself. I had my own passengers and ship that I was responsible for. I zoomed up, reporting it, and headed on home."

"Weren't you concerned that some of those things might leap up and fasten on your own wings, captain, while you were flying over?"

"I thought of it with the second pass I made," the lean man said. "That was why I pulled the wheel back against my belt and blasted the hell up out of there. But I guess none of them were quick enough to make it."

The long shadowy rope swaying from the end of the wing above him floated down across the center of the screen.

"Look out!" somebody yelled.

The crowd beyond the police were tumbling back. The lean airman and the man with the mike disappeared from the screen. The sound went off. Distorted faces and running figures jerked and bobbed around in silence. After a moment the scene changed back to the studio announcer.

"We have a report from Idlewild," he said. "The Don is being gone over foot by foot. But there seems to be nothing except the single thread which you may have seen on your screens. One of them apparently did succeed in fastening on temporarily, but couldn't do anything alone. It was either swept off or launched itself off again. Navy planes from Key West have located the site of the Magdalena's crash, and preparations are being made to reach it with ducks and swamp boats at the earliest possible moment. We will keep you informed of any new developments. We are now returning you to our panel discus——"

Upstairs I heard Danny cry out, "Daddy!"

"Danny!" Irene said frantically, struggling to get up. "He called me!"

She was the one he always called to do all the things a mother has to do. I wasn't home all the time either. But he had called me now. (*Continued on Page 125*)

Her yacht-type construction features high-performance HRV hull, solid mahogany frame and trim, extra-heavy Weldwood planking. Her comfortable cabin provides berths for 3 to 4, galley stove, ice box, sink, fresh-water system, table, full-height toilet room. Her engine, for top speed and safety, is the great 220 h.p. Flagship Marine V-8. No wonder this cruiser is the most popular boat . . . the most exciting *buy* . . . in Owens' long history!

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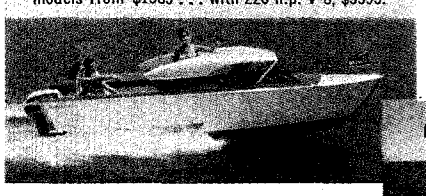
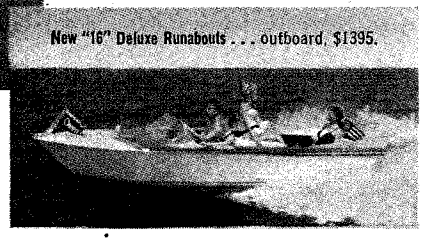


New "16" Deluxe Runabouts . . . outboard, $1395.



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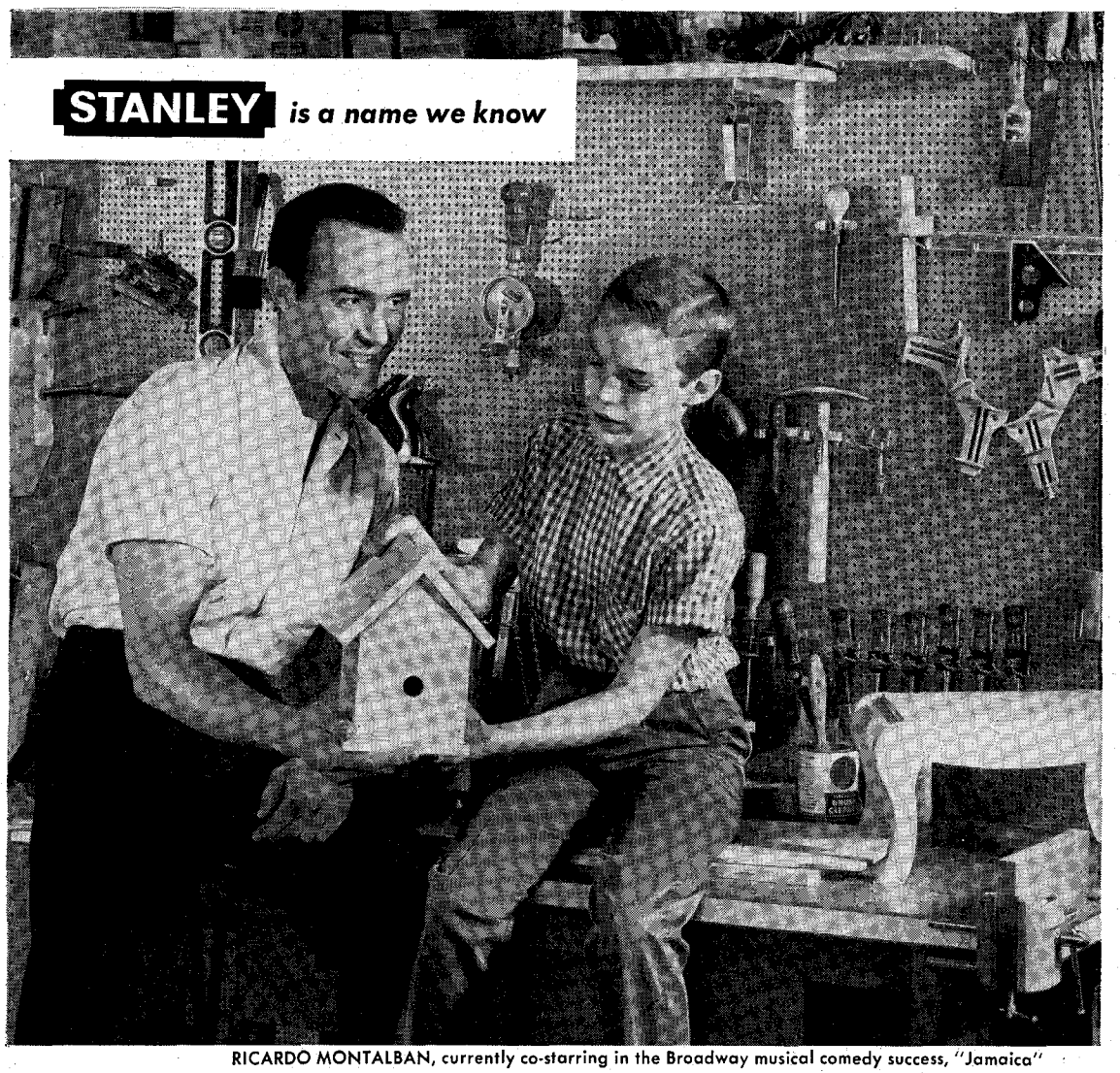


RICARDO MONTALBAN, currently co-starring in the Broadway musical comedy success, "Jamaica"

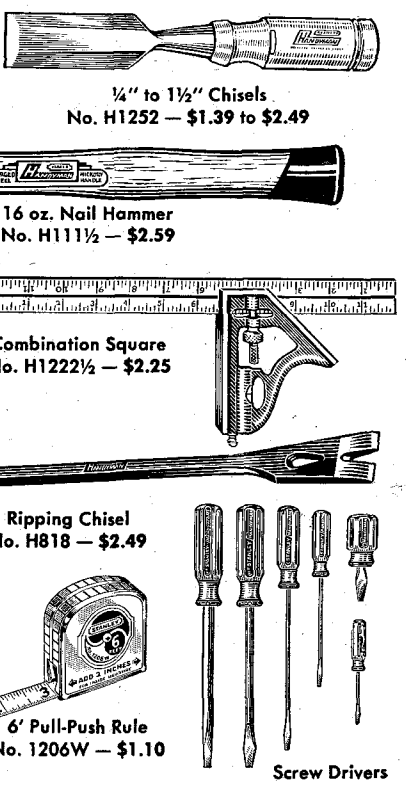
"Stanley Tools help Mark and me when we work for fun together."

"I'm often on location, or working where I can't have my family with me. These separations make the time I spend with my wife and our four children especially precious. I like being an actor, but I like being a father better.

"My son, Mark, and I both know Stanley as a name and a trademark we can depend upon. In our home workshop are many Stanley Tools I have owned and used for years. Lately we have been building a fine Stanley Handyman set for Mark, adding a tool or two at a time. He is quite proud of his handsome matched tools, takes good care of them and is acquiring an always useful skill.

"Often when it's time for it, — on my birthday or for Father's Day — Mark gives me a Stanley Tool or some other piece of equipment for our shop. He knows what I need and he knows he can depend on Stanley. I'm certainly glad he does."

This Stanley Handyman selection has one or more tools that every man and boy wants.



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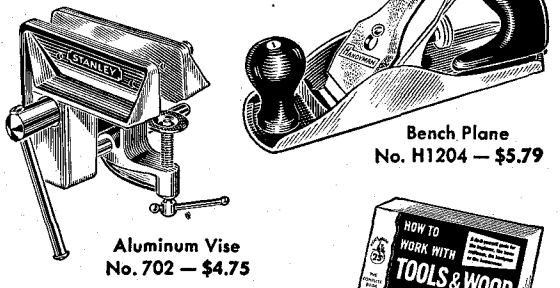
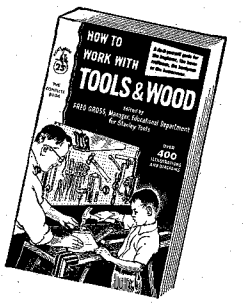


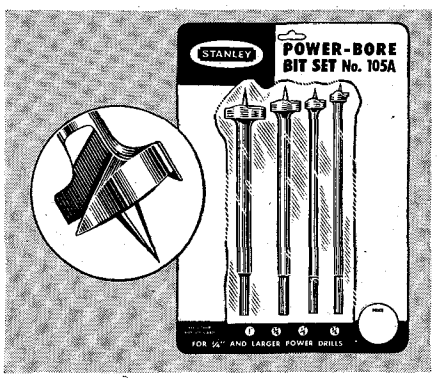
Bench Plane
No. H1204 — $5.79

Aluminum Vise
No. 702 — $4.75

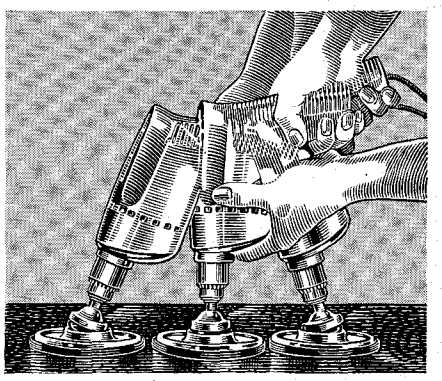


A handy book for beginners or experts. Profusely illustrated. Pocketbook — 25¢, hard cover edition — $2.00. Send check or money order for book only to Stanley Tools, 716 Elm Street, New Britain, Connecticut.

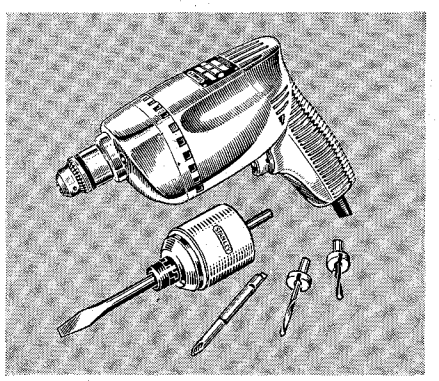
STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE



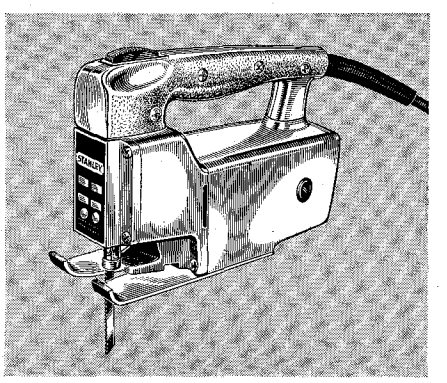
Stanley POWER-BORE electric drill bits for perfect holes from ⅜" to 1". Single bits — 69¢ to 98¢; set of 4 — only $3.38.



Stanley SWIRLAWAY sander. Fits all electric drills. Complete with 3 sanding discs and polishing bonnet — only $4.95.



New Stanley ¼" electric drill — only $24.95. Screw driver attachment and Screw-Mates are useful drilling extras.



The Stanley Sabre Saw — cuts wood, plastic, steel. It's easy to use and rugged, too. Only $54.50 with 3 blades.

STANLEY

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This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

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(*Continued from Page 123*) I had my shotgun in my hands as I went up, four steps at a time. I put my foot against his door beside the knob, and it burst open. I went in. The window facing me across the room was wide open.

Danny was sitting up in his slat-sided bed in the corner, in his blue woolly pajamas. He looked at me with his wide grave eyes beneath his broad shining brow. There was nothing in the room that I could see.

"It's just outside the window, daddy," he said.

"What?" I said. "You must have just seen a vine or something like that against the moonlight, boy."

"It had arms and hands," he said.

"Look," I said. "See the shadow on the wall." I lifted my left hand for an instant from the gun, waggling my fingers. "We used to make all kinds of funny shadows that way when I was a boy. That was a spider. I'll make you a rabbit in a moment."

My finger was hooked on the trigger, watching the window.

"It had eight arms, daddy," he said. "I counted them. It opened the window wide. Is it bad?"

"Yes," I said. "I won't try to lie to you, boy. You've got to have your own fears too. There are bad things. And best to know them."

I moved inch by inch toward the window. There was the whisper of a soft bubbling out there, just below the ledge.

"You're a cave man, aren't you, daddy?" Danny said.

"That's right," I said. "I'm an old cave man, boy. I'm a Neanderthaler."

Downstairs on the TV they were still talking back and forth, I could imagine, about their zoology and anthropology and mutations and the chemistry of life, and how man must have happened just by chance, and might someday be wiped out of existence by the development of a more intelligent order of animal. But man's life was more than genes and biomolecules, I knew. It was more than all his own intelligence. It was something in his fiber, call it heart or soul or guts or spark, that no other kind of living thing ever would have or could have, no matter how intelligent. It was love and tenderness and sympathy and dreams, and individual self-sacrifice and hope of heaven and God. So that, when the sabertooth came screaming into his cave, he had dropped the ochered sticks with which he was painting his beautiful pictures on the wall, and grabbed the firebrand and thrust it in the tiger's face, standing his ground to give his family and fellows time to scramble back beyond reach, even though he must die.

"Come in, tiger!" I said. "Come in, Tigre Aranha! I know you're poison and quick with nets. Come in, and I'll smash you with my rock! I'll club you down! I'll smash your great squashy body!"

There was the whisper of that bubbling, like a crab's jaws, just below the ledge. Again I felt the horror of that fetid curtain clinging to my lips and eyes and hair. My knees were water, but I kept the gun steady. I inched toward the window.

"Come on in!" I said. "This is my cave! I'm only a man, your meat. Are you afraid, tiger?"

Something swept up fast over the window ledge. I fired. A branch full of dead leaves, that tore to tatters in the blast, some in, some out. It was smart.

"Come on in!" I said. "Come flying, tiger!"

I inched forward. The whisper of that bubbling sound had ceased. I moved to the window on numb feet. Outside, the moonlight, filtering through the sere leaves and half-bare branches of the Lord Protector Oak, lay full of stripes and shadows over the yard, the hedge, and the Kings' place across, where the garage floodlight had gone out.

Beneath the window, on the house wall, nothing. Only the dark foundation planting a dozen feet below.

"You're brave, daddy," Danny said bravely. "I wasn't the least bit afraid, after you came."

"Of course not," I said. "We've never been afraid. We've always been brave, Danny, through a million years. And your sons and your sons' sons, too, no matter how all-wise they are, must continue to be brave and to be men."

Shadows of the tree and hedge and bushes. Across the road at the Kings' place there was no light at all except the moon. The Kings' palace. A line from The Proverbs was suddenly in my mind—"The spider takes hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces."

Beyond the open dormer window in the attic, in the house alone. Maybe only an ordinary human kid, but as sweet and beautiful as they grow. Younger even than Danny. We had never heard her cry at all. But from her window across there I heard her whimpering cry.

"Danny! Dan!" Irene was sobbing from the doorway behind me. "Oh, my God! Little Nancy!"

"Close and brace the door behind you!" I said. "Close and lock the window after me. Grab Danny's baseball bat. Nancy! Nancy!" I shouted out the window. "Uncle Dan is coming!"

It was terribly much harder to leave my own cave—to go out into the shadowy lurking night, among webs that I could not see. I grabbed the window ledge, with my gun clamped downward between my thighs, and dropped into the shadows of the bushes on the spongy ground below. I picked the gun up, and I was running.

No time to turn aside and haul one of my aluminum ladders out from the back of my station wagon, and carry it across to climb with it up to her window. I would have to go in the front door and up the stairs, in blackness if I couldn't find a light. With that thing waiting! And perhaps already, in the instant, having spun and thrown its threads and cobweb sheets and dirty sticky tunnels.

"Nancy!" I was shouting. "All right, Nancy! Uncle Dan is coming! Don't be afraid!"

But it wasn't inside the Kings' house yet. It hadn't taken hold with its hands yet in their palace. It was in the littered garage-shed at the side. It was hanging from the center rafter, among the old gunny sacks and tire chains, its legs wrapped around the prize smoked ham, I saw in the moonlight shadows. Perhaps it liked pig meat best, or maybe the wide doorway had been the quickest place for it to dart into when it saw me come running across the road, shouting. But there, anyway, it was.

"Tiger!" I shouted when I saw it.

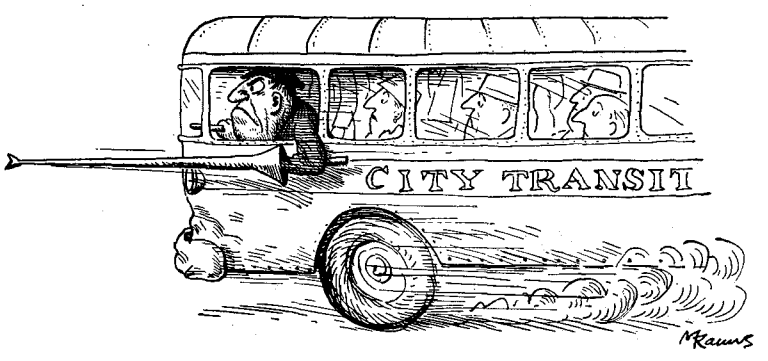
I swept my gun to my shoulder. The Thing leaped and scuttled to the back of the shed, among the crates and broken chairs and boxes. It was invisible in the trash, but deep back there I could hear it bubbling.

"Come on!" I said. "Cast your nets at me! Try flying at me, tiger!"

There was only one shell in my gun. I inched toward the left-hand open door. With eyes watchful on the tangled nest of shadows at the back, my finger on the trigger, I half stooped and grabbed the potato that Lem King had stuck on his fuel-can spout, standing there. I heaved the potato left-handedly at the back of the shed. I kicked the can over on its side, and kicked it rolling toward the back. I smelled and heard it gurgling and spouting out over the oil-soaked floor.

I backed a foot. I fumbled out a box of matches with my left hand and opened it, pulling one out. I dropped the box on the gravel, putting my foot on it. Watching, trigger-tense, ready in the instant for the flying leap or scuttling rush, I crouched, and struck the match on the box. I held it till it was burning, and dropped it inward on the floor. In that instant I leaped backward and slammed both doors shut, one and the other.

I don't know why frying pans are sometimes called spiders, or why I should have thought of it just at that moment. I don't know if the tiger screamed, or if it was just the roaring of the heat. The frying pan in the fire. THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Bill always drove his bus as if engaged in a personal feud with traffic. During the evening rush, especially, his jack-rabbit starts and shuddering stops continually shook up his tired riders. But Bill was relentless. Once, after growling in his usual way because a package-burdened woman was slow in paying her fare, he gunned his motor and commanded, "Now move to the rear of the bus." When the crowded passengers didn't immediately retreat, he roared, "All right, get back in the bus, I said!"

"Start like you usually do," the woman replied, "and you'll have us all piled up back there in two seconds."

Pauline Parker

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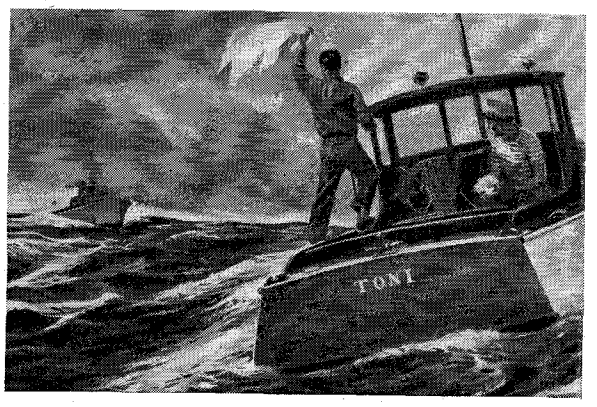

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The Post Reports on Health Insurance

(Continued from Page 27)

and a few were under fire for marketing the low-cost "bargain" insurance known in some quarters as a Fourth of July policy.

"This," explains an insurance expert, "is a policy which sounds good, but is so limited that it will provide coverage for only the most rare events—like being trampled by a bull elephant on Main Street at high noon on the Fourth of July."

Probably the most heated battles were raging over the deeds or misdeeds of hospitals and their allied hospital insurance system, Blue Cross. Some months ago, for example, investigators set off one sizzling row when they found a Tennessee hospital that was serving as a virtual baby sitter for parents with health insurance.

"It's really wonderful, and so easy," one Tennessee woman naïvely admitted. "When my husband and I want to go up to Washington for the weekend, we don't have to hire us a sitter. We just take the baby to the hospital and say we think it's got measles or something. They keep the baby for us until we get home. We sign the insurance forms, and it really doesn't cost anybody anything."

In one Midwestern state, a medical-society survey revealed that more than 30 per cent of the patients in typical hospitals were spending a staggering number of needless days in a hospital bed. The cost of that abuse was estimated to be nearly $5,000,000 a year in one state alone.

"Every insured patient who occupies a bed while he has a wart or mole removed, or while he has some simple laboratory or X-ray tests performed," the investigating doctors claimed, "contributes to the rising cost of hospital operation and the increasing cost of health insurance."

Similar accusations have been brought in Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, Colorado and California. In New York, it was claimed, hospitals were discriminating against insurance companies or uninsured patients in favor of Blue Cross by giving the latter a 15-per-cent discount in what was described as an undercover kickback. In Philadelphia, where one of the most vigorous disputes was raging, Dr. Samuel Hadden, president of the local county medical society, blasted hospitals for striving to keep all their beds occupied and letting Blue Cross pay the bill.

"When Blue Cross assumes the obligation to hospitals to keep their beds filled," he said, "it is running up the costs of illness unnecessarily and is betraying the public."

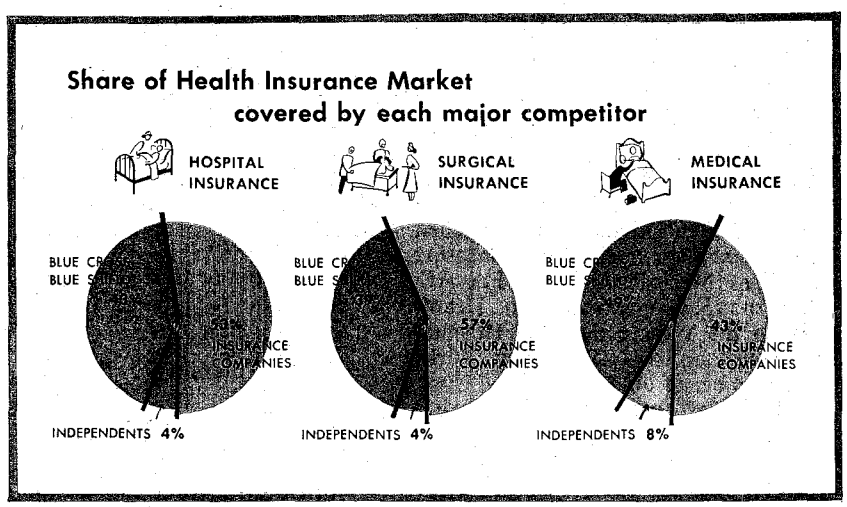
Even labor and management, through their mishandling of jointly administered health and welfare funds, have been denounced for costly abuses. Several East Coast probes have revealed that money provided by workers and employers to pay health-insurance premiums was being used to finance strikes, bribe officials and supply welfare-fund officials with high-priced cars, country-club memberships and luxurious vacations in Miami, Las Vegas and Palm Springs.

Partly as a result of all these abuses and shenanigans, as well as because of increases in salaries, drug costs and the like, the price of health insurance is now rising sharply in some areas. Blue Cross, for example, has recently requested rate increases of 23 per cent in Michigan, 40 per cent in New York, and 42 to 71 per cent in Philadelphia, and has already instituted generally similar increases in Southern California.

These increases, it has been asserted, are threatening to price health insurance out of the market, making it too expensive to be purchased by those Americans who need it most urgently. To thoughtful leaders in almost every field involved, this prospect is frightening.

"This could become a strange and dangerous situation," says Dr. William Shepard, a vice president of Metropolitan Life, former president of the American Public Health Association, and one of the most highly respected authorities on the economics of medical care.

"Voluntary health insurance," he notes, "was created in large part to prevent compulsory, Government-controlled health insurance. We all co-operated to make it grow. It has grown rapidly—perhaps too rapidly. Now it is in great peril. If it collapses, it will inevitably bring the one thing it was supposed to prevent—Government control of the practice of medicine."



Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans provide almost half of the nation's health insurance.

At least partly responsible for this precarious position, and for many of the troubles which have long beset the modern health-insurance program, is the astonishing fact that there has never been complete understanding of the purposes of health insurance. Even today, there is no agreement on whether it is—or should be—primarily an anti-state-medicine plan, an insurance plan to cushion the blow of big medical bills or a budgeting system to prepay nearly all medical costs.

Although health insurance is generally considered almost as new as penicillin, its record on this continent alone goes back more than three centuries. In the year 1655, according to one historian, the first health-service prepayment plan in North America was set up in a tiny village on the island of Montreal. There one Étienne Bouchard, master surgeon, contracted to provide care to some three dozen families in case of illness, at 100 sous each per year. Even in that first contract, however, there were exceptions; Maître Bouchard declined to render such services for "smallpox, leprosy, epilepsy or cutting for kidney stone."

In the United States another plan was established in 1798, when the Collector of Customs was required by Congress to collect the sum of twenty cents a month from the wages of every American sailor. The funds were to be used by the President "to provide for the temporary relief and maintenance of sick or disabled seamen."

Thereafter, for more than a century, a variety of agencies entered the field. Most of these pioneering attempts failed and nearly all the companies went into bankruptcy. In 1929, the latest chapter in health insurance began when Dr. Justin Ford Kimball became executive vice president of Baylor University, in charge of the university's Dallas medical units. He found two problems desperately awaiting solution.

"The citizens of Dallas were in financial straits," he said later. "They were unable to face the costs of paying hospital bills. At the same time, Baylor was in desperate need of money. Its hospital was badly overdrawn. It owed more than a million and a half dollars."

Neither a physician nor a hospital expert, but a professional educator, Doctor Kimball turned to an ingenious program he had started among Dallas schoolteachers several years before. Finding that these underpaid workers were frequently unable to meet the costs of illness, he had established what he termed a "sick-benefit fund," with each teacher contributing one dollar a month into a common pool and drawing from that fund if he became ill.

Late in December, 1929, he proposed a similar plan to help patients and at the same time rescue the Baylor hospital from financial catastrophe. Under this new arrangement, each subscriber would pay fifty cents a month to Baylor; in turn, the university would provide the subscriber with necessary hospitalization up to a maximum of twenty-one days.

Hundreds of schoolteachers signed up under the program, quickly followed by employees of the Dallas News, the Republic National Bank and the Dallas Times Herald. A few days after the contracts were signed, a teacher named Alma Dixon slipped on the ice and fractured a heel bone.

"You'll have to go to the hospital for a few days," her doctor told her.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "I can't afford it!"

"But you're a teacher," the physician said. "Aren't you in on that new plan of Doctor Kimball's?"

Mrs. Dixon wasn't altogether sure. "Well, he asked us to join some kind of organization," she said. "We're paying fifty cents a month. But I don't exactly know what it means."

"It means that you've got hospital insurance," the doctor explained.

Mrs. Dixon thus became the first patient of what was destined to become the Blue Cross plan. At the outset, the program developed slowly, with most hospitals viewing the idea with suspicion and refusing to co-operate. In 1932, the city of Sacramento, California, made history by setting up a city-wide plan with all city hospitals participating. Soon after, a similar co-operative program was organized by seventeen hospitals in Essex County, New Jersey.

"We had to do something," a hospital official said. "The depression was with us. Those seventeen hospitals together had uncollectible accounts of about a quarter of a million dollars."

In St. Paul, Minnesota, another co-operative plan was started by E. A. van Steenwyk, the man who is credited with coining the name of Blue Cross and also with finding a new way to get subscribers.

"In those days," he said, "we didn't have an opportunity to advertise, because we had no money. But radio offered all kinds of help."

Routinely, he would go to the local radio station, present his story about prepayment and give his telephone number, and then dash back to his office to answer the telephone calls that flooded in.

In the next five or six years, Blue Cross began to spread across the nation. "With a courage based largely on ignorance," one modern observer wrote, "the Blue Cross people stepped in and did a job that had to be done."

Even at that early period, there were signs of trouble. In various areas, Blue Cross plans came close to financial disaster. Strong labor unions had been courted in the drive to sell group policies, and several union leaders demonstrated a growing tendency to dictate Blue Cross operations. Even more significant were increasing indications of abuse.

"I note more and more patients who could be given excellent care at home, but who seek hospitalization because their hospital care is insured," one physician wrote to a colleague early in 1938. "Do you believe such a trend might eventually increase the costs of hospital care and of hospital insurance?"

Most hospital men apparently dismissed any such possibility. To them, the primary goal was keeping their hospitals occupied by patients who, alone or with their Blue Cross policy, could pay for their care. "The expensive hospital bed," it was customarily stated, "is the empty hospital bed."

In spite of these early danger signals, Blue Cross continued to spread. By 1939, it had become a nationwide program. Nearly 3,000,000 subscribers were enrolled, and a few people—usually ignored as wild men—were predicting that the plan might soon cover as many as 10,000,000. Practically no one foresaw today's enrollment of more than 50,000,000 in Blue Cross alone.

In 1939, another major development occurred in health insurance. This was the creation of California Physicians' Service, the first state-wide program to provide prepayment of doctor bills. It was developed by the doctors themselves, the members of the California Medical Association, after five years of remarkable debate, dissension and incredible reversals of course.

At one point, leaders of the California medical group had gone to the state legislature and actually asked for a compulsory health insurance or state medical plan. Their request was rejected. Soon afterward, the California doctors did a complete about-face and violently denounced a compulsory-health-insurance plan advocated by the governor of the state.

Similar confusion was apparent in other medical organizations. For a while, the American Medical Association opposed not only compulsory health insurance, which it still opposes, but also at least some types of voluntary health insurance. In an editorial published in the Journal of the A.M.A.—an editorial which some A.M.A. leaders would prefer to forget—it was claimed that health-insurance

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8 Years University Experiments, 400 Persons PROVED VioBin Oil improves heart action — increases endurance.
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contracts made with organized groups of doctors were contrary to sound public policy.

"The shortest road to the commercialization of the practice of medicine," said the Journal, "is through the supposedly rosy path of insurance."

Regardless of these dire prophecies, the new California Physicians' Service generated no noisy revolution. Its basic pattern was soon copied by the Michigan State Medical Society and spread particularly through the Detroit automobile industry. By 1941, eight of these plans—now known as Blue Shield—had enrolled 500,000 members, and the idea of prepayment of doctor bills was growing steadily.

Meanwhile, the nation's huge insurance industry began to move. Some companies had actually been in the health-insurance business long before the rise of Blue Cross or Blue Shield. Stimulated at least in part by the success of these two, known together as "the Blues," one company after another began offering a wide variety of health-insurance policies to groups and to individuals. They constantly kept ahead of Blue Shield in the number of people covered with medical or surgical insurance. By 1950, they had even surpassed Blue Cross in the number covered with hospital insurance.

The Blues and the insurance companies represented two of the chief contenders in the field. The third included the so-called independent plans, such as the pioneering Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles; the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan on the West Coast; the Hospital Insurance Plan, or HIP, in New York; and a number of union plans.

Although all three types offered what were described as highly competitive products to the public, many potential customers found these products about as dissimilar as an automobile, a speedboat and an airplane. The insurance companies, for example, offered what was clearly insurance, aimed at protecting against costs of hospitalization and surgery. Any individual could buy a policy, provided he could pay the premium and was in reasonably good health or was a member of a suitable group. He could go to any hospital or doctor of his choice. When he was ill, he received benefits in the form of dollars, with which he could pay a portion of his hospital or doctor bill.

At the outset, the Blues offered a program which was termed insurance in some quarters and prepayment in others. It, too, was intended to soften the blow of the hospital or surgical bill. It was developed originally for people in relatively low income groups. A patient could go to almost any hospital and doctor of his choice. When he was ill, he received not dollars but actual services, in the form of paid-up hospital or medical care.

With both the indemnity-type policies of the insurance companies and the service-type protection of the Blues, costs were held down by the inclusion of fee schedules, maximum limitations and similar devices.

In striking contrast, most independent plans offered what is generally known as comprehensive coverage. Costs were higher, but there were relatively few limitations and the patient was usually given complete hospital and medical care as long as his illness required. There was, however, little free choice; the patient was obliged to be treated by a physician working on salary for the plan. This was clearly not insurance against the costs of serious illnesses. It was an attempt to cover the costs of essentially all illness by the technique of budgeting.

Facing three such different programs, many potential customers were somewhat confused and turned to their doctors for advice. They found similar confusion in the medical profession. For at least a brief period, the struggle among the health-insurance groups—especially between Blue Shield and the commercial companies on one side, and the independents on the other—had many of the earmarks of the War Between the States. Medical associations were split asunder. Physicians were stripped of their medical-society memberships and hospital appointments. Individually and collectively, dignified doctors belted one another with oral attacks, lawsuits and even flying fists. They battled in convention halls, hospital corridors and various tribunals of justice all the way up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Under ordinary conditions, with gradual growth and development, it is possible that most of the disagreements might have been avoided or at least settled in a more calm and scientific atmosphere. There was no such peaceful solution. From a totally unexpected quarter, a new agency stepped in and proceeded to compound the confusion.

In a series of decisions between 1947 and 1949, the National Labor Relations Board ruled that an employer's refusal to bargain over a group health-and-accident program for his employees "constitutes an unfair labor practice."

Those decisions meant that health insurance might properly be included in fringe benefits for labor. Accordingly, union leaders walked into wage-negotiation meetings all over the country and demanded health-insurance programs for their members. The effect on health-insurance coverage was astounding. Between 1946 and 1950, hospital-insurance coverage increased by about 80 per cent, surgical insurance by 190 per cent and medical insurance by 230 per cent.

"This dazzling increase has continued almost steadily since 1950," a medical official said last year. "It has been something to gladden the heart of every salesman. But it has come damn close to wrecking the whole health-insurance program."

The all-out drive to get more health-insurance customers was marked by more than heightened rivalry among the Blues, the commercial companies and the independents. It was also accompanied by a growing storm of complaints, resentment and disillusionment.

Much of this animosity was directed at medical leaders themselves, especially at those who claimed that since 60 or 70 per cent of the people had "some form" of health insurance, the problem of medical costs had therefore been 60 or 70 per cent solved. This kind of arithmetic may have been convincing in some circles, but it proved infuriating in others.

"For example, in 1957, it is true that roughly seventy per cent of the people had 'some form' of health insurance," a spokesman for the Health Information Foundation said a few months ago. "But that protection paid only about thirty per cent of their personal bills for sickness."

Many men and women, happily imagining they had nearly complete protection against doctor bills, discovered to their dismay that their policy would pay for only a fraction, and often a small fraction, of their medical bills. Many found their presumed protection did not cover serious illnesses, such as a heart attack or a stroke, when treated outside of a hospital.

Many others found they had protection against big bills rendered by a surgeon, but not against equally big bills rendered by an internist. Many learned that they could not combine adequate protection with free choice of physician—although two recent developments may be changing this situation.

Perhaps the most dangerous resentment was expressed against the rising costs of health insurance. These costs now seem to be going up about 5 per cent a year. Oddly, although both the Blues and the commercial companies were boosting prices, public ire was turned particularly against Blue Cross and Blue Shield.

"This is the price of delusion," claims Prof. Donald MacDonald, of the University of Michigan.

For two decades Blue Cross spokesmen have claimed that their plan is not insurance, but a way to prepay hospital bills. Accordingly, he says, subscribers "do not expect Blue Cross plans to behave like insurance companies."

Most people expect insurance companies to raise their premium rates when necessary, and to require strict observance of all the contract details. "But many of those same persons become resentful upon learning that their Blue Cross plans employ those practices or propose doing so," Professor MacDonald declares. "Hence the indignant demands that Government, or labor unions, or someone move to block Blue Cross leaders in such moves."

Few leaders in any phase of voluntary health insurance view recent increases in insurance costs with any enthusiasm. Moreover, few of them have been able to justify the increases entirely on the basis of rising hospital costs, drug costs and similar expenses. A large portion, they say, must be charged to abuse of the health-insurance system. In these accusations, blame is heaped equally on patients, doctors, hospitals, labor and management. The charges range from ignorance, carelessness and inefficiency to blatant selfishness, money-grabbing and outright fraud.

To those deeply anxious to make voluntary health insurance succeed, these abuses mean more than a financial threat to any particular program. By influencing the amount and quality of medical care received, and often by determining how quickly that care will be sought, these abuses may endanger the health and even the lives of more than 120,000,000 Americans.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Silverman. The second will appear next week.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Fifth Wheel

By Richard Armour

Around our house, though
I'm the boss,
I sometimes feel a total loss,
For when the children need
to know
That this or that is really so
Or want permission that
will stick
Or diagnosis when they're
sick
Or good suggestions when
they're blue,
On where to go and what
to do,
Time after time, though it's
absurd,
I sit in silence. Mom's the
word.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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The cans that came to dinner

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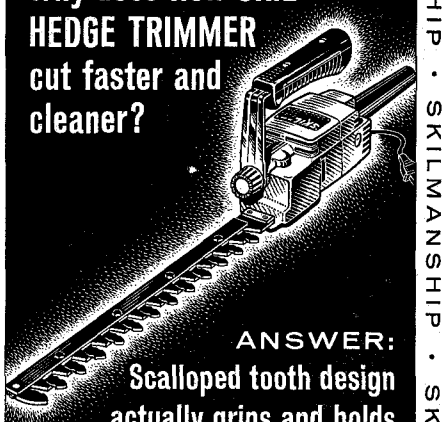

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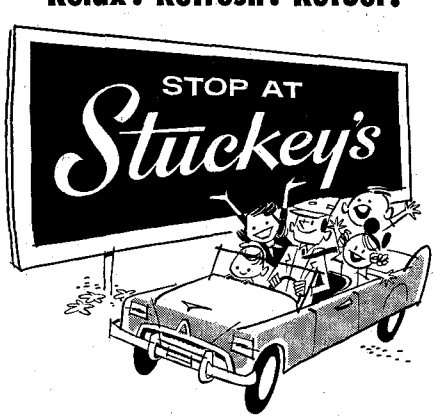

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Prowler on the Place (Continued from Page 43)

for Jeanne and a regular mail-order-store bathroom.

Built on a high, sandy knoll, surrounded by live and jack oaks and scrub pine, the cabin overlooked a salt-water creek that snaked for seven miles from the St. Johns River to impenetrable sawgrass marshes. For years it had been called Redfish Channel. Then the garbage scows had changed their dumping grounds. Now, each incoming tide carried beer cans, bottles, orange peels and other assorted flotsam. Tim Mueller—not that it would have done much good—had never complained. The rubbish discouraged fishermen, attracted crabs, and crabs were his livelihood.

About a quarter of a mile away was Jeanne's nearest neighbor, Gramp Bostwick, an old friend of Tim's. Gramp was as gruff as a grizzly. He frightened Jeanne. But one time Tim had told her, "You ever find yourself in a mess and I'm not around to he'p, call on Gramp, you hear?"

Now it was night—a crisp October night with a boreal breeze and a blood-red moon, ripening and fattening. Jeanne, wearing canvas shoes, a pair of faded but neat dungarees and one of Tim's green corduroy shirts, sat on the porch and took stock.

Jeanne, at seventeen, was slender and supple. Her hair, charcoal black, glistened in the moonlight. Her eyes were the fresh apple green of the incoming tide at the jetties. She was a diminutive five foot two, but what she lacked in size she possessed in courage. Most people could never understand how she had earned the reputation of being "Tim Mueller's wildcat." But a couple of the boys who hung around Jansen's fish camp and juke joint comprehended completely. Jeanne's nails, on provocation, could leave scars.

Her eyes wandered over moonswept hammocks of cabbage palms and moss-covered cypress; past Turtle Mound, which divided Tim's—now her—property and that of Gramp Bostwick—and northward, where tractors and bulldozers had been making inroads.

All Florida, Jeanne thought, *is being divided into subdivisions. Pretty soon, they'll be leaving here—the turkeys, the curlews, the herons, gophers, otters, 'coons, skunks, possums and 'gators. But I'm not leaving. I'm not leaving. I'm not leaving.*

Somehow, the repetition was soul-satisfying, because subtle forces were at work to make her leave, and Jeanne knew it. Day before yesterday, Sam Hollis, the county tax collector, had dropped by. Sam had shuffled his feet, coughed, and lowered his eyes as he said, "Tim was most surely neglectful of his assessments, Jeanne. There's three hundred dollars due in back taxes. The taxpayers pay me to collect taxes."

Three hundred! It might as well have been three thousand. The four-wheel-drive jalopy was riding on tires as smooth as a baby's chin. The outboard motor needed overhauling. The boat was leaking again.

Sam Hollis smothered a cough. "Snark and Sloan are buying up in these parts," he suggested. Snark and Sloan were Northeast Florida's most aggressive subdividers. "You might get as much as a hundred dollars an acre. Pay off your taxes and give you a nest egg."

Jeanne's green eyes looked luminous. Sam Hollis, she knew, collected more than taxes. He owned a small motel. And in recent years he had become discreetly active in real estate.

"How long you reckon I could set on a four-hundred-dollar nest egg?" Jeanne snapped. Incautiously, she added, "How long you been on Snark and Sloan's payroll?"

The jab must have been truthful, because Sam Hollis tossed the tax bill on the kitchen table and stamped out.

Her troubles were just beginning. That same day, Mr. Barnett, Jeanne's former high-school principal, whose zeal she had always respected even while she questioned his sincerity, stopped his car behind the cabin.

They sat on the porch and for a while they talked about Tim. Tim had always said Mr. Barnett reminded him of a sunburned weasel. Mr. Barnett said, "Jeanne, the days of pioneering, alas, are pretty much passé on this planet."

Jeanne had inherited Tim's rugged chin. She stuck it out a little. "I'm not pioneering. I'm just carrying on where dad left off. Doing all right, too, except when busybodies crowd the channel."

"Oh, come, come," Mr. Barnett said jovially. "This is no life for a healthy—ah—attractive young woman who made the honor roll. You need guidance, child."

Jeanne studied him curiously. "One second I'm a woman, the next a child."

Appraising a woman's figure nowadays is like filling out a tax form—you're not sure what to deduct.

RAY HELSER, JR.

"You take me too literally." Mr. Barnett's smile now looked forced. "What I mean, is—opportunities lie beyond the swamps. Now we could dispose of this—ah—land, get you into the Y.W.C.A. and enroll you at Jacksonville University."

Jeanne shook her shapely head. "I'm fixing to stay put for a while, Mr. Barnett. Thank you, though."

Mr. Barnett stood up. "You're as stubborn as your father," he said angrily.

Jeanne spoke mildly. "Is that bad? Daddy hooked on to seven acres, built a nice cabin, took care of me and made an honest living—without politicking." She paused. Her eyes, as they swept over his face, looked wide and innocent. "Snark and Sloan really got the county covered, haven't they?"

Mr. Barnett snorted. He left—in such a hurry that, swinging around the bend near Turtle Mound, his tail fins acquired a rash of fresh palmetto scratches.

All of this Jeanne reviewed as she worked at the porch table, balancing her budget book. There wasn't much to balance. In a savings account, earned through baby-sitting, she had seventy-five dollars. Tim's eighteen dollars were intact. However, now that the rains were over and the air had a nip, the crabs were becoming more active. Come the full moon of November seventh, they'd be fatter and sassier than ever—and for several months thereafter.

With Tim's thirty traps, which she baited and robbed daily, she was averaging about three hundred blue crabs every day. Her gross income from crabs and baby-sitting approached fifty dollars a week. Her personal living expenses didn't exceed three dollars a day.

Jeanne's eyes flashed as she closed the budget book. *I'll make it*, she thought. *I'm not leaving. Maybe never. I love it here.*

Then, as she looked through the porch screen, she saw a dim light flashing around the mangrove bushes that encircled Turtle Mound. She glanced at her wrist watch. It was after ten o'clock. Jeanne went to Tim's bedroom and got the shotgun. She loaded two cartridges. She stepped off the back porch and, as swiftly and as silently as an Indian, moved over a tortuous trail toward the mound.

It was a man. He wore—if the moonlight was reliable—a little peaked cap, something like those the tourists wore, a khaki jacket and blue trousers. He held a flashlight in his left hand. In his right hand he gripped what looked like a sawed-off shovel. He was digging around the oyster shells.

"All right," Jeanne said calmly, aiming the gun at the seat of his pants. "Who are you and what do you want?"

He jumped and turned. The rays from the flashlight struck Jeanne full in the face.

"I'm Luke Crosby," he said, "and I'm an archaeologist."

"Oh, sure," Jeanne said. "And I'm Kim Novak and I like lavender."

The man chuckled. "You could be—if your hair was lighter."

"I asked you—what are you snooping around for? And lower that light. I'm not fooling, mister."

Obediently, he lowered the flashlight beam to the oyster shells. When he spoke again, his voice had a curious timbre that made Jeanne's spine tingle. "There are four types of Indian mounds in Florida—ceremonial, foundation, kitchen-midden and burial. This is a burial mound, created by the Timucuans. I'm looking for relics."

"This property's posted," Jeanne said harshly. "People who go wandering around posted property at night are liable to get a load of rock salt or buckshot in their breeches. They could even become relics."

Again that soft chuckle. "O.K., ma'am." He hesitated. "I'm a surveyor by day—archaeology is a little post-graduate deal for a degree."

"Surveyor?" Jeanne's voice dripped suspicion. "Snark and Sloan?"

"No, ma'am. I'm working for a Jacksonville contracting firm. But right now we're doing a little job for the Navy." He raised the beam of the flashlight again so that it focused on Jeanne. "This is a most fascinating mound. I would like to have your permission to dig, Miss—ah ——"

"Mueller," Jeanne snapped; "and the answer is no. Find some other mounds. Now get a move on—back along the trail."

"Whatever you say, Miss Mueller." He turned and started walking away.

At the highway he turned and faced her.

"Southern hospitality?" he asked easily.

"Southern practicality," Jeanne said. "Good-by."

"Don't move," he said softly. "You're right in the moonlight. Miss Mueller, you're lovely!"

The gun barrel wavered.

"And to think," he said, his eyes searching her face, "that I've been hunting relics."

"Better go, Mr. Crosby," Jeanne said, but her voice sounded strangely husky. "Better go while the going's good."

The moonlight, glistening in her charcoal hair, seemed to mesmerize him. Finally he sighed. "I'll go now. But I promise you I shall return—at the risk of buckshot in my tail."

"It'll be a bullet in your head," Jeanne snapped.

"At school," he said cheerfully, "they called me Woodenhead. Old Woodenhead Crosby."

In the morning, which was October twenty-ninth, (*Continued on Page 132*)

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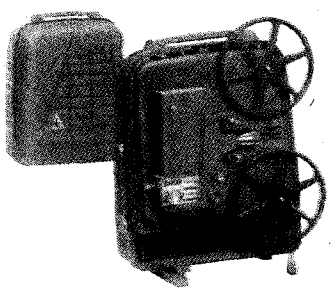

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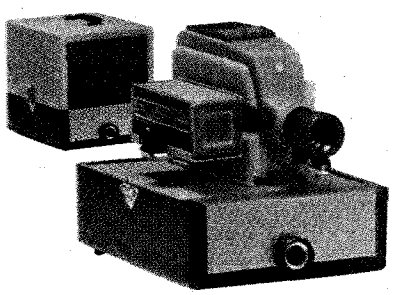

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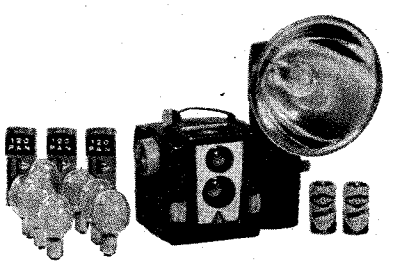

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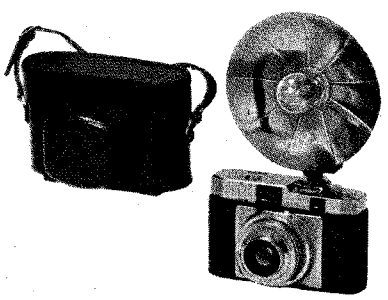

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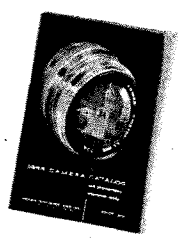

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(*Continued from Page 130*) Jeanne rose at five-thirty. By dawn, she was backing her jalopy against the wharf of Danny Bona's shrimp house at Mayport.

"Fixin' to rob and bait, eh, Miz Mueller?" Danny said. Danny was red-faced, rugged, robust. He opened his huge freezer. "We had a good haul yestiddy. Saved you about fifty pounds of stink herrin'."

For many years, Tim had caught crabs with trot lines, baited with "bull's noses." This consisted of the tough, leathery noses of bulls and cows, soaked in brine. The hardy bait was a challenge to crabs, which hung on and on. In more recent years, however, Tim had increased his haul by using traps built of lath and baited with menhaden or pogies—known locally as "stink herring." These traps were lowered into about five feet of water, weighted down with bricks and marked by large corks, attached to a cord.

Danny tossed some solid gunny sacks into the back of Jeanne's car. The menhaden were frozen, but when they thawed they would be mightily malodorous and attract crabs from many deep and salty green acres.

"That'll be two-fifty," Danny said. "I tossed in a coupla pound of fresh jumbo shrimp for you, Miz Mueller—in that separate sack."

Before seven o'clock, Jeanne was out on the water, raising her traps, removing the crabs with long-handled tongs and depositing them in deep wire baskets. Then she would dump liberal portions of frozen menhaden into the emptied traps and lower them to the bottom.

As she worked up a lather of perspiration, raising, robbing, baiting and lowering the traps, the normal quietude of the bays and lagoons was frequently shattered by the blasts of guns which echoed against St. Johns Bluff and across Fort Caroline Inlet. It was open season for marsh hens. Fishermen would heave a sigh of relief when the season closed on November twenty-fourth. Shotguns and rifles, fired from rocking boats or windswept hammocks, can be dangerous.

Shortly after noon, Jeanne was on her way to the processors with five hundred and twenty fat, aggressive, blue crabs. It was a morning's record—for her—and after she collected her $10.40 she decided she owed herself a celebration. She bought a two-pound sirloin steak and a basket of mushrooms. But it was not much fun, celebrating alone. She missed Tim terribly.

About nine-thirty that evening, routinely, she retired with a good book. Tim, although he rarely read anything but the sports pages, had held great stock in good books and he had made a point of building an adequate library for Jeanne. This was one of the things Jeanne had so loved about her father; he had been so independent and untamed, yet so gentle and understanding.

On the day of the fresh, full moon, November seventh, when the crabs were at their fighting, biting best, Jeanne, who had twice kicked back to her cabin with full baskets, crinkle-crankled down Ribault Creek at half speed. At Barrett's Bend, she nearly plowed head on into Gramp Bostwick's boat. They both cut their motors, just in time.

"Jeanne-gal!" Gramp said, grabbing her port rail. "How you bin? I bin meanin' to drap around—since the day I paid my last respects—but business has bin pushin' me." He scratched a match against the side of his head, lit his pipe and puffed furiously.

Gramp was, ostensibly, an "inside" shrimp trawler. But for forty-odd years he had been producing, conservatively and discreetly, some of North Florida's best moonshine. Gramp's sixteen-foot boat was equipped with oversized live wells. The wells were sometimes stocked with weighted gallon cans of 'shine. When the state beverage boys chased him, Gramp merely headed for a channel, flicked a wooden lever and the cans slid out of the live wells.

Time and again, Gramp's swamp property had been combed for a still while he sat on his porch and chuckled. It had been like combing a bald head. Some whispered that Gramp had dug a tunnel beneath an Indian mound.

"Seen old Sam Hollis tearin' away from your parts t'other evenin'," Gramp said cheerfully. Beneath craggy brows, his faded blue eyes twinkled. "What does Sam allow, Jeanne-gal?"

"Oh," Jeanne said lightly, "just a little tax money dad overlooked."

Gramp chuckled. "Sure sounds like Tim. Tim always argied that wild land—like air—oughta be free. . . . How much, Jeanne-gal?"

"Not much, Gramp. Only about three hundred. I can handle it."

Gramp fumbled in a hip pocket. Then he poked through a faded otter-skin wallet. His scarred and shaky right hand crossed the boat rails. It contained three crisp hundred-dollar bills.

"No, Gramp!" Jeanne said sharply. "But I surely do thank you, just the same."

He dropped the three bills onto the floorboards of her boat.

"Jest a loan, Jeanne-gal," Gramp said.

She shook her head.

"Shoot!" Gramp said violently. "I got loans scattered all over the county. Never know when I'm goin' to have to call on somebody to bail me out. 'Sides, remember what Tim said in the hospital? I'm your guardian." He chuckled again. "Blackguardian, maybe, but guardian. You take care now, Jeanne-gal—you hear?"

Gramp yanked the cord on his outboard motor and was off in a smother of foam. Reluctantly—yet with a deep, warm feeling—Jeanne tucked the bills inside her shirt.

Jeanne's thirtieth—and last—trap was sunk where Ribault Creek joins the Intracoastal Waterway at Channel Marker Nine. While she was rebaiting the trap, her eyes roamed across the channel and focused on a small gray boat. The boat had a kicker, but it was drifting. A man was standing up in the boat, peering through what looked like a telescope on a tripod.

Even as she watched, a gun blasted from a nearby hammock and several marsh hens, squawking frantically, took to the air. The man in the boat raised his right hand to his left shoulder. Then he crumpled. As he fell, his head hit the outboard motor. He slumped over the boat rail, slithered into the canal.

Jeanne dropped her trap. She pulled the starter cord on her powerful kicker. Her boat churned across the canal.

The man was floating, face down. Some air pockets had formed in his jacket. He was drifting—but he didn't know it—toward the Little Jetties. Jeanne cut her motor. The bow of her boat barely scraped his head. Jeanne leaned over the rail, grabbed his belt. Her face turned scarlet as she tried to lift him. She couldn't. So she did the next best thing. She held his head above water until her boat rammed an oyster bar. Her booted feet crunched deep into oysters before she managed to drag him into the boat.

Blood was pouring from his left shoulder, soaking his jacket. With an oyster knife, Jeanne sliced off a piece of her shirt tail. She soaked it thoroughly in cold salt water. Then she opened his jacket, unbuttoned his shirt and jammed the cloth against the gushing bullet hole.

They roared over Ribault Creek toward Trash Channel and Jeanne's cabin. Now and then, she took her eyes off the channel to glance at him. There was something vaguely familiar about that profile—something even more familiar about the khaki jacket and the blue trousers. She felt her neck reddening. His eyes fluttered, opened. They were the wistful blue of a spring sky. He muttered something. She leaned over to hear him, above the roar of the motor.

"Tha—that's why they called me Woodenhead, Miss Mueller. Always getting in people's way. O-old Woodenhead Crosby." Then his eyes closed and he shuddered.

Near Barrett's Bend, they roared past Gramp Bostwick. Gramp was seining bait mullet. Jeanne raised her left hand high, with pinky pointing skyward. Among the waterway clan it meant one of two things—beverage agents or distress. Gramp hauled in his net. His bow churned in Jeanne's wake.

At Jeanne's little dock, Gramp studied the man in the boat, leaned over and lifted him over his shoulder.

"Humph!" Gramp said. "Damyankee hen-shooter."

"He's a surveyor." Jeanne sounded indignant and it even surprised her. "Besides, I went to school with lots of Northerners. They're just the same as us. People!"

In the cabin, Gramp lowered him gently onto Tim's bed.

"I'll fetch Doc Rathbun," Gramp said gruffly. "Where's your keys, gal?" Jeanne handed him the keys to the jalopy.

Doctor Rathbun gave the patient an injection. Then he extracted the bullet, which was .22 calibre hollow-point, mashed as flat as a worn boot nail.

"Probably some fool kid with a birthday rifle," Doctor Rathbun said irritably. "Playing hooky and hunting hens." He glanced at the patient. "He'll be all right. Mustn't be moved tonight, though."

Gramp said, "Jeanne-gal, I got a few customers to attend to. Then I'll be back. I'll sleep on the porch cot. Stop the tongues before they wag." He glanced slyly at the doctor. "How you fixed for Trash Channel tonic, doc?"

"You know where my garage is," Doctor Rathbun said.

In the morning Gramp had a huge bowl of grits, two mugs of coffee and was on his way at five o'clock. Luke Crosby didn't wake up until after eight. Jeanne was sitting beside the bed, staring at him.

He opened one eye. "Hi," he said groggily.

"Hey," said Jeanne.

She was wearing a green skirt that matched her eyes, and a soft, snug-fitting sweater.

"I meant what I told you," said Crosby. "You're lovely."

"Thank you," Jeanne said seriously.

He started to sit up and he winced. He was wearing a pair of Tim's pajamas. Jeanne's searching eyes measured him and she guessed that, from his covered toes to the short-clipped blond hair, he was about six foot two.

"Feel like bacon and eggs?" she asked.

He spoke humbly. "I feel great to be alive. Bacon and eggs would be swell."

"What were you doing? Surveying?"

He nodded.

"For Snark and Sloan?" she said suspiciously.

It was his turn to measure her. His eyes moved slowly and deliberately. They absorbed and enjoyed. "No, not for Snark and Sloan, for the Navy. I told you."

"They fixing to dredge the big canal?"

He shook his head. "They're going to widen and deepen Trash Channel. Establish an emergency small-craft basin. In fact, the Navy's going to take over most of this area. Don't you realize they've got 18,000 people assigned to the Mayport Base now? They've got to get more land."

Her eyes flashed. "Not my property."

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said. "My surveying directives take me right up to your dock on Trash Channel."

Her fists clenched. "They can't! They won't. Only over my dead body!"

(*Continued on Page 134*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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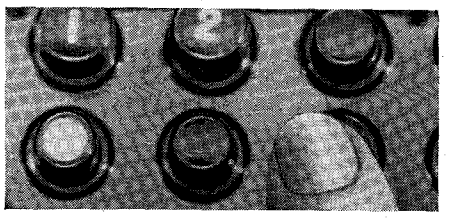

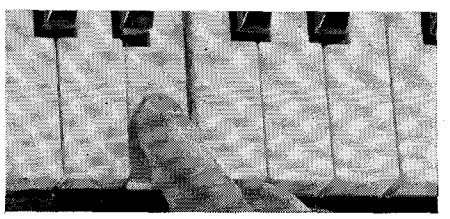

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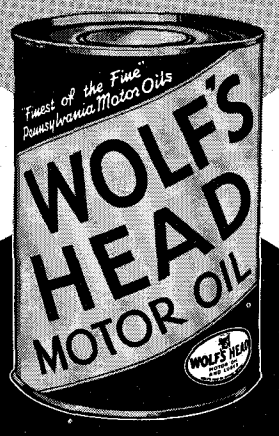

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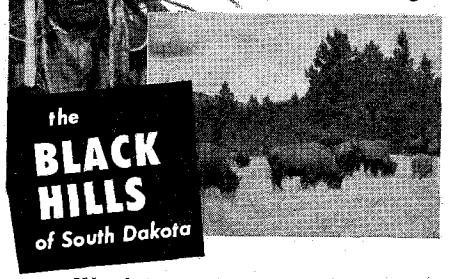

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(*Continued from Page 132*)

"Take it easy," he said gently. He struggled out of bed, favoring his shoulder. "I'm hungry"—his eyes swept over her again—"for bacon and eggs, and to know more about you."

She was hungry, too, for bacon and eggs and for—she hadn't realized it until now—companionship. She hadn't talked so much in months, not since Tim's death. She told him about the tax collector, about her former school principal and of Snark and Sloan's determination to grab her property.

"Those apes!" he said, over his third mug of coffee. "They've got wind of this Government improvement project on the channel."

He dressed in the bathroom. She had washed, dried and ironed his jacket, shirt, trousers and socks. He used Tim's razor and the familiar scraping sounded good, and he shouted from the bathroom, "Would you have time to drive me to a phone so I can call a cab? I've got to get to my office."

"I'll drive you to your office," she volunteered.

But as they climbed into her jalopy she noticed how pale he looked and she said, "Don't you think you'd better stay at the cabin and rest for a couple of days?"

He smiled. His eyes fastened on her lips. "I can think of nothing I would enjoy more. But I can't." Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Have you got the deed—all the maps and papers for your property?"

She nodded.

"May I borrow them?"

She stiffened. Again, her eyes probed his face, briefly. Then, without a word, she got out of the car. When she returned she was carrying an otter-skin bag about the size of a brief case.

"Everything's in there," she told him.

"Thanks," he said. "On second thought, drive me to my hotel. Part of this Navy deal is classified. But I don't think there's any secret about land acquisition. Captain Townsend, at the Mayport Carrier Basin, used to be my C.O."

In front of the hotel, he kissed her, gently but warmly, on the lips. He stared at her. "I've never met anyone like you before," he said, looking bewildered. "You disturb me—you excite me—you save my life. . . ."

Jeanne smiled. "Is that bad?"

"No, it's good. It's—well, it's terrific."

He kissed her again. She was double parked and a long line of traffic had stacked up behind her jalopy. Horns blared.

"Marry her up and make it legal," a cabby yelled.

Luke waved at him. "Thanks," he said. He turned to Jeanne.

"I'll be back, Jeanne," he said. "I'll bring your papers. Do you think you might be able to find my boat?"

"Sure," she said. "It's tied up to my dock. I towed it in last night."

Her head was swimming as she drove away, and her lips felt as though it were July and she had been out all day, under a blistering sun, robbing her traps.

But after six days passed and she heard nothing from him, she became almost sick; sick with worry, with doubts, with fears, and with a deadly feeling that she had been deceived. On Friday night she drove to the highway phone booth at Mayport and called the Hotel Jackson.

"M-Mr. Crosby, please," Jeanne said.

Thirty aching seconds passed. Then the clerk said coldly, "Sorry, we have no Mr. Crosby registered."

She drove back to the cabin, feeling lower than an eel at high tide. Gramp was waiting on the porch.

"Hey, Jeanne-gal," Gramp said cheerfully. "I gigged me four fat flounder. Thought maybe you might ——" He squinted and peered at her face and stopped abruptly. She told him about Crosby and her papers.

Gramp exploded. "Why, that low-down, fuzzy, double-dealin' Yankee-Doodler! Them papers is all you got in the world, Jeanne." He dropped his gunny sack of flounder. He stormed off the porch.

"Gramp, where you going?"

"Goin' to oil my shotgun. Goin' huntin' Snarks an' Sloans. It's a right bright night fer it. Take care, you hear?"

"No, Gramp—no!" Jeanne said desperately. But he was gone.

For the first time in her life, Jeanne couldn't sleep. Tim's warning, like the beat of tom-toms, tumbled through her brain. *Don't trust no men. Don't trust no men. Don't trust no men!* Even before the false dawn, she was out on the water, raising, robbing, baiting and lowering her traps with the light from a lantern. Puttering back to her dock, she met Gramp.

"Snarks an' Sloans an' Crosbys has taken to cover," Gramp said grimly. "But just give me time, Jeanne-gal. Just give me time." Then he was off.

But when she got back to her cabin, Luke Crosby was waiting on the porch. Under one arm he held her otter-skin bag. In his right hand he gripped a sawed-off shovel.

"I get obsessions," Luke said, grinning. "I'm still mound-minded."

Jeanne's eyes were boring icicles. "I called you at your hotel. They said you weren't registered."

"Of course I'm not," he said. "The company pays for the room. It's registered in their name."

"Oh," Jeanne said, gulping hard.

He dropped the shovel. He dropped the otter-skin bag. His arms swept around her. It was a long kiss and Jeanne felt as though she were melting. When he finally released her, he took a deep breath.

"I've got news," he said, his eyes shining. "The Navy's acquiring three of your seven acres. They'll leave you and your cabin and four acres alone. You'll get about a thousand dollars. Valuation has risen, with encroaching subdivisions. The Navy'll put up a restriction fence, of course, but you won't mind that. And, darling," he sounded excited, "by the time they get through improving the channel, the value of your remaining property will have quadrupled."

Now her eyes were misty and bewildered.

"You'll never have to leave here, Jeanne," he said.

She nodded. "Never have to leave. . . . Never have to leave," she repeated. The tears came. He dabbed at them clumsily with a fresh handkerchief.

"Jeanne!"

"Yes, Luke."

"Remember what the cabdriver said? . . . Ever think of marryin' up, Miz Mueller?"

"I—I'm only seventeen, Luke. Pretty near eighteen."

"Shucks, where I come from—Savannah—gals of sixteen are raising families."

"B-but I want to stay here, Luke."

"So do I. I love it here. Look, Jeanne, if you won't have me for a husband, by gosh —— Jeanne! Jeanne! Listen to me! I'm asking you to marry me."

She couldn't stop crying. But while she cried, there was a burning light in her eyes that even tears couldn't dim.

Gramp Bostwick tossed an engagement party—he called it a "comin'-out shindig." He distributed tumblers of tonic. Luke, raising his tumbler, glanced at Doc Rathbun.

"Is it safe?" he asked, grinning.

"Humph!" the doctor said. "Occasionally prescribe it. Once in a while take it myself. Better'n aureomycin, son."

"Aged in the shell," Gramp Bostwick said. There was a gleam in his eyes. "When you fixin' to explore Turtle Mound, Luke?"

"Pretty soon," Luke said.

"Dig careful-like," Gramp warned. "You hear, son?"

"I hear," said Luke.

"Replacin' copper tubin'," said Gramp, "is becomin' plumb precarious. Now that you're practi'lly in the family, I got to learn you a thing or two about Southern economy."

"I hear," Luke said solemnly, raising his tumbler.

Jeanne's green eyes were laughing, but beamed on Luke, and loving.

THE END

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ANSWER:
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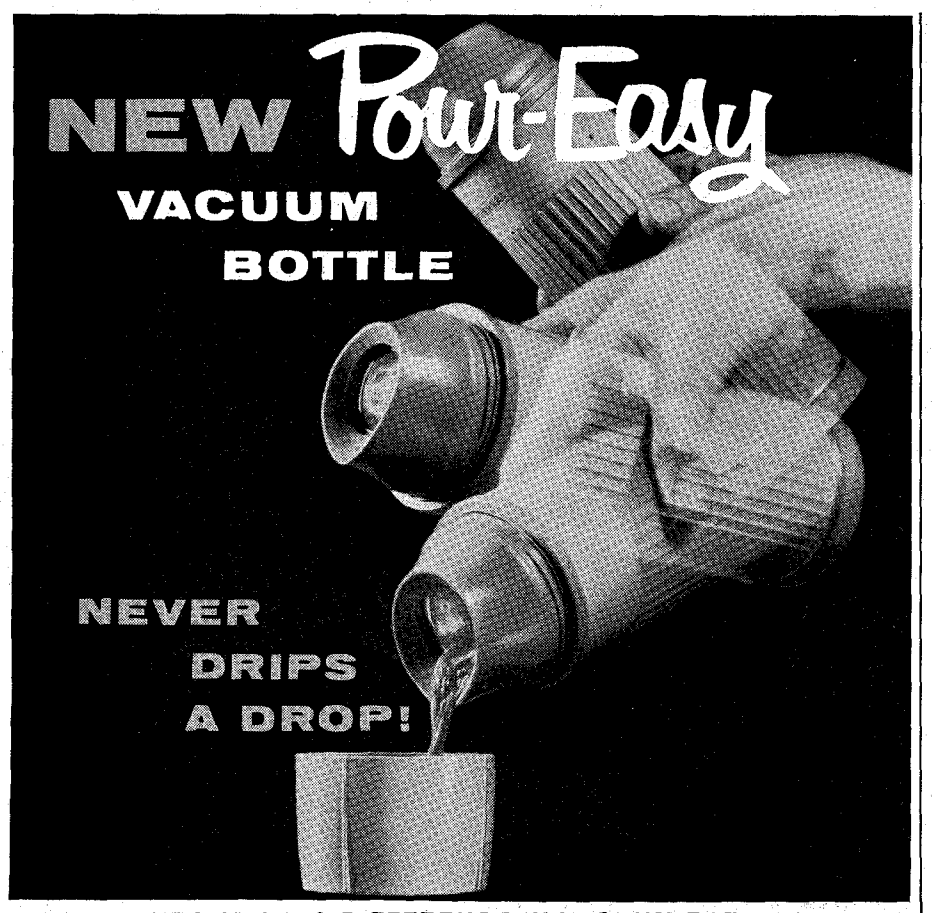

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The Flashy Type (Continued from Page 32)

Although the college had grown and Northcliff had pushed out suburbs to surround the two houses, so they fronted a street, now, instead of a road, this valley behind them was still peaceful and sheltered.

"You talk about me being shy," Ernest said suddenly. "What's kept you from getting together with Red Calder?"

"A girl can't call a man and ask him for a date, the way a man can call a girl. A girl has to just wait and hope." When he didn't comment, she went on, "Oh, I've tried. I've been as nice to him as I could. But he seems to like a flashier type."

"Then why don't you be flashy?"

"A girl can't just be flashy! If she isn't flashy, and she tries to fix up flashy—for daytime anyhow—it's just a mess."

"Well, if Red likes his gals flashy, you can't expect me to say to him, 'Look, Red. Why don't you have a date with this quiet type that's a friend of mine?'" He mimicked this conversation. "So you know what he'll tell me? He'll say, 'Do I look like I need sleep that bad?'"

Evelyn jumped up. She looked as if she would cry. "I may not be flashy," she shouted, "but I'm not such a bore I put people to sleep!" She started away.

"Great!" he yelled after her. "It's all right for you to call me shy! But if I call you a quiet type, I'm a real louse!"

She whirled. "But you are shy! You know you are!"

"And you know you're a quiet type!"

"I don't feel like a quiet type! I want to be gay! I want to be noisy! Maybe I even want to be a little bit bad!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't much of a career," he said absently. He had begun to think of Helena Blessing. He realized he'd been noticing Helena for quite a while. Did she want to be a little bit bad too? He turned slowly and looked at Evelyn. "Why don't you try to fix up flashy anyhow?"

"Would you get me a date with Red?"

"Look. You were talking about Helena. I'll trade you. You fix up flashy and get me a date with Helena, and I'll arrange a double date: you with Red, and me with Helena. O.K.?"

She didn't agree at once. She watched him very seriously, her eyes large and thoughtful. That had always been her way. Whenever she won a trade, she stood in just that spot and watched him in just that way. The first time she'd done it, she wore a high, short skirt of gingham that her bloomers came down below. She had little-boy legs then, with knobby knees and run-down sandals. Her face was smeared with mud from playing along the river.

As he looked at her now, he didn't see her as a mature girl. She still wore gingham and was a tomboy. Except in an abstract way, he'd never thought of her as a girl. She was called "girl" because some odd quirk in her constitution made her have problems different from his.

Those problems and her being called "girl" meant a time came when, even if she was a tomboy, Ernest had to stop going with her and go with the fellows. Then he was ashamed to be seen with Evelyn in Northcliff. He wouldn't take her to the movies unless she made some sort of trade. Because she was an only child, as he was, because he could go and find fellows, and she couldn't go and find girls, she had to work out trades to go anywhere. It was when she'd worked out such a trade and he'd agreed, that she stood, as she did now, and considered whether she'd squeezed the last bit of advantage from it.

The gingham she wore today was almost the same pattern she'd worn in those earlier years. Nowadays, although they didn't often go anywhere together, they still came here to talk.

But he noticed suddenly that her bloomers no longer showed beneath her skirt. Instead of knobby knees, she had shapely legs in stockings. They were like Helena's legs. Evelyn's full and well-shaped figure was like Helena's too. He was so intent on trying to imagine what being a little bit bad might mean that, when Evelyn spoke, her voice startled him.

"O.K.," she said. "But if I'm going to get you a date and be flashy, it's got to be two double dates. Not just one."

They arranged the dates for the following Friday night. Until then, Ernest tried to imagine what Evelyn's version of flashy would be. It would have to be some artless variation of the gingham theme, of course. He knew that Evelyn wasn't tacky or stupid. But he couldn't imagine her being able to invent anything that he couldn't invent. And he couldn't invent a flashy version of Evelyn.

On Friday night Red Calder parked his convertible in front of Evelyn's house, but he came for Ernest first. Red was wiry and slender. He had a thin hatchet face and large soft eyes. His constant playing of the trumpet had engraved a faint white semicircle into the red of his lower lip. He smoked continuously.

As Ernest went with Red to get Evelyn, Red said, "This chick's pretty quiet, ain't she?"

Ernest laughed nervously. "Not really." Red had been hard to sell. Ernest kept fearing the deal would collapse. "These quiet girls," he urged, "they really smolder underneath."

Red blew a puff of smoke in his face. "She's so good, how come you don't date her?"

"Well, you know how it is? You grow up with a girl, there's no mystery. It would be like dating your mother or something."

"She's like having a date with somebody's mother," Red said, "let's stop right now."

"Don't take it like that, Red." Hastily he pressed Evelyn's bell, as if that would stop retreat. "You know what I mean."

Evelyn's mother, a crisp, well-tailored woman who seemed amused at something, led them into the parlor where

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Ernest and Evelyn had played through many a rainy afternoon. The room had been redecorated since Ernest had seen it. Now it had a strangeness. It had grown up, as Evelyn had. It was still casual. But it was no longer a room where a young girl played. It was a room where a young lady received.

Evelyn's mother excused herself to go and help Evelyn dress. She said Evelyn's father was speaking at a meeting of his bar association.

After she left, Red glanced around. "Nice-looking place," he said. "Her folks must be in the chips."

"They're comfortable," Ernest said.

He realized again how little he knew about Red except that he played a very good trumpet. That was the trouble of going to college in your home town. You never came to know anybody. You just saw college by day, unless you hung around the campus all the time.

Drawing deeply on his cigarette and staring at his shoes, Red said gently, "Yeah. The man says 'comfortable,' like it was something everybody has." He squinted at Ernest. Little puffs of smoke came from his mouth as he spoke, "Maybe you'd be surprised to know this kind of comfort's new to ole Red Calder. My family's divorced. They kind of got interested in other people. You know? They give me money, but no home. Comfort to me's been a Y.M.C.A. room with a couple of other guys. I never was real gone on the Y.M. doctrine, but the rates were pretty appealing."

Red didn't say this in a complaining way. He simply stated how things were. But the confession made Ernest feel guilty. He was glad to hear Evelyn's high heels on the stairs.

He saw Red tense at the sound. He tensed too. His palms sweated. Evelyn had to go over with Red. She had to. If Red didn't like what he saw and ducked out in some smooth way, Evelyn would be hurt. Even if she didn't mean anything real to Ernest, she was an old friend. He would have to think of something to keep Red from hurting her.

Evelyn walked in the door. She was a stranger. She'd cut her hair so it tumbled tantalizingly about her head. Bright red satin left her shoulders bare, but clung to her closely down to her knees before it flared into a full skirt.

The gown emphasized everything that gingham had concealed. It was a flashy gown, but it didn't look flashy on Evelyn. It simply gave her soft innocence the impact of a 20-mm. shell.

Red Calder gave a long, soft whistle. A lump came in Ernest's throat, as if he'd suddenly lost something lovely that he'd owned.

In a husky voice that Ernest didn't recognize, Evelyn said, "Hi, gang. Where are we heading?" She sat on the arm of a chair and crossed her legs.

Red went to her and took her hands. When she looked up at him as if he were the only human being on earth, he said, "Baby, baby! Where have you been hiding?"

"Right under your nose, Red." She patted his cheek in a way that shocked Ernest. She leaned around Red and, in a cool way, said "Hi," to Ernest. Then she asked Red again where they were going.

"I got to show you off at The Gables, honey," Red said. "Si Pollack and his Downbeaters are there. All the gang will be there."

Ernest expected Evelyn to object to The Gables. It was a roadhouse where the very fast part of the college crowd went on Friday nights. The place was not supposed to serve liquor to people who were under age, but they got away with it by pretending to serve them nothing stronger than beer. Evelyn didn't object. If Red wanted it, she wanted it.

The warm May night was exciting. Riding in the convertible was exciting. Sitting next to Evelyn was exciting. She wore a new perfume, a heavy, heady perfume that she'd never worn before. Ernest stared at her and admired her, but she paid no attention to him. She listened to Red and laughed at his jokes and asked him questions about himself.

When Red stopped at the sorority house for Helena, Ernest had forgotten he was Helena's date. He waited for Red to get out. It wasn't until Red and Evelyn stared at him in a puzzled way that he remembered.

Helena's costume was as startling as Evelyn's, but not so appealing. It was all black. Her dress had a duller finish and was fuller. She wore a black hat with a large brim—the sort of hat women wear to conceal the fact that they are fortyish. Helena had an air of being slightly widowed.

In the back seat, which was pleasantly cozy, Helena took off the hat and tied a black scarf over her light blond hair. She didn't tie it under her chin, as most girls do. She brought the ends around her neck and tied them in back so the scarf took the shape of her head.

The close touch of Helena, which had been pleasant at first, began to embarrass Ernest. He looked to see whether Evelyn noticed how intimately he and Helena were pressed together. Evelyn didn't. She noticed nothing but Red.

Ernest tried to talk to Helena. He told her how much he'd wanted a date with her, and she asked him, had he. He said how beautiful he thought she was, and she asked him, did he. He asked her if she didn't think they could have lots of fun together, and she said she did. She gazed at him in a limpid, friendly way, but she wasn't much on conversation. Mainly she pressed her knee against his or gave his hand a squeeze. He had an uneasy feeling that dating Helena was going to be a hard deal to get rolling.

At The Gables, Evelyn created a sensation. All of Red's crowd ganged around him. He was always being ganged around. Usually it was because knowing Red, the guy who played the trumpet like a pro in the dance band, made guys feel important. But tonight the crowd ganged around him to meet Evelyn.

Red didn't linger for admiration, as he usually did. He pushed through to a table, saying in a loud voice, "Now look, you cats. Let's understand everything. This kitten's my date. I'll let her go for a dance or two, but mainly she stays with me." He turned to Evelyn. "That right, baby?"

Softly, in a tone of complete obedience, Evelyn said, "If you say so, Red."

At the table, Red ordered a highball. Ernest tensed. He didn't mind Red's having a highball. He knew Red wouldn't get drunk. He'd seen Red hold his liquor. But he didn't like Red's drinking while he was with Evelyn. To change the pace without killing things, Ernest quickly ordered a beer. He thought that would influence Evelyn and Helena to order beer, too, or maybe even a soda. But it didn't. They both ordered highballs.

O.K., Ernest decided. If Evelyn wanted to go completely wild this way, it was her funeral. He would ignore her and concentrate on Helena. He had no opinion about Helena's drinking highballs. He felt no real responsibility about Helena.

In fact, he didn't feel equal to an opinion about Helena. She awed him and made him feel confused. She'd changed back to the hat, and, in the light of The Gables, she was incredibly beautiful. She seemed remote (*Continued on Page 139*)

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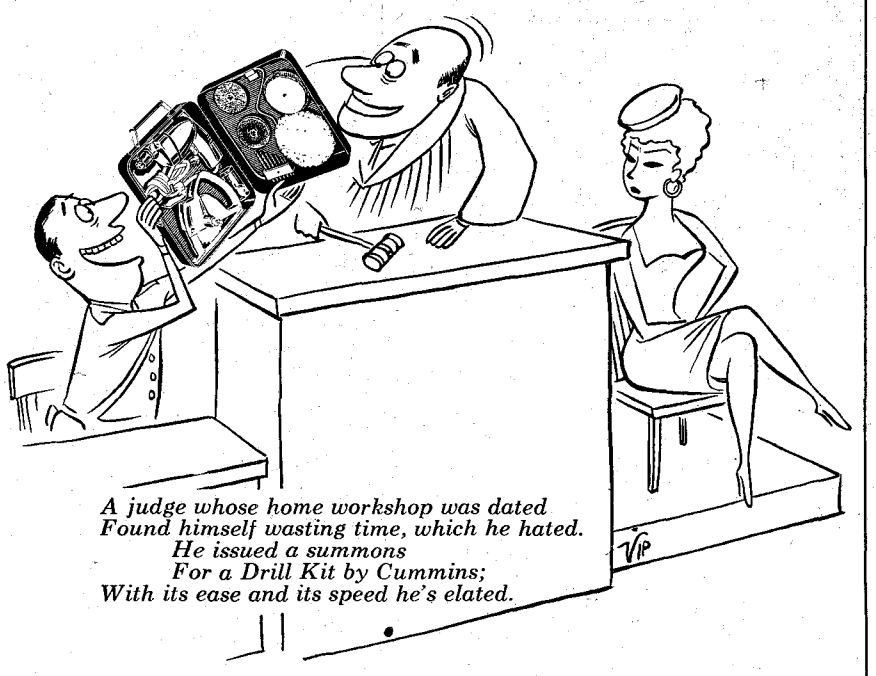

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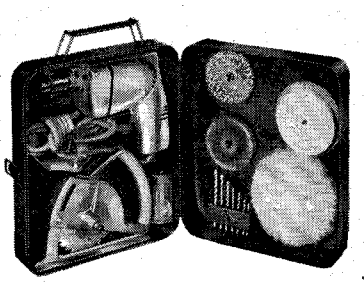

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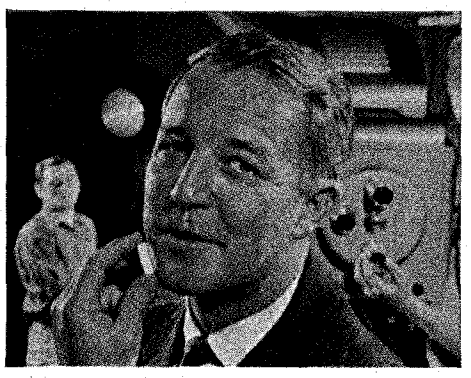

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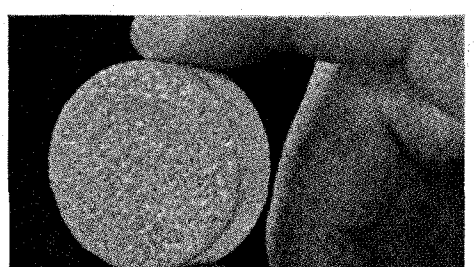

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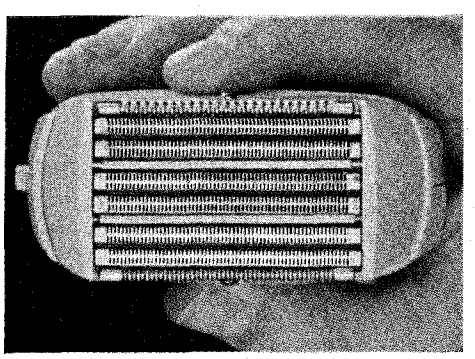

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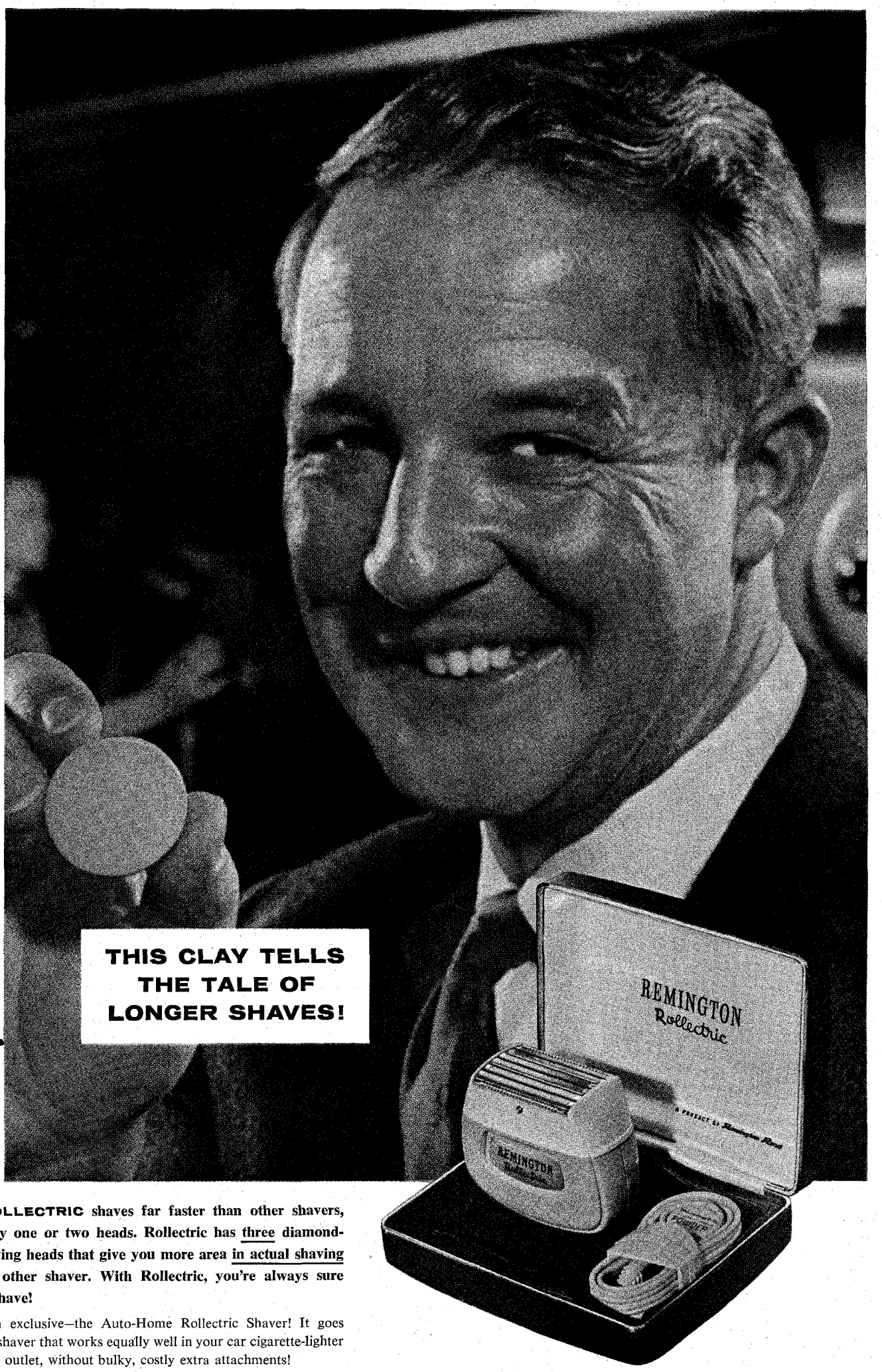

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(*Continued from Page 137*) and unapproachable. It was as if he had a date with somebody extraordinary, such as Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Over his second drink Red said, "I wrote to Si Pollack, when I heard he and the boys were coming." He chain-lit a fresh cigarette. "He's going to let me do a number with him tonight. Tomorrow night he's going to come over and hear me at the dance. Boy! Maybe he'll help me get into the big time!"

"Is that what you want?" Evelyn asked him.

"Do I ever!"

For his number Red played Honeysuckle Rose. If you closed your eyes, you would swear you were listening to Harry James. Pollack gave Red a long break. At the end of it, the place went crazy.

Si took Red into a corner and had a long talk with him. As Red came back, several dark, confidential-looking men who had the manner of gamblers moved in on Red and tried to persuade him to do something.

He broke away from them and hurried to the table. "Let's get out of here, kids!" he said. "Let's drive. I need room to think about something."

Red drove into the country until he found a dark lane. He turned into it and parked. Ernest expected Evelyn to protest, but she didn't. He felt Helena press her knee against his. He turned to talk to her, but couldn't think of a thing to say.

He listened to hear Red's and Evelyn's conversation in the front seat. They weren't talking. He squinted to see through the darkness. They were locked together in a close embrace. His heart beating hard, hesitantly he slipped his arm around Helena. When she didn't object, he drew her against him. She came willingly, her lips seeking his.

Making love to Helena was quite different from making love to Maude Jency. There was something makeshift about Maude Jency's kisses. But Helena understood the art. Her arms held an infinite luxury. A man might not be able to talk to her, but the impact of her touch could make him forget everything.

When Red finally spoke, Ernest was startled to realize anybody was around. He'd forgotten where he was.

"Hey!" Red said. "Let's drive around until dawn and then have breakfast!"

"Well," Ernest said, "I don't know. Our families'll be pretty worried."

"Oh, Ernest," Evelyn said with complete contempt. "Don't be such a stick!"

His face stung as if she'd slapped him. Helena must have sensed this. As Red backed out of the lane, Helena drew Ernest's head toward hers and gave him a long kiss.

Evelyn, who was watching, said, "That's it, Helena. Teach him how to enjoy an evening. Maybe you can thaw him out, if he can be thawed."

At half past seven they had breakfast in a diner that had a white tile interior. In this clinical atmosphere, where they were the only customers, Red said, "Si Pollack's interested in me. He asked me a lot of questions. Where I'm from. How long I've been playing. Gee! Think of playing with Pollack in Chicago!"

Evelyn took the handkerchief from Red's coat pocket and began to wipe lipstick from his face. "Hold still," she said. "You're a mess." Then she asked, "Would you go right after you graduate, if he asked you?"

Red, managing to get a puff from his cigarette in spite of Evelyn's handkerchief work, absently watched Ernest wipe away lipstick. "If Si Pollack wanted me to report for work next Monday night," he said dreamily, "I'd walk out on the degree."

"With graduation only three weeks off?" Evelyn said. "Red, you wouldn't!"

"I sure would, kitten. I work on impulses. Music is my life. Most guys go to college to find out what they're made to do. I don't need to find out. I'm made to make music. What do I want with a degree in business admin? I don't want to administer a business. I want to play a trumpet!"

"You might want to administer an orchestra."

"You see those sharp characters that moved in on me after I talked to Si? They can administer the orchestra."

Ernest remembered he had promised Evelyn two double dates. He didn't want to make the second one, but a promise was a promise. He didn't see that the situation had been out of his hands for over eight hours. He opened his mouth to suggest another date.

Red beat him to it. "Honey," he said to Evelyn, who was tucking his handkerchief back, "you're my date tomorrow night. O.K.?"

She nodded.

"I can't be with you 'til we quit playing. But Si's coming, and I'd like you to be there if anything happens. You know?"

"Yes, Red," she said. "I know."

"Shall we double?" Ernest asked hopefully.

"Say," Red said, "that'd be good. You and Helena could be with Eve 'til I get through. Eve," he repeated. He looked at Evelyn. "The first woman." He took her hand. "It fits you, honey!"

The next night Evelyn had another astonishing dress. This one was green and didn't fit so tightly, but it was equally décolleté. Red had gone for Evelyn first. When they came for Ernest, they had talked, and it was as if they hadn't been apart.

Helena wore white. She had no hat this time. Some silver stuff she had sprayed on her hair gave her an elfin look. Ernest couldn't believe so gorgeous a creature had spent several hours in his arms last night. He tried to say something that would bring her close to him again as Evelyn was close to Red. He couldn't do it. He didn't feel that way about Helena, for all her looks, and he wasn't slick enough to be convincing about something he didn't feel.

When Evelyn left them to dance with others, Ernest and Helena sat together or danced together in an awkward silence, as if they felt guilty about pretending to mean something they didn't mean.

The awkwardness grew when Evelyn, getting a great rush, didn't come back to them. Maybe, Ernest thought, if they went out on the campus and sat on a bench in the dark, something would come back.

Helena was willing to go. They found a place and sat for a long time doing nothing. Finally Ernest drew Helena to him. She responded too easily. The magic was gone. Because there was something cloying about Helena. She was too much of something. Like an endless supply of doughnuts.

Presently she stiffened, drew away and arranged her hair. "You're a sweet guy, Ernest," she said, "but we're kidding each other. You're in love with Evelyn, aren't you? I'll bet you didn't even know it."

"I don't think it's true," he said. "She's just a friend."

"You aren't in love with me, anyhow. I don't think you could be." She got up and looked toward the auditorium. "I guess the dance is over, so I suppose you'd better take me back to the house."

Ernest was surprised to see most of the lights out. He hadn't realized it was so late. "Do you guess Evelyn ——"

"Has gone off with Red? I don't guess. I'm sure she has."

At the door of the sorority house, Helena pecked him gently. "Don't worry about her, Ernest. She'll be all right. If you get too lonesome, come to see me."

The night through which he walked home was dark and lonely and empty. His bedroom window looked across at Evelyn's. The distant oblong of her window was dark. Its upper pane reflected cold blue moonlight.

He couldn't sleep until her light came on at half past three. He tensed with rage because she was so late. He wanted to find Red and beat him to a pulp. He didn't care that it wouldn't be a fair fight, that Red was no fighter, that a fight wouldn't bring Evelyn back. "Eve!" He remembered the nickname contemptuously.

Each night, then, he watched for a light in her window. When it was on, he felt a comfort in knowing she was there rather than with Red. The comfort was small. Her light burned only early in the evening and very late at night. In between, what was happening? Was she being everything to Red?

He seldom saw her except at a distance on the campus. She didn't come down to the bench any more. It was the first time anything had stopped her from doing that. He heard she had been exempted from all of her exams, so she was free of school worries.

Ernest hadn't been exempted. He had to spend each evening cramming, trying to keep his mind on the work when Evelyn's dark window kept staring at him. He couldn't even call Helena. Talking to her on the phone would be an effort instead of a comfort, and he couldn't spare the time for a date.

To see Evelyn a moment, he could have gone over and whistled. They had a special whistle. They'd used it to call each other for years. He could have telephoned her. He could even have gone over formally and officially, ringing the bell and asking for her.

But there was a point of honor. He had never shown her how he felt, because he'd never known he felt that way. Now he had no right to spoil a thing she'd made herself. If drinking highballs and parking with Red Calder was a part of what she wanted, Ernest had no right to interfere, no matter how he felt.

But he didn't have to go to graduation and see Red and Evelyn together. So he stayed home. With the term ended and nothing to do, he sat in his room and fidgeted. As usual, Evelyn's window was dark.

He was surprised to hear a soft whistle in the darkness. He thought he had imagined it. The whistle came again. He went to his window and looked down. Evelyn was there. Without a word, he hurried down to her. Without a word, they walked down to the bench and sat on it—sat far apart as usual.

Then he said, "I thought you'd be at the graduation."

"Red didn't graduate," she said. "He's gone."

"To Chicago?"

"Yes." She stared at the river. "He wants to come back for me. He asked me to marry him."

Ernest clenched his fists so he could manage to speak reasonably. "He isn't your —— He isn't our kind, Evelyn. He belongs with those dark, sharp guys. Those gamblers with no roots."

"I know," she said. "He signed a contract with one of them."

"Do you—are you in love with him?"

"I don't know. A girl wants to feel like somebody—somebody wanted. He made me feel wanted. He made me feel like a princess."

His face burning hot, Ernest leaned toward Evelyn. She would probably be furious at him, but he didn't care. He slipped his arm around her waist. Looking at him, puzzled, she let him come near.

"All I want is for you to be happy, Evelyn," he told her. "All I want is for you to be happy." For the first time he felt the whole length of her, warm and soft, against him. Her face was very near.

Her face was very white in the moonlight. In the moonlight, her eyes were very large. Her lips, in the moonlight, were black in her white face. Timidly she raised her hand and touched the tips of her fingers to his temple.

With a sigh, he kissed her. In a complete yielding, she slid her arms about him and held him tight.

They were both shaking with excitement when they drew apart and held hands. He bent and kissed the softness of her neck. He felt her hand on his cheek.

"Are you wearing gingham again?" he asked.

She understood what he meant. "Yes," she said. "Oh, my darling, yes!"

THE END

"Watch this next shot where John lands back in the saddle."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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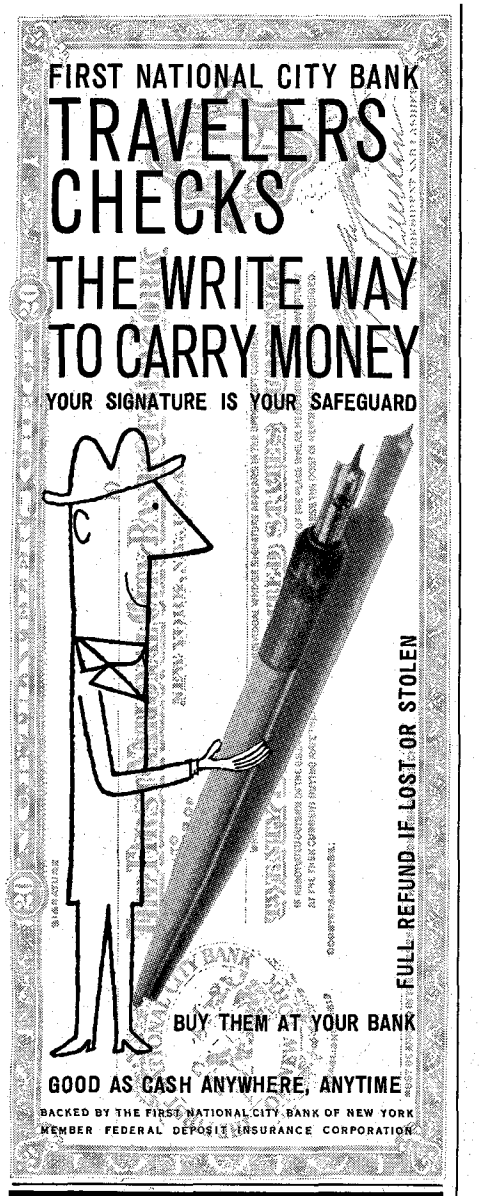
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Tyrant of the Plains (Continued from Page 49)

belt, "Nobody's seen the bellyachers around much anymore."

Finally the troubles broke into the open. A young settler called Phreme was doing mighty well in cattle. Print Olive, his brother Ira, and some of their trail hands, driving north, ran into Phreme and a couple of his cowboys. Print accused Phreme of killing Olive cattle and pistol-whipped the settler across the face and head, knocked him down, and with finger on the trigger, promised him a bullet if he was caught on the range again.

Old-timers warned Phreme to get away before the next daylight, even though the Government range was open to everybody and courts and law were well established in the area. The Olives claimed that Phreme had been caught with cattle bearing the Olive brand in his herd and that while Olive cowboys cut out these critters, Print and the settler passed words. Later they added that Phreme and his hired hand had tried to bushwhack Bob Olive, Print's younger brother. When Print managed to run into the settler out on the range, he braced him about this. "Did you shoot at my brother Bob?"

"No, I didn't," Phreme replied, "but I sure would like to take a pop at you!"

The two men fired almost the same instant and both fell in the stinking black-powder smoke. Phreme died and Print didn't recover fully for several years. He was tried for Phreme's murder and acquitted. "Easier to move men than cattle," he said after the acquittal celebration, when it was suggested that he take his stock out northwest to open range, as other cattlemen were doing, and avoid trouble.

Now the rumors about the Olives rose thick as dust on the wind, enough to scare out most newcomers. As the Olive herds grew, small ranchers and settlers did vanish, perhaps leaving families without so much as a pone or a spoonful of hominy grits.

Times were hard, many men were desperate and much ranch stock disappeared. Then beef prices came up a little, and large rustling outfits followed the rise. Print Olive wasn't the only rancher who hired tough, gun-fingered cowboys, the kind who didn't care whose cattle they burned with their employer's brand or whose milk cow they whooped off into the passing herd. In return, the little outfits and the settlers stole back as many cattle as they dared, and more.

Perjury, intimidation and murder became more common than usual in the struggle to control the range. An old man, called Pea Eye because his eyes were squooched together, still had sight enough to see a gang stealing cattle and appeared in court as witness against them. Not long afterward his faithful ox team drew his wagon into his home yard, Pea Eye in the bottom, dead, full of buckshot. Then one man vanished and another was found hanging in a pecan tree. Rumor somehow connected the Olives with these killings.

Pointed complaints were made that stock was still disappearing in the Olive region, and Print reversed these accusations as handily as a spinning bronc switches ends. "We mean to kill any man found skinning our cattle or running off our horses," he said, half tipsy in a bar, while everybody stood away a little, silent before this fierce-eyed, gaunt-gutted man.

Soon it was plain that Print Olive, drunk or sober, meant the last bitter drop of his warning. Turk Turner and James Crow, out for meat with a wagon, were killed by unknown parties. Crow's young son, sent to look for his father after school, found the bodies a short piece apart, wrapped in fresh cowhides. The two men had been taken alive and left to suffer the slow and horrible Spanish "death of the skins" as the burning sun drew the green hides taut and hard as iron about them. The brands on the skins were turned up conspicuously—the Olive brands.

There was alarm in the region, the eyes of the women filmed with horror every time they watched their men ride away, for green skins draw as tightly about the innocent as the guilty. But few left the country. Those who scared easily had gone long ago.

Some struck back. The first attack came when three Olive brothers—Print, Thomas and Ira—with four cow hands, were branding a new herd of Longhorns, many brush wild. At night the men stretched out on the ground beyond the corrals to sleep, well armed against raiders. Around one o'clock, when the moon was well hazed, a volley of shots awoke them. The ranch buildings were in flames. Fifteen or twenty attackers had scattered in a wide circle beyond the ranchers and were shooting at anything that moved on the dusky prairie. The Olives, in the light of the burning log house and under the smoke, took cover behind banks and bushes, and returned the fire.

... ...

Battle of the Box Tops

On grocery box tops
These words should be
clear,
"To open this package,
Break fingernail here."

C. S. Jennison

... ...

In the first blast of gunfire, Thomas Olive had been hit by several loads of buckshot. Dying, he thrust his rifle into the hand of a youth named Moore, a cow hand who looked after a Snyder-brothers' herd on the Olive range. Print was struck, too, in the hip, and crawled painfully for better cover, growling curses into the earth against the men who dared kill his brother. One of his Negro cow hands was dead, another badly wounded. Inside the smoke-filled corral the wild Longhorns were frantic from shots fired into them, from the flames, the smoke and falling sparks. They surged against the poles of the corral until the wood cracked. Then the attackers jerked the gates back. The big steers stampeded for the breaks, almost running over the defenders scattered in the smoke-filled valley.

The fire died, the moon lowered and the fight became a watching for dawn. But with the first light to expose a known face, the attackers slipped away. While the cow hands stretched Print out to ease his wound and covered the half-naked body of Thomas, the wounded Negro reported that the ranch house had been robbed of the seven or eight hundred dollars Print kept on hand for down payments on cattle herds.

But plainly this was more than a robbery; it was a plan for extermination. The oldest Crow son, who had been in the penitentiary at the time of his father's murder, had since been released and now headed a gang of toughs and desperadoes. He was suspected of leading the raid. But immediately another gang loudly claimed the honor. Not even Print seemed certain of the identity of his attackers.

Meanwhile the Olives had been charged with the skin murder of Turner and Crow, and still had to stand trial. Court convened at Georgetown, where the Olives assembled about forty armed men, ready to drag a convicting jury out to the trees along the San Gabriel. An opposing camp had gathered on the other side of town, sixty men determined to uphold the law of Texas, to stop these murders practically on the state capitol steps. The main street became a barren and dusty sort of dare-line. The Olives had the power of high political connections, money in the pocket and threats in the mouth. They were turned loose and the opposition slunk away.

Soon more dead men turned up. Two were hanging from their own picket ropes near the Williamson County line, another lay dead in the timber, stripped down to his hickory shirt, with a blanket drawn up to his chin. "Almost like he was bushwhacked in bed, like Tom Olive was," some said.

The law-abiding public was roaring like a brindle bull smelling blood. Ten, twelve men murdered within a twenty-five-mile stretch during the past few months. The newspapers took it up. More men had been killed in Texas that year than she lost during all the lamented war. The Austin Statesman offered a remedy: ". . . instead of hanging, have horse thieves and robbers surgically rendered incapable of crime and of the procreation of knavery."

When Print Olive recovered enough to get around in his heavy-wheeled buggy, a fury for revenge rose in him, his small black eyes burning. The women of the region pitied his wife, even those who envied her the wealth brought by her husband's ways. Some said Print's wife and his parents begged for a quieter life, a little peace for the children. But families counted very little in those days of cow feuds.

That summer two Negroes, strangers riding through, stopped at the Olive ranch and asked Mrs. Olive for a drink of water. Print shot one down at the well and bullwhipped the other until his face was laid open in deep red and puffing gashes, and his shirt was cut from his bloody back. Within a month Print was tried and acquitted of the murder.

"Just another biggety Lincoln Nigger gettin' an Olive ticket to hell," a Southerner said, counting the dead on two hands, grinning. But nobody counted the white men dead, not openly.

By now even those friendly to the Olives were uneasy about Print. He drank more, brawled more with the Union men who came back to the region. He even quarreled with his still-peaceful brothers or his trusted ranch hands when they tried to coax him out of the bars. His family was concerned beyond the disgrace. They knew that there were many ways of getting even with a Print Olive without facing his gun. He had cattle to be stolen, scattered or destroyed; he had dry grassland ready for the lucifer or cheaper flint and steel. Emergencies—prairie fires, stampedes, attacks, accidents and sickness—called for friends. Besides, a man needed a pleasant word not forced by a swift gun hand, particularly a man with children, with a growing son. It seemed that Print's wife now dared a little gentle urging for a move to a new, a less-crowded range.

By this time Print's brother, Bob, twenty-two, and considered the most reckless of the brothers, was in trouble again. He shot two more Negroes. One, he claimed, was caught stealing corn from the Olive cribs; the other was guilty of

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being a blabbermouth—talking too much. Then he killed a white man, Cal Null. Bob had been drinking with Null, although later the Olives claimed they suspected Cal was in the attack on the ranch. Or maybe Null had been hired to get Bob, who had sworn to avenge the death of his brother Tom.

In any event, an argument rose between the two men outside the saloon doors, and the loafers moved back as cattle do from a couple of bulls bellowing mortal challenges. The Olive story was that Cal fired first, the bullet going through Bob's loose-hanging vest. The report was lost in Bob's fast shots that knocked Cal backward through the swinging doors with two bullets in his vitals. This time there was a lot of lynch talk—lynch all the Olive outfit, string the brothers up in a row.

But by then young Bob was gone, riding hard for the Olives' home ranch. There his brothers filled his pockets with money and hustled him off for Wyoming ahead of the rope and the $400 reward the sheriff posted for his capture.

Under the name of Stevens, Bob punched cows for a rancher named Carey, a good friend of the Snyder brothers.

Then news spread that all the Olive brothers were headed north, not just trailing their customary half a dozen herds to market, but pulling out, lock, stock and barrel. Men spurred to some far hill to watch them go, holding their impatient horses until the last Olive drags plodded through the spreading dust.

Others watched by rumor, by telling and retelling the story until the outfit grew to 60,000 cattle, 2000 horses and seventy-five cowboys, mostly Mexican and Negro because they could be bulldozed. Some of his hands had been with Print for years, their loyalty perhaps at bottom some bleak, curious fear. But that, too, was a form of allegiance.

Because the Olive herds were from down in the tick-fever belt, and now were headed through fighting settlements with susceptible cattle, the cow hands kept their guns ready, even Print's son Billy, a blustering boy who pulled his Colt at any excuse. Print carried a new Winchester in the saddle boot, his holster hanging low over his worn chaps. He was no Shanghai Pierce who dared to stalk unarmed through South Texas or the streets of Abilene, Kansas; nor was he like gunshy John Chisum, whose cowboys were notorious for their gunplay while old John himself was always a muley, carrying no weapons.

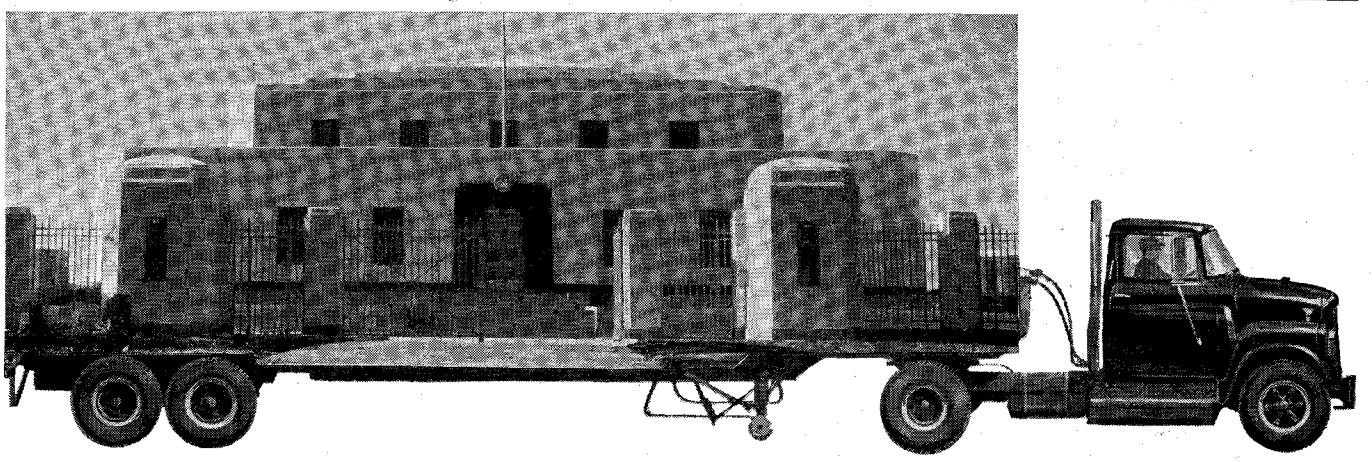
Print Olive led the migration north, his angry face even darker in this necessity to leave his home, the milder Ira riding beside him, his eyes and drake-tail hair the same Indian black under the dust. Behind them came the lighter vehicles, including the family carriage and the wagons with the family belongings and camp equipment, followed by the loose horse herds, their manes and tails streaming in the wind. Then came the cattle, broken into many herds to let the dust clear between them and to avoid crowding and mixing at water and bed grounds. Far behind the last drags came the families of the hands and then the heavy wagon trains moving like gray fall ants. The Olive outfit was strung out over ten to twenty-five miles of trail, holding a steady pace, dropping any stock unable to keep up. So the remote ancestors of the Longhorns had come westward out of Asia, except that there must have been fewer cattle—far fewer cattle—and a great many more people.

It was a year of drought. Out on the vast empty prairie of Northwest Kansas the Olives came upon a covered wagon, stranded, one horse dead from snake bite, the man, his wife and baby without water or food, without gun or cunning to hunt the sparse game. Print Olive slouched over the saddle horn, his sharp little eyes probing the desperation in the man's face. Finally the rancher raised himself in the stirrups and shifted his holster. "Come along. I'll adopt you," he said, and had them added to the others, brown, black and white, who had come to him through one desperation or another.

The Olives stopped at the Republican River, just over the line in Nebraska, and built a great spreading of corrals, the Olive Pens, in which the cattle were gathered at night and turned out at dawn to graze the fine long grass that had fed great herds of buffaloes only four, five years ago. Ira managed the stock and kept the penning orderly, with a man in the gates to hold the cattle to single file, with no crowding, no tangling of horns. "I hate and despise a critter with a horn gone," he said, as though of a desecration.

Then one morning he found a couple of fine horns trampled in the dust. He cursed the Mexican gate tender, who wasn't so needy as some. The Mexican whipped a knife from his boot, but before he managed to throw it, Ira shot him down.

Now even this quieter one of the Olives had taken to gunning his help. Ira paid the late gate tender's widow well, and there was no legal action, but the story sharpened the Texas rumors sifting northward. Bodies were being found in the empty reservoirs and dirt tanks on



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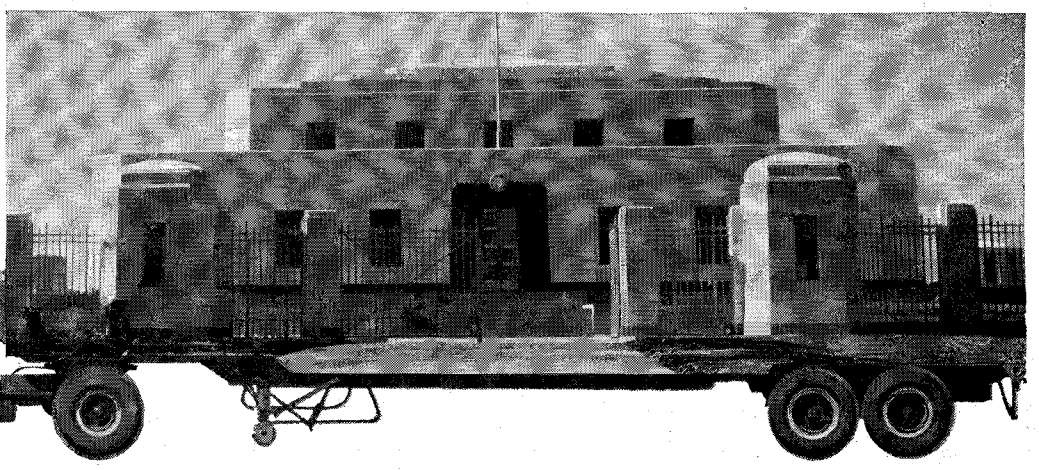

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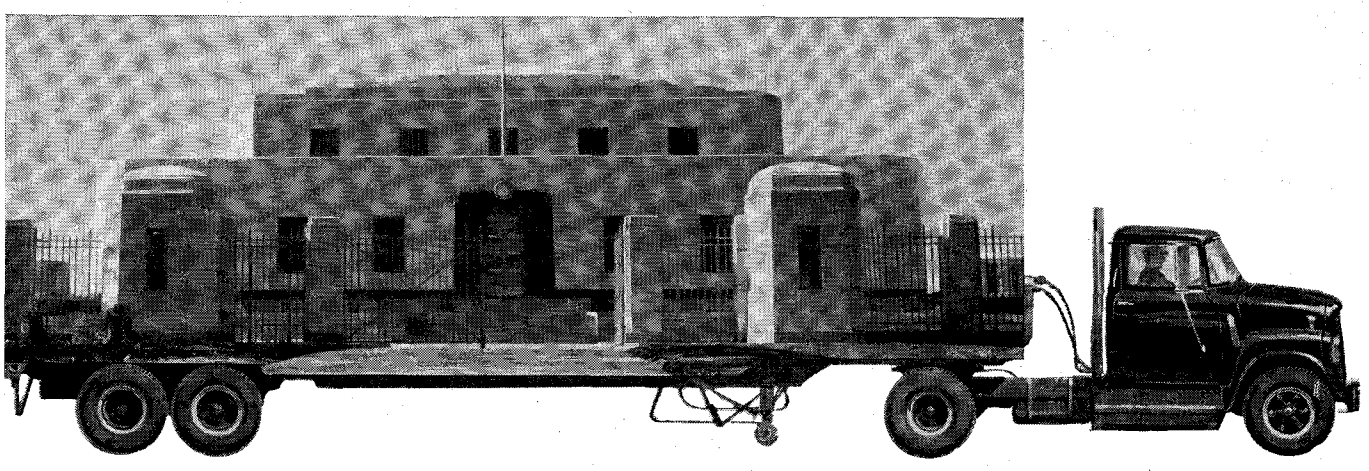

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the old Olive range down in San Gabriel country—more and more bodies.

Nobody could understand why Print Olive chose to squat in the well-claimed Republican Valley when so much of Wyoming, Dakota and the Yellowstone Basin was open, newly cleared of Indians. But then, back in Texas he had clung to a settled region while other ranchers such as King bought the land they needed, and Goodnight and a hundred others had moved to open country. Perhaps Print needed the bloodletting over his cows as the gunmen of Griffin and Abilene, Tascosa and Dodge City needed powder smoke.

The cattlemen of the Republican River weren't to be bulldozed. They notified the Olives to get off the winter range they, the established ranchers, had been using. It became apparent to Print that to stay on the Republican would require an army of guns against the guns already there. Some of these were guns of big British-owned cattle spreads, never shy about putting down unruly natives or intruders. And some of the Republican Valley ranchers were old buffalo hunters, long-range-rifle men.

"Yeah, I hear you killed nine Niggers down in Texas," one of these men told Print in a bar. He said it with his mouth tilted up, and then took deliberate aim on the spittoon, hit it squarely and walked away.

So Print led a protective wedge of riders still farther north, up across the Platte River into the rolling Nebraska sandhills, where the fall bunch grass ran orange on the windy slopes of sunset. Deeper in, the grass improved and the cow chips disappeared, with nothing except an occasional deer jumping from the buck-brush or a bunch of curious antelope tossing their white rump hair as they finally ran.

The region was without a rock or a tree; the only thorns were the speared clumps of soapweed on the sandier knobs and an occasional patch of bull-tongue cactus like a greenish hearthrug. Then Print looked down into a sandy little valley with a stream clear as spring water running through the bottom. The men bellied down to drink, the water very sweet to their alkalied tongues. Print Olive wiped his mustache with the red bandanna at his neck and unfolded the map he carried—the Dismal River of Nebraska.

Print bought 152 young Shorthorn bulls and strung 15,000 Texas cattle to the Dismal in one close-trailed herd after another. Ranchers watched him from the Republican, stopping their horses on far ridges, as others had down in Texas, pleased at this move, but not fully content until the last hoof track of an Olive cow was blown from their region. Along the Platte, men watched, too, the sun glinting on the rifles across their saddles.

The Olives sold a fine lot of late grass-fat steers, finished out better than any they ever saw in Texas. The rest of the stock in the hills wintered well. This was meat country, Print realized, and north lay an open range a hundred, hundred-fifty miles long, seventy, eighty miles wide—almost empty—the sandhills, which, eighty years later, were to hold the nation's great beef-growing region, Cherry County. But Print Olive had the devil in his neck. Up in the sandhills he would not have to push out small ranchers dug in ten, twelve years or run settlers off their lawful homesteads. But he had to spend the evenings in one bar or another, feeling big as he stalked through the swinging doors and caught the look on the Yankee faces.

"Hell, no law ever stopped Print Olive," the Texans said.

Print settled some of his best help into a log shack on a rented school section at the South Loup River in the newly organized Custer County. He took a house down on the Union Pacific Railroad in Plum Creek, which soon was known as Olive Town. Print Olive was called Nebraska's richest individual rancher.

Before long, Print had a Nebraska prairie fire on his hands. The first pearly, iridescent smoke cloud rising into the sky brought ranch outfits and settlers from far off to help. The grass was thick, dry, exploding in the heated air, the wind swelling. The men fought until they fell, scorched and exhausted. Longhorns fled like the antelope and rabbits; some were trapped and burned, adding a stench of hair and flesh to the rolling trail of smoke across the prairie. Finally the fire struck the South Loup and spread sullenly along the banks to die. Print Olive slouched wearily on his horse, looking out over the blackened range, cursing the unknown enemy who must have set the fire.

At the ranch, Print Olive's word was law to the white men as it was to those he called his "gun Niggers," men who had known slavery and could bend their necks. When trouble broke out among the hands, all gun-armed, Print egged them on in his half drunkenness, made them fight it out, bare-knuckled, even with knives and guns. Afterward the fiddles were brought out for a regular hoedown, with Print perhaps swinging a pretty Mexican girl a time or two. Sundays there might be bronc riding, calf roping and steer tailing. Men from the neighboring ranches were welcomed, particularly foremen and range riders. Phil DuFran, bossing the Durfee and Gasman Ranch, usually was there, black-haired, a Frenchy, with perhaps a drop of Indian—genial, able to make even the dark-mooded Print laugh sometimes.

In town, the ranch hands emptied their guns into the store windows and the large red globe of the hotel lamp, scattering glass and coal oil, and then paid the damages with their supper bill. Print gave them all a surprise raise because the cattle grew and fattened beyond anything he had ever seen. Plainly this was the place to set up the paradise Print's father had mentioned so often, an Olive paradise for the cow. The little ranchers running cattle on Government land around the Olives were ordered to get their stock off, and home seekers were warned out. The settlers must kill no Olive cattle, brand no mavericks or calves, and molest no Olive cattle, not even on their own homesteads. This was Olive law.

Old-timers saw trouble coming. A man didn't have to be a Texan to know about the trick of planting a settler's brand on a rancher's calf or about slipping ranch calves into a homesteader's dark corral, to be discovered with witnesses, come dawn, the mothers bawling over that way, ready to let the calves suck.

Several settlers with well-built homes and crops flourishing pulled out. The brawling, gun-jerking Bob Olive came down from Wyoming, and Print got him appointed as stock inspector, in spite of the $400 reward for Bob's return to Texas on a murder charge. Uneasy ranchers put on extra line riders to pull their cattle back from the Olive range, ordered more guns and waited. It was hardest for the settlers, those with wives and children. "Somebody's sure going to be the dead owl the Olives'll hang up to scare the others out," old-timers said.

Apparently the plans were well laid before Print was in the region more than a few months, and soon the results were as tangled as a greenhorn's lariat left out in the rain. Among the settlers who didn't scare out were Mitchell and Ketchum, over in Custer County. They had built a long soddy across the line of their adjoining homesteads, each man living in his end. Mitchell, slight and old for homesteading, had a wife and two stepdaughters. The elder, Tamar Snow, a pretty sixteen-year-old, was engaged to marry young Ami Ketchum. Like his brother Lawrence, a Government scout, Ami was a crack shot. He set up a blacksmith shop, where with his forge and anvil he set wagon tires, sharpened plowshares and winter-shod horses. These settlers were sociable people who went to dances and house raisings even two, three days away by wagon. They sat up with the sick and helped bury the dead.

Although they were several townships away from the Olive ranch, the two settlers were plainly the anchor posts for men whose land Print intended to have. Soon the Olives were saying that Ketchum itched for money to get married, and claimed that when their cattle got into his shirttail patch of corn some of the cows left their calves in his corral. Other ranchers watched, pleased to let the Texans clear range that had seemed lost long ago. If Bob Olive, as stock inspector, could get Ketchum for rustling, something might be done.

"They'll go planting Olive calves in Ami's corral or some fresh Olive hides around the place," old-timers from Texas predicted. One even rode over to tell Ketchum about the "death of the skins" in which two men smothered in hides carrying the Olive brands.

Young Ketchum laughed. At a dance, the fiddler, who was a preacher Sundays, tried to lend him the money to go back to Iowa while he could. Ami still laughed and swung pretty Tamar on the corner.

"That's how it went down in Texas, too," the Southern cow hands told Mitchell and Ketchum, when the settlers got their warning to quit the country. In April the Olives took a man up before a justice of the peace for stealing cattle. The accused man dared to hire an attorney, County Judge Wall, from Sherman County. The half-drunken Olives and their outfit used their guns to keep Wall outside the courthouse all afternoon. Finally, by a trick, Wall got the prisoner away for a fair and open trial elsewhere.

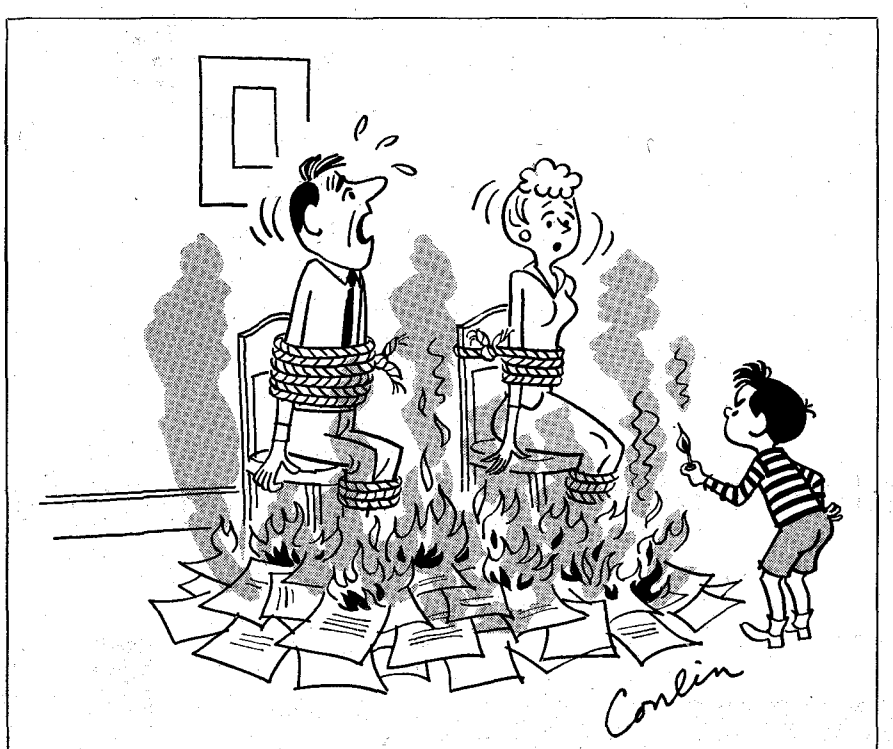
Furious, the Olives crossed the county line to Wall's court to arrest him "for interfering with justice." They bulldozed him for hours, but didn't quite dare shoot a county judge at the bench, and at last he got a deputy to grab Bob Olive, and sent the outfit packing.

The news of this traveled like a prairie fire in a high wind, everybody wondering where the guns would be drawn next. Then Print Olive and Fisher, his foreman, found cattle with the Olive brand penned up by a homesteader named Christensen. Several neighbors there protested that the settler had bought the stock with a brand release. Print knocked Christensen down with the .45 across the face and broke the man's jaw. Standing over the fallen settler, Print gave him five minutes to prepare for death. But Christensen begged for his life through his pain and terror, and promised to fetch the release to Olive as soon as he could find it. The neighbors in the yard were armed, and one of them, George Brill, was the stepson of Judge Wall, who had defied the Olives. Print relented, and he and Fisher rode off. Christensen was too frightened to hunt up a doctor and the neglected jaw healed so stiff that he could barely open his mouth. In a short time he gave up, quit the country, and soon Olive steers were rubbing down his deserted soddy.

The cattle that were the cause of this trouble had been sold to Christensen by a rancher's son, Manley Caple, who needed gambling funds. The Olives had Caple arrested for rustling and the young man confessed that he had forged the brand release—and seemed to implicate Ami Ketchum in the transaction, although his evidence was so vague that the sheriff took no action against Ketchum. Then Print Olive swore out a warrant for Ketchum and got the sheriff to deputize Bob Olive to make the arrest, despite the fact that the sheriff knew the Olives had sworn to make buzzard meat of Ami if he didn't get out of the country.

Somebody warned Ami Ketchum that the Olives now had the excuse they wanted to get him out of the way. Some accounts have it that Doc Middleton, the gentlemanly Texas cowboy-turned-horse-thief, gave Ami the word; others that it was a cow hand named Buckskin Bill, who was annoyed because Print's boy, Billy, had taken a shot at him for dancing with the kid's girl.

The truth of those times, and particularly the next few days, is not clear after eighty years, but (*Continued on Page 144*)



"Somewhere along the line we've failed as parents, Martha . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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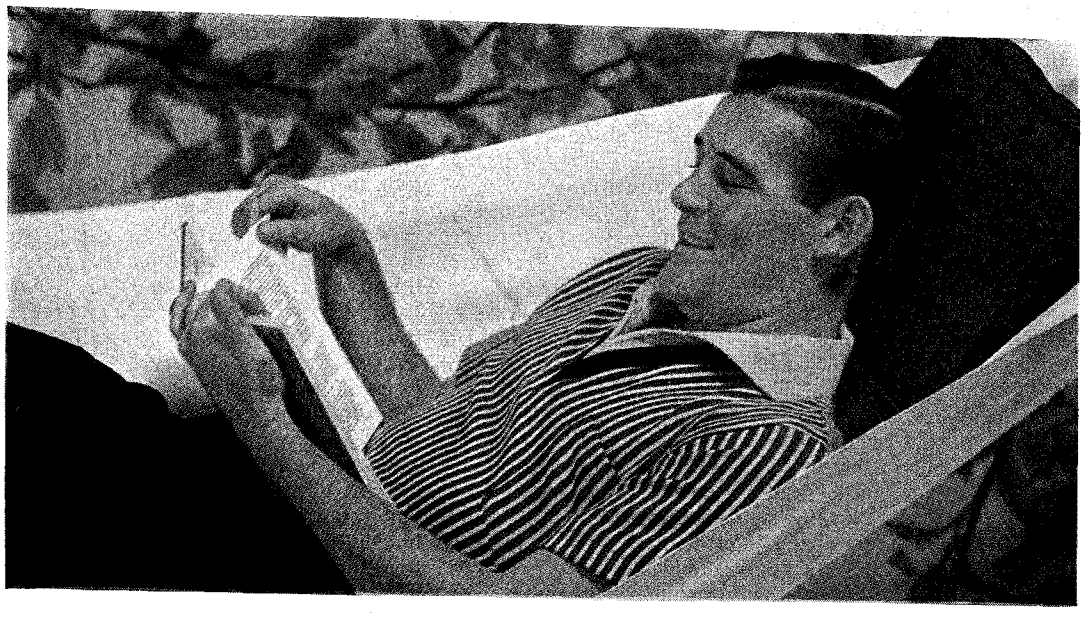

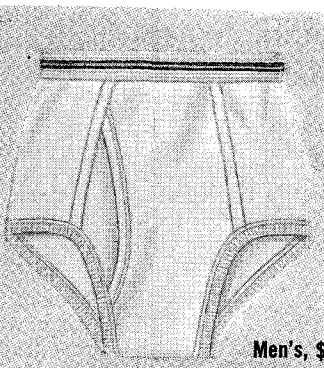

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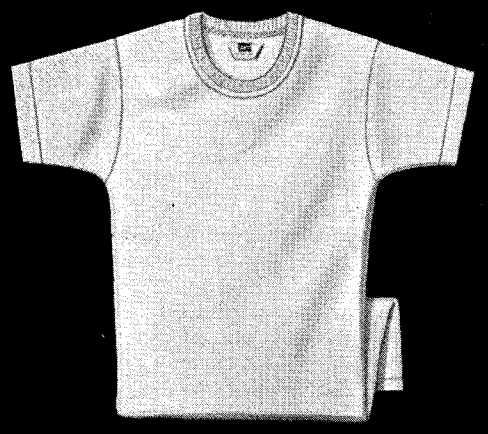

Men's, $1 Boys', 75¢

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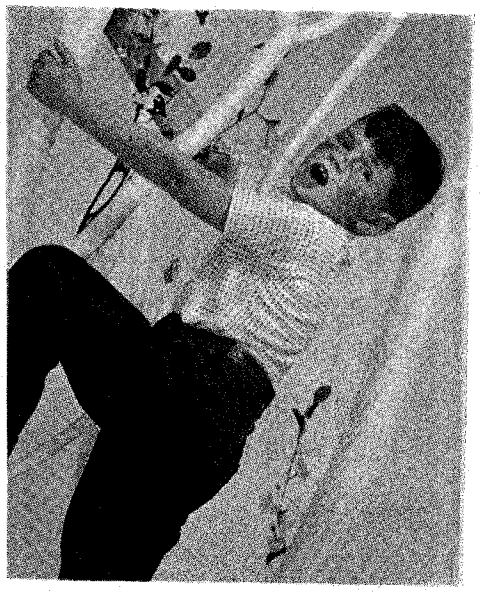

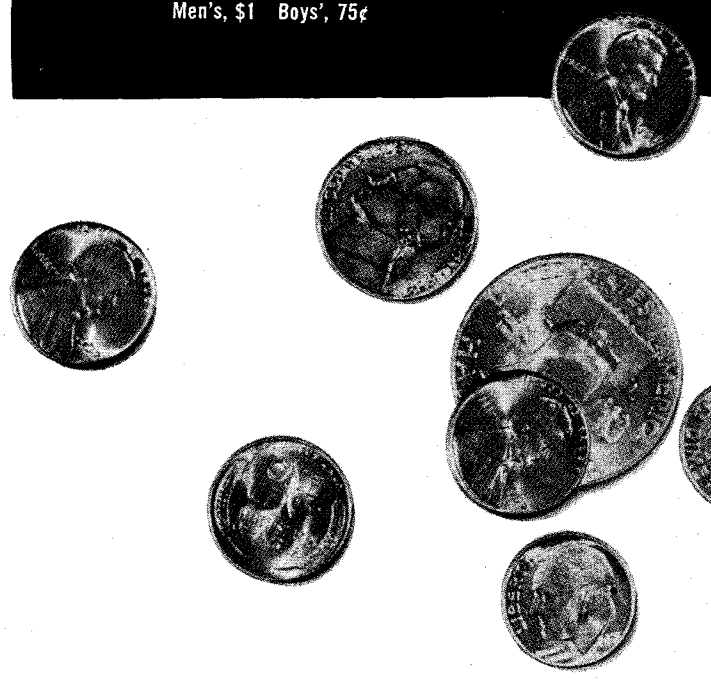

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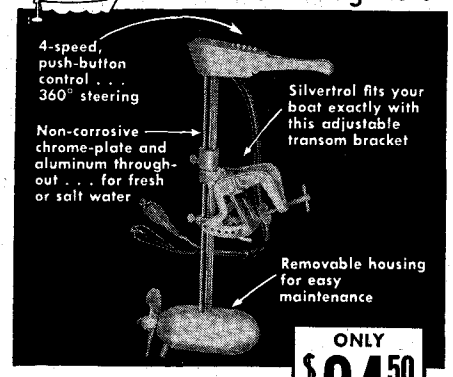
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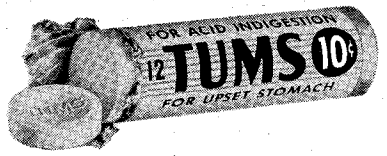

TUMS ARE ECONOMICAL—3 ROLLS ONLY 25¢

(*Continued from Page 142*) reports agree that late in November of 1878 a stranger was sent to spy on Ketchum. He rode up to the Mitchell-Ketchum soddy and, to separate the two settlers, to get Ami Ketchum to go to the blacksmith shop, away from a rifle, pretended he wanted his horse shod. But Ketchum and Mitchell were hooking up a wagon to return a borrowed bull to a neighbor. Ami asked the man to come back the next day. The stranger spurred off. Mrs. Mitchell and her two girls were climbing into the wagon to go along for a bit of neighboring when the Olives and their cowboys charged out of a nearby draw. Riding low and shooting, they gave a rebel yell, with Bob Olive in the lead, shouting, "Throw up your hands, Ketchum!"

Hanging to the lines of the plunging team with one hand, Mrs. Mitchell thrust the girls down into the wagon box as bullets splintered the sides, and the younger one cried out in terror. Ami Ketchum and Mitchell fired back, dropping bullets ahead of the mob to hold them off. But when Ami, who had jumped away from the wagon to draw the fire, got a bullet in the arm, he and Mitchell began shooting directly at the raiders. Through the smoke they saw Bob Olive jerk himself straight in the saddle and start to slide from the running horse. The cowboys caught him and carried him away, the rest following. With blood dripping from his useless arm, Ami got in one last shot with the rifle that Tamar helped him to hold.

"Damn 'em!" he swore in fury. "I could kill the whole damn outfit, attacking where there's a woman and children!"

Bob Olive was taken to a nearby homesteader's dugout, where Print ordered the settler to hitch up a team and wagon. They laid Bob in the wagon on a bed of hay and raced toward the railroad to get him on an eastbound train and to a doctor. But he died, just the same.

From the moment Bob Olive went down in the saddle, Mitchell and Ketchum knew they would be lynched. The shooting gave the Olives an excuse to clear the range by stringing up the one man nobody had dared touch—Ami Ketchum. But still the two men's first thoughts were to get their womenfolk out of harm's way. The bull was turned loose, blankets were piled into the wagon, and the frightened family headed across the country, whipping the team hard, the wagon leaving wheel tracks pitifully plain on the late-fall prairie. Ami's arm was swelling, but they didn't dare go to a doctor; instead, they hurried to Judge Wall, hoping to beat the Olives there. The judge advised them to get away as far as possible, to hide with friends unknown to the Olives.

Back at the Mitchell-Ketchum homestead a mob of Olive cowboys burned the roof off the deserted soddy while others followed the wagon trail. Another gang fanned out over the prairie, searching settlers' houses. By telegraph Print Olive ordered notices posted in every saloon and post office and on every crossroads fence corner, offering $700 reward for the killers of his brother, Robert Olive.

Nobody dared help the fleeing family. To save the women, Mitchell and Ketchum sent them on in the wagon and themselves struck out afoot, the older man worn and limping, Ami burning with fever and pain from his wounded arm, swollen double. The two men made one more desperate appeal to Judge Wall, knowing they were endangering his life. Sadly, in helpless fury, he admitted that only the governor and the militia could save them now. "I sent a telegram," he told them. "Got no reply yet."

The two settlers, no hope left, started away in the night. Before long, an Olive posse swarmed around Wall's home and the judge managed to escape them by crawling through an old tunnel, dug in the days of Indian scares under the back of the house. Shortly afterward, Mitchell and Ketchum were run down on the prairie by their pursuers. They were put on horses, their feet tied under the animals' bellies, and were taken to Kearney to jail. But Print Olive refused to pay the $700 reward until the two settlers were delivered to him in Custer County. Over their pleading, the men were smuggled out of jail by Sheriff Gillan, an outsider from Keith County, and the only man still willing to claim the reward. He took them, handcuffed together, to Plum Creek by train. There Print Olive had them thrown into a light springwagon and, with Phil DuFran and Gillan in the seat, headed them north, the Olive gang following. As the moon climbed red out of the prairie horizon into streaked clouds, the December cold chilled the manacled men. They were silent, with only a rare word, low and quiet, between them.

About three miles from the Olive ranch, well within Custer County, Print handed Sheriff Gillan the $700 and took the wagon over. While Gillan and DuFran watched, the Olives turned into the wild Devil's Gap. There, in the light of the moon, lariats were thrown over the limb of a tree and the nooses slipped around the necks of the settlers, still handcuffed together. While the end of his rope was dallied to the horn of a cowboy's saddle, young Ami Ketchum begged that they let Mitchell go. The man was old and sick—the only support of a helpless woman and two young girls.

But Print lifted his hand and the cowboy set spur to his horse. Ketchum shot up into the air, Mitchell's arm jerked along by the chain of the handcuffs and held there as the young settler kicked out his life in the moonlight. Then Print Olive put a bullet into Mitchell in return for the one that killed his brother Bob. He gave a second signal, another cowboy spurred a horse, and the old settler dangled from a rope. When the bodies hung still, their heads tipped forward in the sad, apologetic slant of the hanged, a can of coal oil was doused up over them. Print struck a match and the two men burst into flaming torches, the sooty smoke carrying the stench of burning cloth and hair and flesh out on the prairie, where sleeping Olive cows raised their heads a moment. After a while, Mitchell's rope parted and he fell into the burning brush and leaf mold in a gushing of smoke, his arm still lifted to Ketchum by the handcuffed wrist.

The settlers were left there until Mitchell was gnawed by the coyotes; nobody dared move them, so strong was the fear of the Olives. Finally Print paid some poor, dim-witted man twenty dollars to bury the frozen bodies. The man chopped off Mitchell's arm and a leg to make the body fit into the little hole he had dug. Then he scraped leaves and dirt over the shallow grave. Later several men, led by an ex-soldier, removed the bodies and took them to Kearney for photographing and decent burial.

Now shock spread over Nebraska, over the cattle country and much of the nation. ALLEGED RUSTLERS BURNED LIKE WITCHES AND HERETICS! one newspaper headline shouted. NEBRASKA SETTLERS VICTIMS OF HEINOUS CRIME OUT OF INQUISITION! another called it. But mostly the headlines screamed the same two words, over and over: MAN BURNERS! MAN BURNERS!

Print Olive still stalked from bar to bar, threw back his buffalo saddle coat, hitched at his worn holster and reached for the bottle the bartender set out. He was loudly laying plans for a great Platte-country cattle empire, roaring out that there weren't enough men in the whole yellow-belly Yankee state of Nebraska to stop him. Not even the governor moved against him, and the Ketchum brothers had vanished after they received Ami's body. Crack shots, their aim failed now.

But one man was working, the frontier's energetic District Judge William Gaslin, Jr., whose jurisdiction covered much of the range country. Although witnesses had been warned that every talking tongue would be cut out at the roots and no sheriff would accept a warrant for the Olive gang, Gaslin found men to deputize. One evening at Plum Creek, after the mail train was in, the post-office crowd parted for Print Olive. Two strangers were introduced to him: "The Ketchum boys, Print. Brothers of Ami."

Olive growled something, a hand hooked over his holster, waiting for the men to flee before his glowering face. Instead they snapped handcuffs on him, lifted his gun and placed him under arrest. Out in the street, other deputies picked up Fred Fisher, Olive's foreman, and a few others of their gang. By then, a gathering mob was yelling, "Get a rope! String 'em up! String 'em all up!" A dozen coiled lariats were handed in over the eager shoulders. But one of the deputies turned on the pushing mob. He was sworn to protect the prisoners, he said, and he handed Print a pistol. "Shoot the first man who lays a hand on you," he ordered.

"Sell out! Sell out!" the crowd roared, but the deputy stopped them. "This man killed my brother Ami. If the law fails to punish him, then it's time enough for us, and I'll do it my own way."

By dawn the Gaslin posse had captured twelve of the Olive lynch mob, including Phil DuFran and Sheriff Gillan, and had

"Quiet . . . daddy is practicing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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chained them in pairs. Not one shot was fired.

"Sure caved in easy," some Nebraskans said.

Others, however, weren't so sure the battle was over. There were Texans around who had seen Print Olive up for murder before, yet he had never served a day in prison. Now there were rumors that Print was offering $1000 to every juryman who voted against indictment. Then the affable Phil DuFran and an Olive cowboy turned state's evidence. Olive, Fisher, Gillan and six others were indicted for the murder of Mitchell, as a starter. Judge Gaslin's life was threatened, but he laid his brace of pistols out before him when he opened court, as he had learned to do long ago when Print Olive was still shooting Mexicans and Negroes in Texas.

The trial came up at Hastings in Adams County. There were threats of a raid by the Olive cowboys to take over the court and burn the town to ashes. The governor sent a company of soldiers to pitch their tents opposite the courthouse. Suddenly, there was a lot of money loose in the county—Olive and other ranch money. Print clearly thought he could buy his way out of this trouble. He wasn't worried, and bragged that he had attended a dozen such "weddings." Meaning killings.

James Olive and his wife came up from Texas, and few could believe that Print, the foul-mouthed, brutal killer and defiler of men, could be the son of this gentle religious couple. The mother spoke often of the goodness of her Prentice, murmuring, "My boy, my poor baby," into a lace handkerchief, as though he were hers alone, and still at her breast. She sobbed a little, quietly, with no eyes for her younger sons, Ira and Marion, or for her stricken old husband.

Print Olive and Fisher, his foreman, were found guilty by the jury and sentenced to the pen by Judge Gaslin. But the lawyers for the two men immediately demanded new trials. The case had been tried outside the jurisdiction of the crime—Custer County—because, through an oversight, the legislature had attached the new county to no judicial district, with no district court. A change of venue was granted by the state supreme court. The pay of one of the attorneys who managed this strategy was said to be 10,000 big Olive steers sold for him at Hastings.

In the meantime, men covered the entire region for Print and Fisher, offering the choice of a roll of bills or a tongue cut out. When the rehearing came up in county court—the only court that Custer County had—Judge Boblits found no complaint on the docket and no complaining witnesses to come forward. While the cowboys yelled and fired into the ceiling, the judge rose and announced, "Prisoners, get the hell out of here. It is time for another drink—on I. P. Olive and Fred Fisher."

Some said it had been time for County Judge Boblits to add a good-sized herd of cattle to his ranch too. But Print Olive, it seemed, was poorer by at least $250,000, some doubling that. "State supreme courts come a little high sometimes," Judge Gaslin was reported to have said. The ropes the crowd offered the evening the Olive outfit was arrested would have been cheaper for everybody.

After it was all over, Print Olive, the man the jails couldn't hold, moved again. Somehow, Print complained, putting Mitchell and Ketchum out of the way had stirred up the animals more than had all of his troubles back in Texas. So he moved, not to open range, but again into a tightly claimed region, Western Kansas. There he joined or pushed his way into a cattle pool in time to recoup his herds and his capital in the beef bonanza of 1883.

But he soon needed lawyer money again—this time to save his son Billy, who killed a man in the Smoky Hill country just to show he could do it. Print got the boy acquitted, but it cost a lot of cattle.

After that, Billy left Kansas for the old No Man's Land, the strip that was to become the Oklahoma panhandle. Here the boy drank, brawled and gambled with the money he could raise by stealing an occasional beef or jumping a claim. He shacked up with a woman who was making what she could from the cowboys when her face wasn't swollen from an Olive pistol whipping. There was nothing of the good stock grower, the dedicated cowman, about Print's son Billy. He wasn't even a competent gunman. In a fit of rage he bulldozed a bartender once too often, putting his Winchester against the man's back and pulling the trigger. The rifle snapped dead and the bartender took to his heels—and later bushwhacked Billy from behind a sod wall and left him to die in the dust of No Man's Land in the spring of 1887.

Print Olive knew nothing of the shabby ending of his son, once intended to be the heir of a great Olive cattle empire. For back on August 18, 1886, a dispatch from Trail City, Colorado, just across the Kansas line, was picked up by newspapers all over the nation. It was read most closely along the San Gabriel in Texas and up in Nebraska, where settlers passed the papers around.

The details of the cause of Print's last fight were vague, but it seems that some cow hand with the ridiculous name of Joe Sparrow came into Trail City from Dodge City and happened to run into Print Olive and had a few words with him. Print was furious and sour drunk, and pulled his gun. The cowboy grabbed it. The disarmed Print swore he would get Sparrow before sundown. The sheriff took Print away and got him to bed, while friends advised the cowboy that he'd better get out of town. But Sparrow said he wasn't running.

That afternoon when Print came through the Haynes saloon and located Sparrow, everyone dived for shelter. Olive reached for his gun, Sparrow fired and missed. Print fired, seeming to graze the cowboy, who steadied his aim and put a bullet through the old rancher's left breast. Print went down, falling on his gun hand. He whimpered, "Oh, Joe, don't shoot!"—at the same time easing his gun out from under him and shifting into position for a swift shot.

Sparrow saw the trick and shot first, this time putting a bullet through the left temple of the hard-eyed cowman who had killed so many who got in his or his cows' way.

So the settlers passed the papers around and pointed work-blunted fingers to the headlines: MAN BURNER KILLED BY COWBOY. And they said, "Well, they got 'im. Finally got 'im." There were stories of an avenger of the Nebraska settlers traveling under a deliberately silly name like Joe Sparrow. Many, both ranchers and settlers, recalled the words of Ami Ketchum's brother when the mob wanted to lynch Print Olive, "If the law fails, I'll do it my way."

So ended the Olive brothers, Thomas, Bob, Print and Print's son Billy, all dead by gunfire. One of the family, Ira, remained in the Olive region of Nebraska, living there for years, so quietly, so respected a neighbor that people forgot he was a brother of the man burner. And not far away, married to a brother of Judge Wall, who had stood up to the Olives, lived the twice-bereaved girl with the lovely name of Tamar Snow.

THE END

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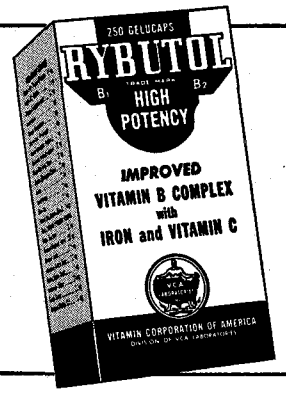

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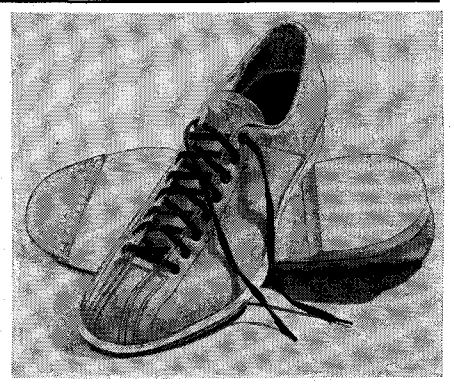

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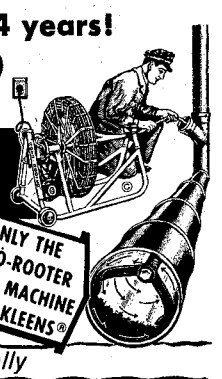

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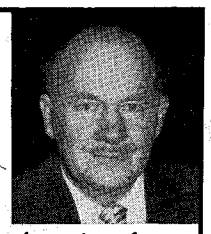

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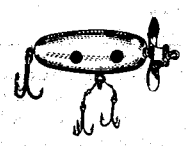

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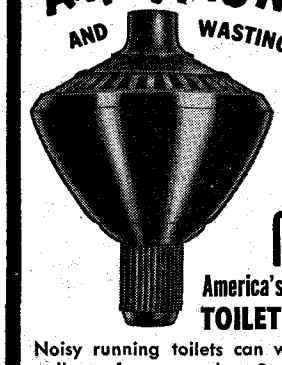

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My Beauty and My Beasts

(Continued from Page 42)

camp and the hunters performed the *pudja*—an elaborate ceremony which includes the sacrifice of a white cock and two white pigeons to assure good luck. Then we started out on the two tame elephants. Our only food was two sacks of rice. Meat would go bad in the intense heat and canned foods are too costly.

We picked up the track of the herd; simple enough to do, because the marks of their huge feet were clear in the soft loam of the jungle. Late that afternoon we caught up with them. There were twelve cows and five young bulls; as well as three calves, just weaned. We next had to find out whether the calves were males or females.

I was amazed at how close the men could approach the herd on the *kunkis*. Apparently wild elephants can't distinguish a man on the back of a tame elephant and, what is even more surprising, can't scent him. However, when the men were in sight of the herd, they never spoke and seldom moved. If alarmed, a herd can move with astonishing swiftness and tame elephants can't keep up with them.

Two of the calves were females. "It would do us no good even if there were more, for our *kunkis* can only handle two animals," the mahouts told me. We ate our rice cold that night, for we did not dare to light a fire. The hunters told me that sometimes they were able to catch fish on these hunts, but they could not shoot game, for the sound would frighten the herd.

Every herd has an old bull that does not stay with the others, but maintains a parallel course two or three miles away. The babies must be captured while the herd bull is as far away as possible, for if he is able to join the others, the *kunkis* have no chance against him. We followed the herd for five days, one *kunki* keeping track of the old bull from a discreet distance while the other followed the cows and calves. However, the old bull was never out of earshot of the herd and even the catchers were beginning to grow discouraged.

On the afternoon of the sixth day, the *kunki* following the herd bull returned at full speed. The catcher reported that the bull was in a wallow many miles away and would probably remain there for several hours. This was the moment for which we'd been waiting. The catchers uncoiled their ropes and the mahouts urged the tame elephants forward.

Guided by the knees of the mahouts, the *kunkis* moved in to cut out a cow with a female calf at her side. As the pad elephants came in on either side of the cow, one of the catchers swung his rope and noosed the calf around the neck. The calf squealed loudly and her mother turned on us, trumpeting a warning to the rest of the herd. The others began to trumpet and came for us. The biggest *kunki* turned away and met the charge. He had enormous tusks and the cows could do nothing against him. The females and young bulls are instinctively cowed by the presence of a big bull with tusks. When the herd was driven back, the catcher on the second *kunki* also roped the struggling calf and she was hurried away between the pad elephants. As soon as we were clear, the baby was tied to a tree, and then both *kunkis* chased away the elephants that had tried to follow us. The second calf was captured in the same way an hour or so later. Then we hastily made our escape with the two calves before the old bull could come up.

When we returned to our base camp, Mercia was ready for us. Raising the babies would be a major task. Mercia had got several milk buffaloes and also had a supply of a milk formula which I consider the best substitute for mother's milk with baby animals.

By combining the buffalo milk with the milk formula, plus some cod-liver-oil extract and a few vitamins, we were able to rear the babies. A hollow bamboo had to be inserted in their mouths and the milk poured down it. At first the babies fought desperately, but within a few days they followed us around the camp and even tried to climb into our laps, like enormous dogs. When we ate, they would come running to the table to get their "specials"—butter-and-sugar sandwiches—and if they didn't get enough, they'd butt over the table. They were terribly inquisitive little rascals, always sticking their trunks into things—especially the pots on the stove. They were constantly getting burned and would then run to Mercia to be petted and consoled. There was a Hollywood camera crew at the camp photographing wild life in India, and one night the smallest of the babies got cold and went into the tent of one of the cameramen. When the man woke up next morning, there was the baby lying by his cot, snoring loudly.

If this is the space age the average commuter doesn't know it.

JOE RYAN

While we were in Assam, we received word from some American animal dealers that the North American Fertilizer outfit had sold our first shipment of animals for an enormous profit. They'd disposed of the tame black leopard almost immediately for a profit of over $600 to a television program needing a tame leopard.

Mercia sat moaning, "Oh, why didn't I know about that TV program? Peter, it's the dealers who make the big profits while running none of the risks of a collector. You'll have to become a dealer."

"I'm not a businessman," I told her. "And besides, the dealers don't have any fun."

"Fun!" sniffed Mercia. "You call it fun to live in the jungle and fret over these little devils of elephants?"

I did, but I knew how Mercia felt. I'd had dreams of opening my own zoo in America, featuring unusual and interesting animals—like the strange maleo, a bird that buries its eggs in the sand, like a reptile; or the golden-crested gibbon that lives only in the highest trees and is said never to set foot on the ground. I tried to explain my plans to Mercia, but she shut me off.

"You're not practical, Peter. Those maleos just look like little turkeys, and people can't see them burying their eggs in a zoo. The golden-crested gibbon is just another monkey to the general public. You could never run a successful zoo with creatures like that."

I supposed that she was right, but I still couldn't be a dealer, doing nothing but sit in an office in New York or London.

We were able to get four more elephant calves on other *mela shikars*, but then the herds moved away. Since we needed ten calves, we had to rely on the *keddah shikar* for the others.

High in the hills, men had been at work for weeks constructing a giant corral of heavy teak stakes, bound together with strong ropes to give additional strength. This corral was circular, about fifty yards in diameter, and the stockade stood some fifteen feet high. A trench ran around the inside, because not even the heavy stakes could withstand the attack of an elephant herd unless the force of their charge was broken. There was a swinging door at the entrance of the corral, with two platforms on either side where the men could stand who had the all-important task of handling the door. A long, V-shaped runway of lighter stakes led into the corral, carefully camouflaged with vines and creepers.

When Mercia and I arrived at the corral, scores of men were busy planting decoy trees inside, so it would not look too barren and cause the herd to turn away at the last moment. We were told that the hunters were at a nearby salt lick, watching for a herd that would probably come in that evening.

As soon as it was dark, Mercia and I took up our positions on the stockade. It was lined with men carrying sharpened poles, torches and noisemakers, for in spite of all precautions, the elephants could still break through if left to themselves. The herd would have to be kept in the corral all night, for the drive took place after dark and the hunters could not go into the corral to separate the calves from the cows until it was daylight and they could see to work.

About eleven o'clock that night a hunter came in to report that the herd was at the lick. An army of several hundred men silently spread out to start the drive, carrying horns, drums and a few old muskets loaded with black powder. Other men lined the sides of the long runway leading to the corral, but kept themselves carefully concealed. The men on the platforms tested the swinging gate and a last-minute check was made of the stockade. At any moment now the drive would start.

Then we heard the faint sound of yells, drums and horns, punctured by the occasional boom of a musket fired into the air. The sounds grew louder, but we could see nothing in the darkness. Suddenly the men at the wide mouth of the runway began shouting. This meant that the herd had passed them and was in the chute. They could still break out, for the walls of the chute were too light to stand a determined attack, but with men on both sides and behind them the herd would probably run forward.

We saw the first of the great gray shapes in the darkness as it drifted through the trees toward the entrance of the stockade. As the herd passed, men appeared as if by magic on the walls of the chute, shouting, waving torches, beating on pans and blowing horns. It was absolutely necessary that the herd be panicked now and driven into the corral as fast as possible.

The first of the herd plunged into the carefully camouflaged entrance to the corral and tore through the planted saplings and bushes. The rest followed them, jostling one another in their eagerness to escape the figures springing up on either side. Behind them were coming the drivers, making more noise than an inferno full of devils, but ahead everything seemed peaceful and safe. As the last animal entered the corral, a man slashed the vine holding back the door. The heavy door slammed shut. Great beams were instantly raised by a score of hands and thrown into place. The herd was caught.

Within a few seconds, the milling animals had tramped the artificial jungle within the corral absolutely flat. Then for the first time they could see the stockade around them and realized that they were trapped. Led by the young bulls, they charged the teak stakes repeatedly. The men on the (*Continued on Page 148*)

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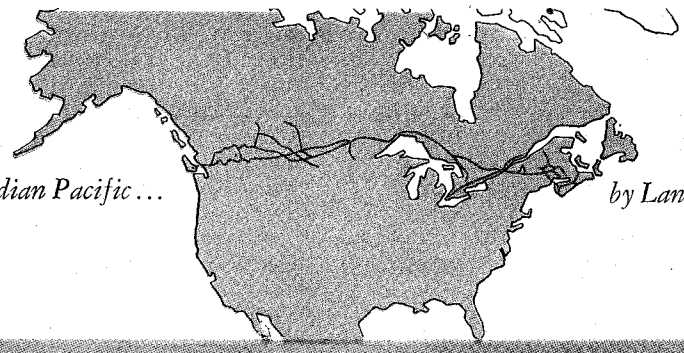

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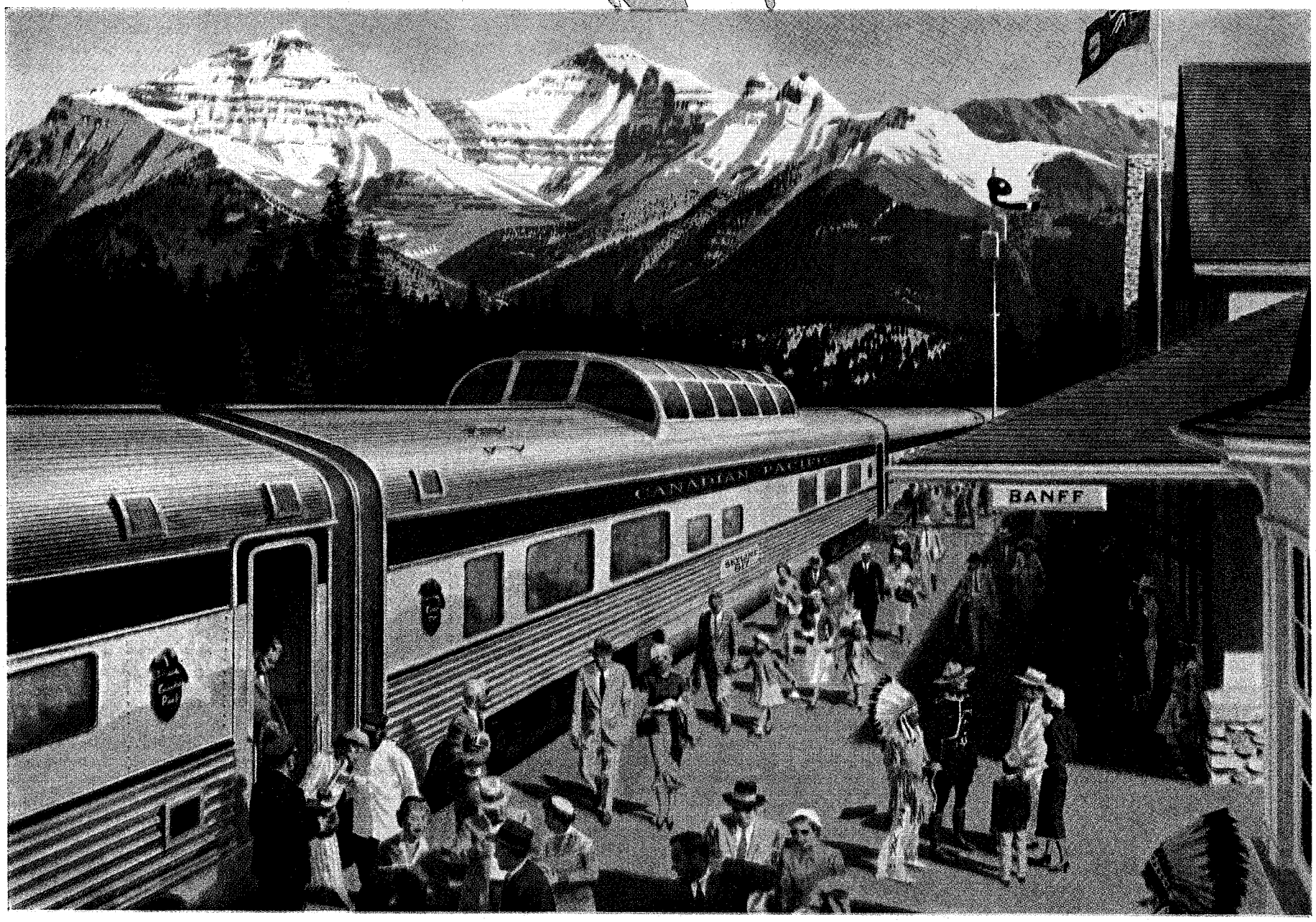

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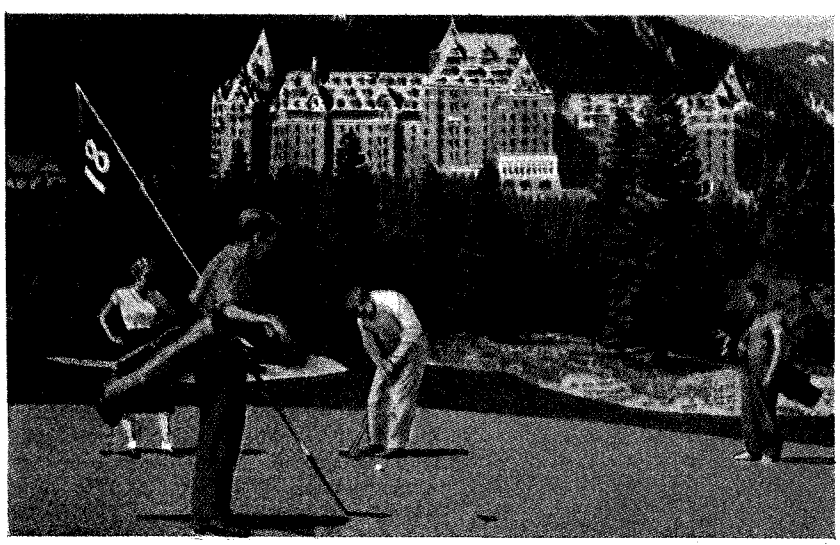

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(*Continued from Page 146*) stockade fought the crazed animals back, prodded them with poles, firing off blank cartridges, waving torches in their faces. The rest of the men had run up to join us with their noisemakers, and the racket was deafening, but through all the tumult sounded the furious trumpeting of the captive animals as they rushed the stockade, pushing against it with their broad foreheads or trying to tear the stakes loose with their trunks. Time after time they came on, until I thought that they would surely break through, but at last the fury of the attack passed and the herd began milling, some of them even pausing to pick up the crushed shrubbery with their trunks and eat it.

At last, dawn came and the roping of the calves could be attempted. This was exactly like a *mela shikar;* two big *kunkis* going in, each with a mahout and a *phundi*, to noose the calves. The cows did their best to protect their babies, holding on to them with their trunks and butting at the *kunkis*, but they had no chance against the bulls' tusks. The young males pawed the ground and threw dust over their backs as they tried to work up enough courage to charge the *kunkis*. One old cow came up to the stockade and tested stake after stake with her trunk, looking for a loose one, before the men were able to drive her back with their sharpened poles.

The best of the calves were taken by the Forestry Department to be trained for lumber work in the forests, but we were able to purchase six young females. I knew that when the last calf was secured the herd would be turned loose, and I wanted a picture of it. Leaving Mercia to direct the handling of the calves we'd purchased, I ran to where I'd left the camera and started back.

I was still a few yards from the entrance to the corral when I saw the gate swing open and the herd rush out. I was right in their path. Luckily, there was a tree there and I jumped behind it. The herd rushed past me on both sides. I could have reached out and touched them. I stood there shaking while the great beasts thundered by. I've never been so scared in my life. Fortunately, the elephants paid no attention to me. They only wanted to get away. Mercia's only comment, when I joined her, was, "Did you get any good pictures?"

There was one tiny baby only three feet four inches high at the shoulder, and very furry. She even had bangs like a little girl. I named her Josephine. Josephine was the smartest, cutest, most playful little elephant I'd ever seen. I decided to keep her for myself and perhaps build her up to be a big TV and movie star, like Mr. J. Fred Muggs, the chimpanzee.

We took the elephants to Calcutta by truck and I loaded them aboard an English ship. Since Mercia and I had to pick up some other animals before leaving India, I hired a young Dutchman who was experienced with animals to take them across. The captain of the ship was a very unpleasant man, rude and overbearing. He looked and behaved like an old colonel from the military school at Poona. I was glad to see the last of him and pitied the young Dutchman.

The next day the Dutchman came to our hotel to say that at the last minute the captain had changed his mind and ordered the animals off-loaded. The elephants were now on a flatboat in the middle of the bay. The customs men refused to allow them to be landed, arguing that they had been on an English ship, so they were now technically English elephants and couldn't be imported into India.

I was desperate, but Mercia listened quietly. "An Englishman, you say?" she commented thoughtfully. "Old colonial type? You leave this to me."

She shooed us out of the room while she changed. A few minutes later Mercia emerged looking as though she had just come from a beauty salon on the Rue de la Paix. I stared in astonishment, but Mercia only snapped, "Get that flat alongside the ship. We're loading." She started off toward the harbor, provoking "Wows!" and "Ahs!" from everyone who saw her.

I hurried down to the wharf, where our headman was sitting disconsolately on the flat with the baby elephants.

"Get the flat moving back to the ship!" I shouted as I sprang aboard.

The headman shook his head. "*Sahib*, it is no use. I know that sort of Englishman. Nothing can move him."

I was mad with impatience. "The *memsahib* has just gone aboard to argue with him!" I shouted.

The headman bounded to his feet. "Why didn't you say so, *sahib?* . . . Boatmen, cast off the lines! Get out the oars! We haven't a moment to lose!"

The boatmen threw all their weight on the sweeps while the headman and I urged them on. We went fast, but long before we reached the ship I could see the crew swinging out the loading booms while the captain goaded them to fresh efforts. Mercia had obviously already boarded the ship.

The elephants were loaded without trouble, Mercia directing the crew where to stow the animals as they came on board. The captain followed her around, whinnying eagerly. He glared at me as I came over the side, as much as to say, "What the devil are you doing here?" and continued to pursue Mercia, making little chuckling noises and stroking his mustache.

The Dutchman came on board and the ship weighed anchor. I wanted Mercia to leave with me, but she said, "No, you idiot! This fat fool thinks I'm going with him to Europe. He could still have the animals off-loaded. I'll go ashore with the pilot boat."

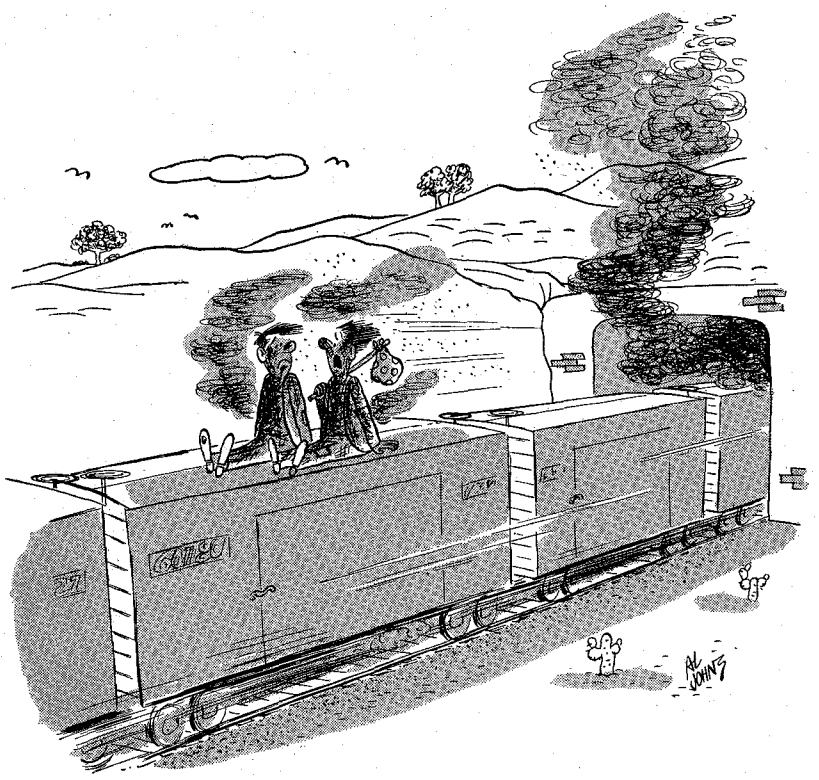
I was still concerned about her and, as soon as we returned to the docks, I rented a power boat and followed the ship. When the pilot was dropped, I picked up Mercia. The captain, his face the color of a ripe tomato, leaned over the rail, screaming insults at white men who married Eurasians, dishonesty of foreigners, and his opinion of the whole affair in general. From the stern of my boat, Mercia responded in kind, tracing the captain's ancestry back for several generations and making some interesting comments on his personal morals.

We had no more concern over the elephants. They were heavily covered by insurance, and the insurance company would hold the captain strictly responsible for any trouble during the voyage. With a clear conscience, we returned to the hotel and had a cooling drink.

We got the rest of the elephants needed to fill out our shipment, as well as a number of other animals, including several baby tigers. We also had a very tame gibbon and a fishing cat, as well as Josephine, the cute baby elephant. I knew that Mercia was right and that animal collecting was no real life for a woman, but as I've always been very good with pets, I hoped to build up a TV program featuring tame wild animals. With high hopes, we sailed for the United States.

We were met at the dock by the usual crowd of reporters and, as usual, Mercia made a bigger hit than even the animals. She had taken care on our first trip to learn American slang and habits, so she chattered with the reporters about baseball scores, how she was looking forward to seeing everything from the Bunker Hill Monument to the Grand Canyon and how much she loved the United States. The reporters were delighted with her. She posed with everything from the gibbon to the elephants, although a disaster occurred when she was posing with the young tigers.

The tigers were by now nearly half grown, and to hold them near her during the picture taking, Mercia fed them small pieces of meat. As the photographers kept saying, "Just one more," she began to run out of meat and only pretended to feed them. One of the youngsters got mad and bit her in the behind. It was an extremely painful bite, but Mercia, like the good trooper she was, said nothing. The photographers got their pictures and left while Mercia retired below to give first aid to her injured posterior.



"The rest of the trip is uneventful."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I didn't realize how deep the bite was or I'd have called a doctor immediately. Deep tiger bites nearly always infect, because there are bits of rotten meat on the cat's teeth. As soon as the photographers left, we were both busy unloading the cargo and arranging to have it shipped to the various zoos and dealers, so when Mercia told me that the bite wasn't bad and that she'd disinfected it, I forgot about the matter.

We were deluged with newspaper clippings about Mercia and the animals. Apparently none of the rewrite men could think of any title but "Beauty and the Beast," and I got a little tired of it, but Mercia was delighted. She collected every line written about her and had trunkfuls of clippings. Since she was still sensitive about being a Eurasian, I said teasingly, "Poor little neglected girl, no one will have anything to do with her!" I only meant to show how silly she was to let the old fears still haunt her, but Mercia instantly screamed, "You think that I care about these clippings? Well, I'll show you!" and she began tearing up her precious collection.

I apologized, but Mercia went through the pile like a fury, ripping and tearing right and left. I finally left the room. When I returned a few hours later, Mercia was down on her hands and knees, gluing them all back together again. She wasn't the least embarrassed at being caught. She only said, "Don't stand there. Come here and help me."

Mercia's tiger bite did infect, and soon it was so bad that she couldn't sit or lie on her back. I called in a doctor, who said that she must be kept quiet for at least two weeks. Meanwhile, a big reception had been arranged for us at Rockefeller Center, where we were to exhibit our tame animals, especially Josephine. Since Mercia couldn't attend, I went on without her.

Arrangements had been made to have Jayne Mansfield, the actress, meet Josephine. We had advertised Josephine as "The Kiddies' Friend," but the reception wasn't a success. Josephine was usually dog-tame, but she hated perfume and Miss Mansfield reeked of it. Josephine instantly knocked Miss Mansfield flying and, I'm afraid, really hurt her, as the impact of even a small elephant is no laughing matter. Miss Mansfield was very nice about it, but the idea of advertising Josephine as "The Kiddies' Friend" was a flop.

Then our agent had another idea—to have Josephine and me register at a prominent hotel, Josephine signing the register with her trunk. He called the hotel's publicity man, who thought this was a great idea, and we all took a taxi.

A battery of photographers and reporters were waiting for us. Unfortunately, one of the ladies was wearing perfume, and Josephine opened proceedings by sending her flying. I dragged Josephine off the indignant lady, and then Josephine and I had to ride up in the elevator to our room. The elevator boy got frightened and dashed out, slamming the door behind him. I didn't know how to open the door and Josephine was terrified. She charged around the car, batting the walls, while, from outside, the elevator starter shouted directions to me for opening the door. Meanwhile, a rumor had gone around that a gigantic elephant was running amuck in the hotel, and a panic began. Women were screaming, men shouting, and the delighted photographers were taking pictures of the whole affair. I finally got the door open and emerged just in time to hear the manager firing the publicity man.

Poor little Josephine had to go to a stable in (*Continued on Page 150*)

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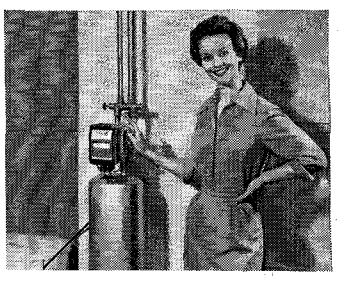

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(*Continued from Page 148*) Queens, but Mercia, who had now recovered, was determined to get the gibbon and the fishing cat into our room. She tried to smuggle them in under her coat, as she used to do in Singapore. The manager caught her and pointed to a sign that read, "No dogs or cats allowed."

"But these aren't dogs or cats," Mercia protested.

"That thing's a cat," said the manager, pointing to the fishing cat.

"But your sign means domestic cats," cried Mercia. "I won't be thrown out on a technicality."

She wasn't, either. We got them into the room.

When the publicity about Josephine broke, we were asked to appear on the Garry Moore Show. I made sure that no one would have any perfume before I signed the contract. Then, with Josephine trotting along beside me with her bangs nicely brushed and a pink ribbon around her neck, we headed for the studio.

The audience broke into sighs and "oh's" when Josephine appeared on the stage. She performed her little repertory of tricks, and then I gave her a pitcher of milk, which she drank with her trunk. Unfortunately, Garry Moore took this moment to laugh at her. Josephine hated to have people laugh at her, and she immediately lifted her trunk and squirted Mr. Moore from head to foot.

We hastily left the studio. On the street we ran into a long line of women waiting to see Heartline, a very popular TV show. At that moment, a police car went by with sirens screaming. Poor little Josephine gave a terrified trumpet and started running. She went through the line of women like a miniature tank and I never saw such a mess. Women were leaping over one another, crawling around on their hands and knees, and lying flat on their faces, screaming for help. Josephine ran into the plate-glass window of a store. The whole window reverberated and I held my breath, waiting to see it come crashing down into the street, but it held. Then Josephine turned and dashed back into the studio with me after her.

Mr. Moore was just introducing the next guest when Josephine and I crossed the stage. Garry managed to save himself by a quick spring, but the guest wasn't so fortunate. I don't know who he was, but he certainly took a tumble. Then I managed to collar Josephine against one of the cameras and dragged her out to a taxi, kicking and trumpeting every inch of the way.

After that, we decided that Josephine wasn't cut out to be a TV star. I sold her to Gussie Busch, of Budweiser Beer. "That animal has spirit," Mr. Busch told me. "And I like spirit." He certainly got lots of spirit when he got Josephine.

That was the end of our hopes of having tamed animals on TV. However, the demand for wild animals for zoos and circuses continued unabated. Mercia and I went to the jungles again and brought back more than 110 more young elephants—the greatest number of elephants ever imported by anyone anywhere. In addition, we collected thousands of other animals in Africa, South America, India and Indonesia.

The strain on both of us was heavy—especially on Mercia. Once I had to send her to Europe with two Indian rhinos while I stayed behind in Assam to oversee the elephant trapping. When we met in London, Mercia told me that there'd been what she called a "mutiny" on the ship—the sailors had refused to clean out the cages or bring up food for the rhinos. Mercia had done everything herself, hosing out the cages in all sorts of weather and dragging the heavy bales of hay up to the deck. "I didn't really mind, except on my birthday," she said rather pitifully.

When I went to see the ship's captain, he had a rather different version. "Your wife treated the sailors as though they were coolies," he told me. "She screamed orders at them and behaved as though they were dirt. Naturally they wouldn't take it. I know what the trouble is. She's trying to be a '*memsahib*.' She was brought up to regard the colonial '*memsahibs*' as the pattern of all that a lady should be, but the day for that sort of thing is past."

Mercia had never been able to forget the terrible experiences of her childhood, when she followed the English girls around, sucking the discarded peels from their fruit. With her charm, quick wits and beauty, there was nothing that she couldn't have accomplished if only she'd been able to break with her tragic past. As I had done so many times in the past, I tried to explain this to her and, as usual, Mercia was all contrition. "I'm sorry, Peter; it's my awful temper. I'll control it; I promise." So she would—until the next time.

I knew quite well that I wasn't the sort of man who could really help Mercia. She admired strong, resolute men and wanted the feeling of security that wealth could bring her. Except for clothes, which were a sort of symbol to her, Mercia was the least extravagant woman I've ever known, and she would still cheerfully suck fruit peels if necessary, but she wanted the feeling that she could buy all the fruit in India.

I have always been an easygoing fellow and I have cared little about money, except as it has enabled me to work with my beloved animals. Mercia had always been the one who handled our money, who understood clearly that it was ridiculous to spend weeks and several thousand rupees attempting to get some rare animal which wasn't spectacular enough to bring a big price from the zoos, and who'd urged me to ride the boom on the animal market instead of starting a zoo of my own based on theories which every experienced zoo director had assured me were impractical. In spite of her temperamental outbursts, Mercia was very practical—far too practical to understand the passion for working with strange, exotic animals that possessed me.

I grew increasingly bored with this wholesale handling of ordinary wild animals which brought in big profits, but was merely a routine job. Mercia and I began to quarrel more and more often. During one of these quarrels in a London hotel, Mercia threw a heavy ash tray at me. I ducked and the ash tray went through the window. It landed on the pavement with a crash, and a crowd gathered. The manager of the hotel came up to our room to protest. I apologized, explaining that it was an accident, and he left, warning us that if another such "accident" occurred we'd have to leave the hotel. Mercia's only comment was "Well, you shouldn't have ducked."

The final break came in New York. I'd been in India getting more elephants, and Mercia had come over from Europe with a shipment of African animals. We hadn't seen each other for nearly six months. We met in Zeehandelaar's office, and almost her first words were to ask for a divorce.

I can't say that the request came as any great surprise to me, but I was still deeply in love with her. Besides, Mercia and I complemented each other perfectly. She had a good business head, was clever at publicity, and could handle the social end of the business. Together, we'd made a perfect team.

As always, Mercia was perfectly frank. "Peter, I'm sick of the animal business and you can't think of anything else. Even suppose I stayed in America while you went collecting, I'd only see you for a few weeks out of the year."

"You could go with me," I suggested.

"Spend the rest of my life being insulted by petty native officials and live in jungles full of snakes and mosquitoes? I want to stay where I'll be treated like a human being. Besides, the animal business is through. Oh, I know there's a big boom in it now, but after all, how many baby elephants can America absorb?"

"There are other animals."

"It's getting almost impossible to export them. China's closed and Indonesia is going. Elsewhere, nothing but red tape and endless headaches."

She was right, as usual. Even India, Africa and South America were making it increasingly difficult to export animals.

"But if I open my zoo, we can live here together and I won't have to collect," I pleaded.

"Peter, you're not a businessman. How many people would come to see the kind of zoo you have in mind? In America, people go in for quantity. There's a very successful zoo in the Catskills. They advertise 'More kangaroos than in any one place in Australia.' They have a hundred and twenty kangaroos in one pen and the zoo is crowded every day. The owner sells packages of food so people can feed them. That means he doesn't have to pay for keeping them and he makes a profit on the food besides. What a genius!"

"Well, I could do that," I argued.

"I can just see you! One week later you'd be trying to raise some rare polliwog that no one cares about, or else headed for China to get a giant panda, even though you know that the Communist government won't let them be exported."

It so happened that I was planning how to get a giant panda out of China. I began to tell her the details, but Mercia shut me off.

"See what I mean? You'll never be practical. Peter, you're not a businessman, and I tell you that the animal-collecting business is dead, dead, dead. Drop it and go into something else before it breaks your heart."

"I can't, Mercia," I said miserably. "It's my life."

"I know it is, Peter, but it's not mine. It's not any woman's. I want a home and a family and some sort of security. I've never had security and I want it more than anything else in the world."

So we decided to part. I took Mercia out to dinner that night, hoping that after a good meal and a few drinks she might soften somewhat. I decided on an elaborate dinner with three wines and brandy. When I'd finished ordering, Mercia glanced at the waiter and said indifferently, "Bring me the vegetable platter and a glass of water."

She wasn't trying to be unpleasant; she just didn't care. When I remonstrated with her, Mercia said irritably, "What do you think a dinner like that costs? That's the trouble with you, Peter; you never think about money."

In many ways, money meant even less to Mercia than it did to me. But to her, money was a shield against the world, and she knew too well what the world could do to you if ever you lost the protection of that shield.

So Mercia and I were divorced and she returned to Switzerland. I continued as I began, an animal collector. The year after the divorce, I brought to New York the famous Serata, the only white python ever seen. Serata, now in the Staten Island Zoo, is valued at $25,000. I am now planning to go to Malaya in search of the hairy Sumatran rhinoceros, possibly the world's rarest mammal. Whether or not I'll get the rhino, I don't know, but as I'm going into unexplored areas I'll find some unusual animals. As Mercia said, it's my life. I couldn't give it up, even for my lovely, brilliant wife.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Ryhiner.

"In behalf of all the wee folk of this neighborhood, WELCOME!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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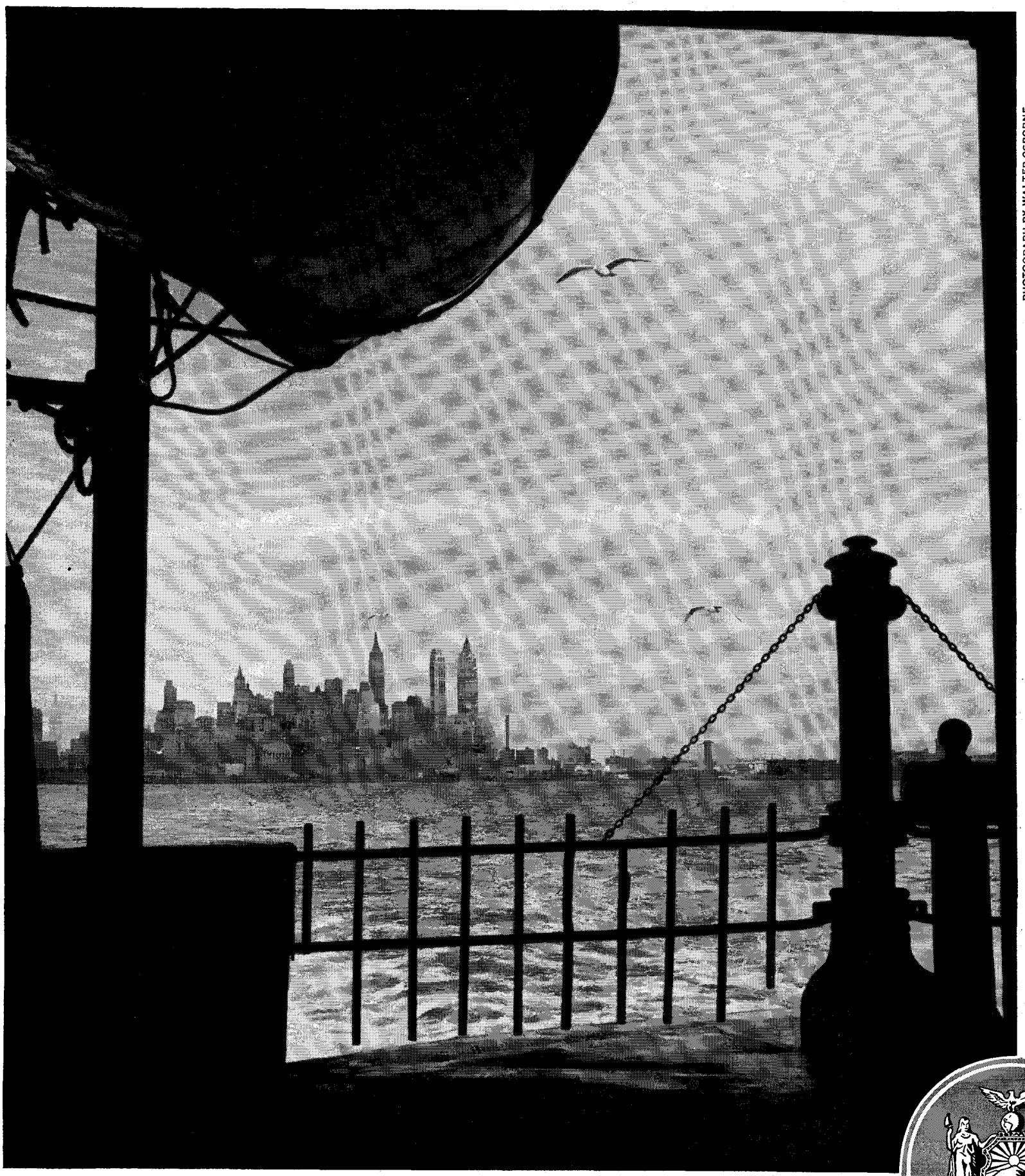

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER OSBORNE

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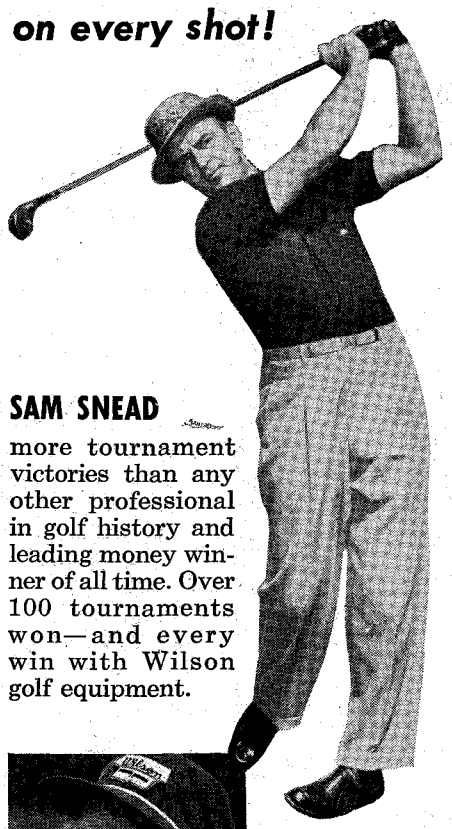

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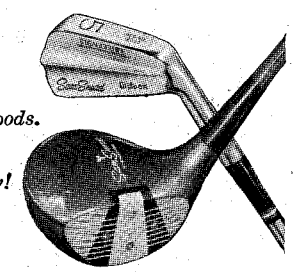

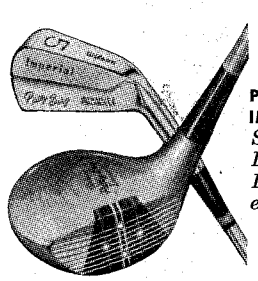

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Keeping Posted

Mr. and Mrs. Musician

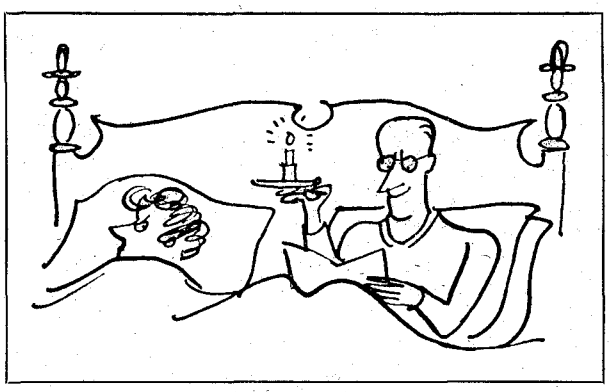
Mrs. Levine with Stephen and David (Mr. L. was away on tour).

When World War II began, conductor-pianist **Joseph Levine** (page 34) abruptly halted his brilliant career, entered military service, and confused the classification officer by stating that he got his high-school diploma and college degree on the same day, at which time he was also teaching on the college faculty. (Levine left his regular school and entered Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music when he was 12; he later taught there for several years, but at the time when the young man qualified for his Bachelor of Music degree, it was held up until he got his diploma from a night high school.) Well, the Air Force put Levine to firing 90-mm. guns in an antiaircraft battery; and would you call that assigning him to the timpani section? Later during his three-year hitch he was conductor of the Air Force's symphonic orchestra, which won the prize as the finest classical orchestra in the Armed Forces.

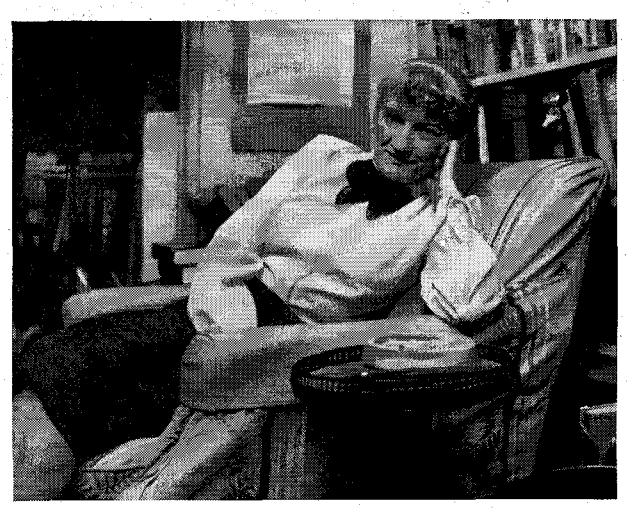
Levine married a U.S.A.F. civilian employee, musician Mary Thomas, and a wonderfully versatile helpmate she has been. When the American Ballet Theater, with which conductor Levine toured the world for eight years, tried "a revolutionary appearance" in a Las Vegas hotel, Mr. and Mrs. L. provided the entire orchestration on two grand pianos crammed among the dining tables. Mary says, "It's hard to keep your mind on music as waiters go by with sizzling steaks." When the maestro tours the U.S. in winter, Mrs. Levine is with her boys, Stephen, 12, and David, 10, in Philadelphia; come summer, the lads visit grandparents, and mother tours the world with her renowned husband, serving as rehearsal pianist, electrician, doctor, plumber and various other important individuals. Incidentally, at operatic rehearsals she can sing anybody's part who is absent, male or female.

Bargain Book

Richard Armour (page 128) explains that his new book, Nights With Armour (McGraw-Hill), is intended for reading in bed, preferably before going to sleep. He computes that this collection of very light verse, much of it from the Post, contains enough poems to last four months if one is read each night, and that the price is approximately two for a nickel. Some of the poems are worth more than that, such as the one about the ill-fated moose which mistook the passionate whistle of a diesel locomotive for a mating call. Added attraction: light drawings by Leo Hershfield, who illustrates the Post's Letters department. This is Armour's 17th book; the more the merrier.



The Lady Wants a Helicopter



Mari Sandoz of page 48, whose novels and nonfiction books reflect her compelling interest in the history of our Great Plains, says that she has no real home life—but life is fun. She considers the Nebraska sandhills her home and takes great delight in the families and homes of her brothers and sisters; but most of the time she is on the move, spending short writing periods in hotels in towns like Austin, Laramie, Denver, Lincoln, Dodge City; or in her New York apartment; or in a tent on an Indian reservation. Miss Sandoz has "an impractical dream" that *may* come true: she yearns to own a helicopter and go hovering over the Plains, spying out long-lost historical sites. "With maps, camera, a pad of paper and a shovel for a bit of digging, what a time I could have!"

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"A Visit With Ty Cobb"

Baseball's greatest star, at 71, has started a new chapter in a stormy life. Meanwhile, he's still trying to straighten out the record on yesterday's controversies.

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